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T. Harper.

J. Rogers.

THE FAIRY OF THE FLOWERS.

LADIES POCKET Magazine.



W. F. Waterhouse del.

WINDSOR FOREST.

1838. — PART I.



JOSEPH ROBINS.
3, Bride Court, Bridge Street, LONDON.

TO THE
HON. LADY CHARLOTTE BURY,

WHOSE CREATIVE IMAGINATION
HAS RAISED HER TO A PROMINENT RANK AMONG THE LIVING
LITERATI OF ENGLAND,

This Volume is Inscribed,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOSEPH ROBINS.

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THE LADIES' POCKET MAGAZINE.



A SCENE OF DANGER.

As Mr. Thomson, the African traveller, was once pursuing his route, attended only by a hottentot guide, they discovered the tracks of several wild animals, and their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near. The quantity of skeletons of animals scattered around gave sufficient proof that such was the case. Mr. T.'s apprehensions were soon confirmed by perceiving, about ten yards from them, two monstrous lions reclining under a minosa bush, with their jaws half open, and showing their terrific fangs. The guide was half asleep from fatigue, and did not perceive the danger, but his master at once did, and resolved, as escape was impossible, to move on in silence. "When we had got," says Mr. Thomson, "about seventy or eighty yards from them, I rode gently up to the guide, and desiring him to look over his shoulder, showed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as he exhibited on

perceiving the danger we had so narrowly escaped. He was astonished, too, that he had not previously observed them, being, like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly in not speaking, nor evincing the least alarm while passing the lions; for if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated, for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed."

TRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER;

Exemplified in Sketches of celebrated Women.

NO. I.—THE PRINCESS TARAKANOFF.

THE numerous lamps which illuminated the road leading from St. Petersburg to the magnificent palace of Czarsko-ælo, shining upon the columns of marble and jasper which mark the wersts; the splendidly-attired horsemen galloping all in one direction over the frozen ground; the innumerable sledges that skimmed along the road with the speed of light; their musical peals of bells without, and still gayer peals of laughter from the furred and masked inmates within; all announced, that Catherine the Autocratrix and her sumptuous court were holding revelry that night. Every succeeding mile presented a pyramid of lamps, before which were erected booths, where the peasants of each nation in the civilized or uncivilized world seemed successively to have congregated, in honour of the imperial fête. Sometimes the cavalcade drew up to admire a party of fair-haired Brunswickers, with their high caps and laced bodices, waltzing to the sound of the horn; then their attention was attracted by a group of Italian peasants singing in chorus a Venetian baracole, little in unison with the blazing fires before which they warmed their freezing fingers; or again, by a band of warlike Cossacks stamping the frozen ground in time to their barbarous and clanging music.

The foremost sledge advanced with astonishing rapidity. It was drawn by twenty fiery horses, whose brilliant caparisons, together with the splendour of the guards galloping with lighted torches on either side, announced a royal freight. As it approached, the whole multitude, Italians, Cossacks, Germans, Poles, and Russians, fell prostrate with their faces

to the ground. Two thousand sledges followed in rapid succession. Within half a mile of the palace, a burning mountain, no mimic representation of Vesuvius, vomited forth torrents of flame, and loud cries of admiration, and smothered shrieks of fear, real or affected, were heard from the fair Russians, as swiftly the joyous cavalcade swept along its base.

At the extremity of a thick forest, whose gloom was banished by a temporary illumination, appeared Czarsko-zelo, the grandest of imperial palaces, stretching forth in one vast amphitheatre of light; while Chinese temples, villages, and bridges, English gardens, Turkish mosques, artificial lakes, Egyptian pyramids, and marble obelisks, shone forth in dazzling and grotesque splendor as far as the eye could reach.

This night the interior of the palace realized in its gigantic and Asiatic luxury, the gorgeous imaginings of eastern romances. The long and lofty galleries, the number and size of the apartments, the countless multitude by which these were filled; the gorgeous dresses of the ladies and of the young grandes, who performed in appropriate costume the national dances of each country, Chinese, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Cossacks; all vying with each other in the splendor of their dress and diamonds. The glittering halls of banquet, the flowers, music and jewellery; the whole scene was on a scale of fabulous splendor, and she at whose frown that multitude trembled; in whose smile they rejoiced; what marvel if, from her lofty elevation, they seemed to her mortal eye as a generation of pygmies, whose destinies she was born to wield *en masse*!

At midnight the Empress took off her domino, and her example was followed by her ladies in waiting. The spacious hall destined for the reception of the *élite* of rank and royalty was suddenly thrown open; while the less favoured mortals, rushing to the galleries, beheld from afar, in awe-struck admiration, the golden banquet, which seemed to their wondering eyes like the hallowed council of Olympus. Prince Henry of Prussia, formal as an antique effigy in armour, took the offered hand of the Empress, and placed himself by her side; and as she went towards him in smiling majesty, all eyes were turned on the imperial countenance.

Catherine of Russia, colossal alike in her greatness, her political wisdom and her crimes, was now at the summit of her fortunes, and in the prime of womanhood. Her person was large, though in stature she was somewhat below the middle height. Her hair was auburn, her eyes of a deep blue. When serious, her dark brow, aquiline nose, and serene lofty demeanour, bespoke a severity befitting the sovereign of all the Russias; but when she unclosed her lips, and unbent into a smile, she seemed the very embodying of gracious condescension. Yet her countenance had little defined expression. In viewing its perfect calmness and serenity, no one could discover what tempestuous thoughts might lurk beneath that perfect repose. She was habited this evening as Cleopatra; and each gem that glittered in her tiara or on her girdle, were a gift well worthy a Sultan's munificence.

When the banquet was drawing to a close, and the health of the various European sovereigns had been proposed by the imperial hostess, and drank with enthusiasm, the greater, perhaps, that they were pledged by some of the mustachioed guests in a liquor which the uninitiated in the galleries deemed nectar, but which, on a closer inspection, might have proved to be *brandy*; the Countess Nariskkin unclasped from the neck of the empress the order of St. Andrew, covered with large diamonds. Catherine hung it herself over the shoulders of the Prussian prince, who received it on bended knee; then, from her glittering fingers, she drew a ring, valued at forty thousand roubles, and containing her miniature. Again the formal prince bent over the fair hand which thus lavished favours on him, while the noble guests smiled at the royal gallantry; and all the masked visages and bushy beards, and jewelled heads, and nodding plumes, round the galleries, seemed in a flutter of intense admiration. They could not, indeed, hear the *aside* of the princess, as with one of those benignant smiles, peculiar to the "mother of the country," she leant towards Prince Henry, whose thoughts seemed divided between his uniform and his brandy-cherries; "*Ainsi soit-il!* I will frighten Turkey; I will flatter England; you shall bribe Austria, and she shall lull France into apathy; and now for the mazurka." The prince led the empress from the banquetting-room, and the diamem-

berment of Poland was agreed upon to the sounds of horn and clarionet.

A discharge of cannon, and the assembly were in darkness. The empress and her ladies rushed to the windows, followed by thousands. One could have fancied the dominions of the fire-king. Trees of fire waved their resplendent foliage. Fiery arches, from whence issued innumerable blazing balls and streams of light, seemed to threaten Heaven and earth with destruction. Fire was around, above, beneath, streaming and shooting and sparkling in every fantastic variety, and mocking the dull dominion of night. At a second discharge of artillery, the darkened apartments became re-illuminated as by enchantment. Dancing re-commenced with renewed gaiety, and day-light was glittering over mosque and turret before Catherine retired to her Hermitage.

It was one of those clear and dazzling mornings peculiar to a northern latitude, when the sun's brightest rays adorn without disturbing the domain of winter, awakening the dull frost into brightness, and glittering on the fantastic icicles. The empress, refreshed from her fatigue by a short sleep and a slight breakfast, stood in her palace garden unattended, and in an attitude of profound meditation. It seemed as if earthly despotism had for once overruled nature herself: for while the forest trees in the distance were bending under a weight of snow, here roses and hyacinths were blooming around in all the luxuriance of summer, and amongst peaches and nectarines, and the pink blossoms of the almond-tree, birds of rare plumage and bright wing chirped their matin-song, and carolled as gaily as if in their own sunny climes; verdant was the foliage of the trees, and bright the green leaves underneath. The empress sat down under the shade of a flowering catalpa. Beside her lay an open volume of Diderot. She wore a green dress with close sleeves; her hair, slightly powdered, fell over her shoulders; and, as she held out a downy peach which had fallen from a neighbouring tree, a little purple-winged bird alighted on her finger and picked the fruit. Never was there a more perfect picture of feminine gentleness, and mild retiring philosophy.

The sudden approach of hasty footsteps put her feathered companion to flight; and a figure of nearly gigantic dimensions, the very personification of a northern Hercules, booted

and spurred, moustaches on his lip, and a diamond star at his button-hole, knelt before her. The empress uttered an exclamation of joy; and, stretching out her hand, cordially welcomed the Count Alexis Orloff, the conqueror of the Turks, the murderer of her husband, the most devoted and faithful of her subjects.

Orloff was the bearer of good tidings. Fortune smiled upon the northern Minerva. Her armies were victorious by land, her fleets rode the seas triumphant. The Crescent had grown pale before the Eagle.

"And have you," said the empress, after a pause in their long and confidential conversation, "attended to my desire in regard to the paintings representing the conflagration of the Turkish fleet?" "Your Majesty's orders are obeyed," said Orloff. "The fellow ventured to complain that he had never seen a ship blow up. I soon remedied that matter." "How?" "Ordered a vessel to be blown up immediately in the port of Leghorn; and made him stand on the beach and draw it." "A hazardous experiment in the cause of the beaux arts," said the empress, smiling. "There is yet one circumstance which troubles me, good Orloff; and once more I must employ you, and in a more delicate service."

"Name it. My life is your Majesty's."

"I have, indeed, ever found you and your family ready to hazard life at my desire; and you have not found, nor shall you ever find me, an ungrateful mistress. But this is a matter requiring much tact, discernment, and, above all, secrecy. You have no doubt heard of a child, whom Radziwill, in a moment of spleen, would have brought forward as a rival to myself?"

"The daughter of the late empress? She whom they call the Princess Tarakanoff?"

"The same. To further his treasonable views he brought her to Rome. To save his possessions, he agreed to abandon her to her fate. Like all vile souls, he took temporizing measures; and while he thus consents to leave her in poverty and almost in starvation, he yet refuses to deliver her into my power. Now, good Orloff, while this child lives free, I feel my throne insecure. You smile, but you are not aware of the depth of that smothered love yet burning in every Russian breast for the lineal descendants of Peter the Great.

The name of the daughter of Elizabeth, once spoken, would act like a watchword from one end of our empire to the other. That name must not be spoken. The girl must be removed."

"She shall be so. Your majesty's will is my law, now as ever. With the first fair wind I sail for Leghorn." So saying, Orloff departed, and the empress, apparently dismissing the subject from her imperial mind, returned to her birds and Diderot.

* * * *

At the corner of a narrow, miserable, and nearly uninhabited street in the outskirts of Rome, and not far from the once famed Tarpeian rock, stood a tall, dark, suspicious-looking house, at the top of which, up three pair of ruined stairs, was a small apartment, chiefly celebrated as having been the scene of an atrocious assassination, the perpetrators of which had escaped the vigilance of the Roman sbirri. The present proprietor of this uninviting domain, whose father had thus been murdered in his bed for the sake of a few piastres, had gladly closed with the offer of the first unhappy being who had become possessed with the desire of inhabiting his wretched tenement; and the more so, as, besides its natural disadvantages, it possessed the disagreeable reputation of being a supernatural locale, seeing that un-avenged ghosts rest not.

In this miserable room, one lamp was dimly burning. Close to the chimney sat an old lady in a high-backed wooden chair, rocking herself to and fro in an attitude of uneasy drowsiness, and muttering her prayers in a semi-barbarous tongue. The waning light shone upon the face of a young girl seated before a broken table, and leaning her head upon her hands, her eyes sadly fixed upon the decaying embers of a small wood fire. Her countenance was so lovely, so youthful, and so expressive of grief, that a mournful history might be traced in its every lineament. It was no Italian face. A profusion of fair hair, with the slight tinge of gold which Guido loved; eyes of a bright and clear blue, shining sweetly even through the tear drops that would have dimmed them; a mouth like a half-blown rose bud, and a complexion of dazzling fairness, all shewed the child of some more northern clime. Her dress was a loose black robe, some-

thing like those worn by the female pilgrims; and a bright diamond ring, which assorted ill with the poverty of her garb, sparkled on her white and slender hand.

"Kathinka, are you hungry?"

"No, my child; no, light of my eyes. And, if I were, have we not the remains of our last night's supper?"

"Let me see. A piece of a brown loaf, some cold macaroni. Well, we shall not starve this night. I wonder what the empress has at her table now. Kathinka, were I empress, you shall hear what I would have for supper."

"Hush, my child! better a pure heart and scanty fare."

"True, were that all; but without a prospect before us! Alas! alas! that we ever left Russia—ever listened to the specious Radziwill. We were so happy, my little brothers and I, in our lonely castle under the tall forest trees, or in our little sledge with its merry bells. And if summer were short, it was so bright and beautiful!" But this dark, dismal garret, where the very spirit seems pent up and shrunk; that melancholy burial-ground with its scattered cypresses, which bounds our prospects, even as the grave holds out in truth our only hope of peace and rest; that sad and ominous chanting, the only interruption to the eternal silence! and then to sell, one by one, each memento of past happiness, all passing away into the hands of the stranger. And now this ring must go too; it must, Kathinka, though I have kept it to the very last—my mother's gift—the only remaining emblem of a royal house." And the tears burst from between her slender fingers, which want and confinement had made so white and transparent.

"Hark!" the mighty clock of St. Peter's tolled the midnight chime. "Now, good Kathinka," said the princess, drawing her chair close to that of her *gouvernante*, and raking together the expiring embers, "tell me one of those stories which we used to listen to in the large hall, on the long winter evenings, when we would shudder, and creep close to you, and yet pray you to go on. Let it be of the death of Prince Ivan, or—no! that comes too much home to me. Tell me of the spectre knight in the Black Forest. It will pass the time, and I have no mind for slumber."

"Once upon a time," said Kathinka, "there dwelt upon the borders of the Black Forest, an aged man, who had but

one daughter whom he tenderly loved. They lived together in total seclusion, yet undisturbed in their solitude, since it was well known that they had no riches. But one night, it might be about this hour, a low knock was heard at the cottage-door—"Holy Virgin! What noise was that? The saints protect us! A footstep on the stairs!" "Fear nothing," said the princess, who felt that the entrance of Giacomo's ghost could hardly fail to better their situation. "We are like the old man and his daughter, too poor to rob." But the old woman sunk back in her chair, devoutly crossing herself, a thousand stories of Italian banditti and midnight murderers rushing upon her imagination. There was a knock at the door; another. "Come in," said the clear youthful voice of the princess. "By the soul of Peter the Great!" cried Kathinka, "the child is distracted! Holy St. Nicholas, protect us! Sweet St. Sergius be our aid!"

But at the inviting sound the door turned on its hinges, and a young military man, with a dark, Italian countenance, though wearing the Russian uniform, entered the room. He looked round him with an appearance of surprise and sadness; then advancing with an air of profound respect, knelt at the feet of the princess. "Let me," said he, "be the first to do homage to the rightful empress of all the Russias!" The young girl drew up her slight form to its fullest height, while a crimson blush overspread her cheek, and fixed her clear, calm eye upon the intruder. "Illustrious and unfortunate scion of a noble house! last branch of a royal race! Is it thus I find thee?" "Pardon this intrusion, madam, and at this late hour. My purpose, the necessity for secrecy and for dispatch, all must plead my apology."

With these words, and before the princess had time to express her doubts or her astonishment, the young officer put a paper into her hands, signed by almost all the grandees of Russia. At the head of the list was the name of Count Alexis Orloff. The princess hastily read the contents, then stood bewildered and uncertain. The undersigned declared that, disgusted with the tyranny and ingratitude of the reigning empress, they bound themselves by a solemn vow to place upon the throne the legitimate successor of the Empress Elizabeth, the grand-daughter of Peter the Great; and swore henceforth to acknowledge and obey her as their only

lawful sovereign. The old nurse fell upon her knees, and kissing the hand of the orphan, ejaculated a prayer of thankfulness to heaven. Two hours were spent in deliberation with the emissary of Orloff, afterwards known as the Chevalier de Ribas, and the next day joy and hope illumined that sombre dwelling.

The chevalier, with every appearance of delicacy, persuaded the future empress to accept a small sum for present necessities: the first was a good breakfast, the next an addition to her wardrobe. A commodious house in the environs was next procured; and two days after, while the whole yet seemed as a shadow and surprising dream, Alexis Orloff arrived in Rome, and presented himself to the princess. He was welcomed by her as a friend and benefactor; by Katchinka, as a guardian angel; and he soon found that he had little to fear from the penetration of either.

(To be concluded.)

BURKE'S IDEA OF A WIFE.

The great statesman, Burke, was often heard to declare that every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof. In this declaration how great an eulogium is passed on the wife, whose amiability and propriety of conduct called forth such an expression. On one of the anniversary mornings of their marriage, the politician, laying aside the cares of state, presented Mrs. B. with the following beautifully written paper, describing his idea of a perfect wife. He delicately headed it as below, leaving Mrs. B. to fill up the blank:—

THE CHARACTER OF ———.

“I intend to give my idea of a woman; if it at all answers any original, I shall be pleased; for if such a person as I would describe really exists, she must be far superior to my description, and such as I must love too well to be able to paint as I ought. She is handsome: but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape; she has all three in an high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face can express,

that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her features are not perfectly regular; that sort of exactness is more to be praised than to be loved; for it is never animated. Her stature is not tall: she is made to be the admiration of every body, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy: she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. There is often more of the coquette shown in an affected plainness than in a tawdry finery; she is always clean, without preciseness or affectation. Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness that softens the features without discomposing them; she is usually grave. Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a low, soft music; not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes. She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do. She discovers the right and wrong of things not by reasoning, but by sagacity; most women, and many good ones, have a closeness and something selfish in their dispositions: she has a true generosity of temper; the most extravagant cannot be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous not more cautious in the distribution. No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge. Her politeness seems rather to flow from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject; and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not. She does not run with a girlish eagerness into new friendships, which, as they have no foundation in reason, serve only to multiply and embitter disputes; it is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed for ever; and the first hours of romantic friendships are not warmer than her's after the lapse of

years. As she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on any body, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises; for every thing violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition, and the evenness of her virtue. She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the female character, than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex; she has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful of her's."

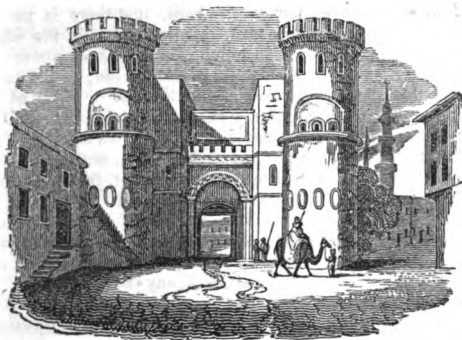
TRE FAIRY OF THE FLOWERS.

I am the spirit that dwells in the flower,
 Mine is the exquisite music that flies,
 When silence and moonlight and reign over each bower,
 That blooms in the glory of tropical skies!
 I woo the bird with his melody glowing
 To leap in the sunshine, and warble its strain,
 And mine is the odour, in turn, that bestowing:
 The songster is paid for his music again.

There dwells no sorrow where I am biding;
 Care is a stranger, and troubles us not:
 And the winds, as they pass, when too hastily riding,
 I woo, and they tenderly glide o'er the spot.
 They pause, and we glow in their rugged embraces,
 They drink our warm breath, rich with odour and song,
 Then hurry away to their desolate places,
 And look for us hourly, and think of us long.

Who of the dull earth that's moving around us,
 Would ever imagine, that, nursed in a rose,
 At the opening of spring, our destiny found us,
 A prisoner until the first bud should uncloze;
 Then, as the dawn of light breaks upon us,
 Our winglets of silk we unfold to the air,
 And leap off in joy to the music that won us,
 And made us the tenants of climates so fair!*

* For this poem we are indebted to the *Gallery of Fine Arts*, as well as for the plate illustrating it, which is copied from the large print in that beautiful work.



Gates of Bagdad, from the Interior.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN BAGDAD.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, LATE M.P.

From my first entry into Bagdad, I was surprised to find the Turkish language much more generally spoken and understood than the Arabic, notwithstanding that this city is more surrounded by Arabs on all sides, than either Damascus, Aleppo, or Mousul, in each of which Arabic is the prevailing tongue. The Turkish spoken here is said, however, to be so corrupt, both in idiom and pronunciation, that a native of Constantinople is always shocked at its utterance, and on his first arrival finds it almost unintelligible. I had sufficient evidence myself of the Arabic being very bad, taking that of Cairo, of Mecca, and of the Yemen, as standards of purity in pronunciation; for scarcely any thing more harsh in sound, or more barbarous in construction and the use of foreign words, can be conceived, than the dialect of Bagdad. Turkish, Persian, Koord, and even Indian expressions, disfigure their sentences; and such Arabic words as are used, are scarcely to be recognized on a first hearing, from the corrupted manner in which they are spoken.

L. 38. 1.

Literature is at so low an ebb here, that there is no one known collection of good books or manuscripts in the whole city, nor any individual Moollah distinguished above his contemporaries by his proficiency in the learning of his country. I had hoped to procure at Bagdad a copy of the "Thousand and One Nights," particularly as this capital of the Abassides had been so much the scene of its story, and the Tomb of Zobeida was still popularly known, and pointed out by its inhabitants. But I learnt, with regret, that not a perfect copy of this work was thought to exist throughout all Bagdad, as inquiries had been frequently made after one without success, though sufficiently large sums had been offered for the work to tempt its being brought out from any private collection, if it had existed in any such.

In this, as in all other respects as an Oriental city, Bagdad is infinitely inferior to Cairo, and the interior of its streets and bazars presents nothing like the faithful pictures which are constantly met with in Egypt, to remind the traveller of the scenes and manners described in the Arabian Tales. From this circumstance, added to the detection of many phrases in the language of the "Thousand and One Nights," which are purely Egyptian, the best judges on this subject are of opinion that the work was originally composed, and first brought into circulation at Cairo, though its deserved popularity soon extended its fame over all the eastern world.

The police of Bagdad is extremely defective. That quarrels should arise, and disputes be terminated in blood, among the Arabs who occupy the skirts of the city within the walls, and this without any cognizance of such affairs by the government, was not so surprising, as that murders should take place at the very gates of the palace, and of the great mosque, without the criminals being so much as even sought after to be brought to justice. From the period of Mr. Rich's return from Europe to Bagdad, which was hardly six months, no less than twelve murders had been committed within the city, one of which was close to the Pasha's residence, and another in the very porch of the mosque of Abd-ul-Khadder. The latest instance of these atrocities was only a few days before my departure; and though committed in the public streets, and before the face of a hundred witnesses at mid-

day, no one thought either of punishing the murderer on the spot, or apprehending him for the common safety. "It is an affair of blood," said they, "which the relatives of the dead may revenge, and which the Pasha may investigate, but it is no business for us to meddle with."

Robberies, too, had been of late committed with impunity, in various parts of the town. They were generally effected during the night, by private gangs, who escaped without detection. But in one instance a combination of a more extensive nature than usual was discovered to exist, for the carrying these daring outrages into execution; and one of the leading merchants of the city was found to be concerned in the encouragement of its depredations, by purchasing their acknowledged plunder. This man, however, stood too high, by his wealth only, to be called to account; and the rest, though mostly known, were, by his influence alone, suffered to escape. The Pasha, it was said, had formed the determination of going about the city at night in disguise; but by some this was thought to be a mere report, given out to alarm the offenders; while others laughed at such a weak alternative, intended to be substituted for what alone could quell the evil, an active and vigorous police.

The women of Bagdad invariably wear the checquered blue covering, used by the lower orders of females in Egypt; nor among those of the highest rank here are ever seen the black and pink silk scarfs of Cairo, or the white muslin envelopes of Smyrna and Damascus. This, added to the stiff black horse-hair veil which covers the face, gives an air of great gloom and poverty to the females occasionally seen in the streets. When at home, however, their dress is as gay in colours, and as costly in materials, as in any of the great towns of Turkey; and their style of living, and the performance of their relative duties in their families, are precisely the same.

As the view from our lofty terrace at an early hour in the morning laid open at least eight or ten bed-rooms in different quarters around us, where all the families slept in the open air, domestic scenes were exposed to view, without our being once perceived, or even suspected to be witnesses of them. Among the more wealthy, the husband slept on a raised bedstead, with a mattress and cushions of silk, covered by a thick

stuffed quilt of cotton, the bed being without curtains or mosquito net. The wife slept on a similar bed, but always on the ground, that is, without a bedstead, and at a respectful distance from her husband ; while the children, sometimes to the number of three or four, occupied only one mattress, and the slaves or servants each a separate mat on the earth, but all lying down and rising up within sight of each other. Every one rose at an early hour, so that no one continued in bed after the sun was up ; and each, on rising, folded up his own bed, his coverlid and pillows, to be taken into the house below, excepting only the children, for whom this office was performed by the slave or the mother.

None of all these persons were as much undressed as Europeans generally are when in bed. The men retained their shirt, drawers, and often their caftan, a kind of inner cloak. The children and servants lay down with nearly the same quantity of clothes as they had worn in the day ; and the mothers and their grown daughters wore the full silken trousers of the Turks, with an open gown ; and, if rich, their turbans : or if poor, an ample red chemise and a simpler covering for the head. In most of the instances which we saw, the wives assisted, with all due respect and humility, to dress and undress their husbands, and to perform all the duties of valets.

After dressing, the husband generally performed his devotions, while the slave was preparing a pipe and coffee ; and, on his seating himself on his carpet, when this was done, his wife served him with her own hands, retiring at a proper distance to wait for the cup, and always standing before him, sometimes, indeed, with the hands crossed, in an attitude of great humility, and even kissing his hand on receiving the cup from it, as is done by the lowest attendant of the household.

While the husband lounged on his cushions, or sat on his carpet, in an attitude of ease and indolence, to enjoy his morning pipe, the women of the family generally pray. In the greater number of instances, they did so separately, and exactly after the manner of the men ; but on one or two occasions, the mistress and some other females, perhaps a sister or a relative, prayed together, following each other's motions side by side, as is done when a party of men are

headed in their devotions by an Imuam. None of the females, whether wife, servant, or slave, omitted this morning duty ; but among the children under twelve or fourteen years of age, I did not observe any instance of their joining in it.

Notwithstanding the apparent seclusions in which women live here, as they do indeed throughout all the Turkish empire, there are, perhaps, as many accessible dwellings as in any of the large towns under the same dominion. They are, however, much less apparent here than at Cairo, though they are all under such concealment from public notice, as not to offend the scrupulous, or present allurements to the inexperienced by their external marks. It is said, that women of the highest condition sometimes grant assignations at these houses ; and this, indeed, cannot be denied, that the facility of clandestine meetings is much greater in Turkish cities, between people of the country, than in any metropolis of Europe. The disguise of a Turkish or Arab female, in her walking dress, is so complete, that her husband himself could not recognise her beneath it ; and these places of appointment are so little known but to those who visit them, and so unmarked by any distinction between them and others, that they might be entered or quitted by any person at any hour of the day, without exciting the slightest suspicion of the passers-by.

Among the women to be occasionally seen in Bagdad, the Georgians and Circassians are decidedly the handsomest by nature, and the least disfigured by art. The high-born natives of the place are of less beautiful forms and features, and of less fresh and clear complexions ; while the middling and inferior orders, having brown skins, and nothing agreeable in their countenances, except a dark and expressive eye, are sometimes so barbarously tattooed as to have the most forbidding appearance. With all ranks and classes, the hair is stained a red colour by henna, and the palms of the hands are so deeply dyed with it, as to resemble the hands of a sailor when covered with tar.

Those only who, by blood, or habits of long intercourse, are allied to the Arab race, use the blue stains so common among the Bedouins of the Desert. The passion for this method of adorning the body is carried, in some instances, as far as it could have been, among the ancient Britons ; for,

besides the staining of the lips with that deadly hue, anklets are marked around the legs, with lines extending upwards from the ankle, at equal distances, to the calf of the legs; a wreath of blue flowers is made to encircle each breast, with a chain of the same pattern hanging perpendicularly between them; and, among some of the most determined belles, a zone or girdle, of the same singular composition, is made to encircle the smallest part of the waist, imprinted on the skin in such a manner as to be for ever after indelible. There are artists in Bagdad, whose profession it is to decorate the forms of ladies with the newest patterns of wreaths, zones, and girdles, for the bosom or the waist: and as this operation must occupy a considerable time, and many "sittings," as an English portrait-painter would express it, they must possess abundant opportunities of studying, in perfection, the beauties of the female form, in a manner not less satisfactory, perhaps, than that which is pursued in the Royal Academies of Sculpture and Painting in Europe.

A TALE OF BANKRUPTCY.

I doubt if the costly machinery of civilized life is subject to a more dreadful derangement than a bankruptcy. Had Rousseau ever witnessed one, especially in the higher circles of commerce, he might have turned it into a most elegant argument in proof of the blessedness of a savage state. It is impossible, indeed, to calculate the amount of mental suffering produced in a commercial country like this (and when more than at the present moment?), by these reverses of fortune. To imagine the fair hopes of families and individuals thus in an instant blighted; and the accumulated wealth of a life-time, with that, perhaps, of parents and ancestors, scattered by one of these overwhelming storms,—what can be more afflicting?

It is common to be niggards of our sympathy to such cases of disaster, from an idea that so many of them are produced by imprudence and presumption. But there a large proportion with respect to which this is not true, as I have known many instances, and my friend R—— was one. He had inherited a fortune which might almost have been called splen-

did, and was certainly a cautious rather than a daring trader. But contingencies arose which he could not foresee. A sudden turn which was taken by continental politics, led to the failure of a large foreign house with which he had extensive transactions, and he was involved in its ruin almost before he had suspected any insecurity.

He could have borne the blow by himself: but its most painful part was that an amiable family shared the misfortune with him, the elder of whom were three accomplished daughters, who had been brought up in all the elegancies and refinements of wealth, and were just arrived at an age when they had become most sensible to their value. From a dread of the effect, he endeavoured for some time to conceal the event from them, and struggled on in solitary bitterness. But his altered manner, of which they soon became sensible, gave rise to uneasiness and alarm; and at length the disclosure was made. There was some difficulty at first in making the poor girls understand the nature of the disaster. In their ignorance of the world, they seemed scarcely to have been aware that such an event was even possible. But after a momentary surprise, they evinced a degree of resignation which could not have been anticipated, considering how unschooled they had been in adversity. They were sorry their father had not told them of the event before; for perhaps he had felt it more deeply from imagining that such a change in their circumstances would hurt their pride. But they were confident they could descend to a humbler style of life without even a sigh. They hoped, if it were necessary, that he would immediately quit the elegant mansion in which they had hitherto lived; indeed they should be quite as happy in a smaller house. The carriage and the riding horses were also to be laid down: they could do so well without them. As the latter item was mentioned, a sudden tear gathered in the eyes of Isabella, the younger of the three, at the idea of parting with a favourite horse. But it was dashed away in an instant; and the intimation was resolutely made that "Prim" was to be sold too. I never witnessed a more beautiful triumph of the heart. They seemed on a sudden to have forgotten the value which they had formerly attached to these elegancies; and now only to regard them as means of showing their readiness to conform to their altered prospects.

Their father came home in the evening. He had trembled for the approaching interview, and nerved himself to bear a scene of anguish and despondence. But there was nothing like it. In their happiest days, and when their feelings had been excited by some recent kindness or indulgence, he had never been so received. It seemed as if the whole treasure of their affection and gratitude had been reserved for a moment when through his means (and as he thought by his fault) they found all their fine prospects suddenly blighted, and nothing apparently before them in life but humble, and perhaps dependent, stations. They attempted, indeed, to disguise their feelings out of delicacy, and, from their respect to parental pride; but there was still an irrepressible earnestness in their little attentions to him, quite unlike the easy gaiety of prosperous days. They could not, for example, help him to a dish at table without a something in it, that made it plain it had now become a privilege. They would pick out for him, with great zeal, his favourite sorts of fruit after dinner, and offer them with such bright looks as prevented the possibility of a refusal. If he wrote a letter, they would softly bring him one of their writing-desks, and be unhappy if he declined to use it: though formerly the danger incurred to their velvet linings had always been a subject of alarm. And nothing could exceed the sweet triumph that brightened on their fine countenances, if they beguiled him for awhile into cheerfulness, and dispelled the painful recollections of calamity. At the same time, the delicate manner in which their affections were expressed, would almost have prevented him, under any other circumstances, from detecting their altered feelings. Yet he could not be quite insensible that a certain soft pressure which came on his cheek as they wished him good night, had become of late a little more forcible.

These were beautiful scenes; and I often asked myself in surprise if this could be adversity. But there remained some rougher passages. His spirits had for some time been improving from the influence of their filial and affectionate conduct; and in their disposition to see every thing in the most favourable light, they had begun to hope that his affairs were becoming more encouraging. But one evening he did not return at the appointed hour, and they grew uneasy. They stood listening anxiously under the window-curtains all the

evening to every carriage that approached up the road ; but they all passed by. It became late, and they grew seriously frightened. At length a messenger arrived from town with a note from him hastily written in pencil ; he had that afternoon been arrested ; and as he was taken by surprise at a late hour, could not procure bail. The occurrence was to have been strictly concealed ; but the servants were unfortunately heard talking of it, and the truth was obliged to be told. At first the poor children stared at each other in speechless terror. It was a catastrophe that appeared to them so dreadful, that it had not entered their imaginations even amid their worst forebodings. They had associated imprisonment with the idea of crime ; and had never suspected that their father could incur its liability purely from his misfortunes. Their distress indeed was unutterable. There was only one source from which their feelings were susceptible of any alleviation—which was in their indignation. The author of the outrage, as is not unusual in such cases, was a man from whom it might least have been expected. He was under the deepest obligations to their father. He had been assisted by him in seasons of difficulty, and recommended to lucrative connections to whom he owed all his advancement in the world. And this was the return ! “ Can we not hang him ? ” one of the poor heart-broken girls exclaimed in a burst of anguish ; and they seemed really astonished to learn that human laws had no punishment for the offence.

After this unhappy occurrence, the law quickly took its course. Officers were soon placed on the premises. A distressing little incident occurred on the evening of the day they took possession. One of the servants had been out all day on business with Isabella's favourite horse. It was very much against her inclination, but circumstances made it unavoidable. - When he returned, hungry and jaded, in the evening, she was all anxiety that he should be well fed. But one of the officers, who had left for the night, had carried away the stable keys, and they could get no corn or hay for him. On hearing the circumstance, she gave orders that the locks should immediately be broken ; and no higher authority would once have been required. But now a man in a shabby snuff-coloured coat, knit pantaloons, and a coloured hand-

kerchief, who sat leaning on his stick by the kitchen fire, had power to prohibit it. She was astonished at the weight that was attached to his interference, and ran with the case to her father. He was sadly hurt by the appeal. "My dear child," he said, shading his eyes to conceal his feelings, "I thought you had known that nothing here was now mine." This was too much; she left the room abruptly to vent her tears in the hall, exclaiming, with a childish fondness for the horse, that he would certainly die with hunger. Prim's situation indeed was far from enviable; but his kind mistress's tears pleaded for him so eloquently, that the coachman resolutely drew on his boots, and, in spite of a pouring rain, walked down to C—— to borrow a feed.

For some time before the arrival of this crisis we had endeavoured to prevail on the poor children to quit the establishment; but their father could not with propriety have gone with them, and I believe they would have endured martyrdom sooner than have left him behind. It was impossible not to regret their resolution, from the effect which the scene had upon their minds. They were fully resigned indeed to their fate, and were ready to have relinquished every thing at a moment's notice. But there was a shock in the appearance of being forcibly dispossessed that they were not prepared for. They conceived a morbid dread of the officers: for, in spite of our precautions, they would sometimes see them about the premises. The harsh errand of the men made so deep an impression on their imagination, that they started back with a shudder whenever they caught a glimpse of them. They had a thousand other caprices, many of them still more unaccountable. In fact, it was evident that their gentle and sensible minds were becoming diseased from distress. They thought the garden had suddenly grown larger than it used to be, and that its wall was more stained by the weather. The trees were certainly taller, and there was now a strange and frightful noise made by the wind in their leaves. They terrified themselves by the odd notion that the premises were haunted by a day-ghost, whom they were in constant fear of meeting whenever they stirred out. In the dusk of the evening they would fancy that they saw strange faces in the rooms; and were uneasy, even in broad daylight, in the

larger apartments, from an inexplicable aversion to the sense of unoccupied space. In short, to such a degree did these singular prejudices prevail, that they generally shut themselves up all day in a small breakfast-parlour, and kept the blinds down to avoid seeing any thing abroad.

At last they quitted this unhappy scene. Their fortitude, however, had first to undergo one or two trials; and one of the severest was giving up their jewels. The officer came to receive them on the morning that they left, and when they were already dressed for their journey. Many of their little trinkets had been given them by friends—some of them dead, others in distant countries; and they thought it peculiarly hard that they should all be claimed. They had no idea they would ever be returned, and it was so unexpected a blow, that at first they made a slight stand, unwilling to part with them, and thinking that the officer must be exceeding his instructions. But their scruples were quickly overruled, and they turned hastily aside to conceal their tears. The officer carelessly opened one or two of the cases to see their contents, and observed that his was an unpleasant duty, but he supposed they had watches. "Oh, yes!—we had forgotten them," a soft half-stifled voice replied. And they sat down to unfasten them from under their pelisses; but they could scarcely succeed from their agitated state, and were obliged to assist one another.

As the carriage drew up to the door they summoned fortitude to look once more into one or two of the rooms, aware that they could never hope to see them any more. The drawing-room particularly affected them. It had not been used since their misfortunes: and forcibly reminded them of the past, which now seemed like a happy dream. Almost every article in it suggested some recollection of their former feelings and prospects, and of the revolution which had so suddenly taken place in them. Their music books were still lying under the piano just as they had left them a few weeks before, and when they could scarcely be said to have known what sorrow was. There was also a foreign road-book, with a pencil in it, on one of the card tables. One of them had been studying it the last evening they had used the apartment, in the expectation that the following autumn they were

to have visited Italy. The recollection of the project produced a slight sigh, but the disappointment was now nothing to them ;—they had learned to bear heavier griefs. The servants had respectfully assembled in the hall to take leave of them on their departure. As they passed through it, they thanked them all in broken accents for their kindness and attention ; and affectionately shook hands with the elder ones, who had watched their progress from infancy, and, with a natural partiality, had destined them to the proudest stations in life. As the last act of their service, they attended them to the carriage. As it began to move off, they looked up eagerly for a moment at the house which had been the beloved home of all their happy years, and then convulsively pressed their hands over their eyes, and left it to strangers and the law.

I had protracted my stay to this period, for they had expressed themselves consoled by my presence. But they were now going to share the hospitality of friends who would perform my office more effectually, and here we therefore parted. Circumstances carried me for a time to a distance, and on returning I found their unhappy affairs drawing to a settlement. I was sitting with them one evening when R—— came in in better spirits than I had lately seen him ; he had that day obtained his certificate. The candles had burnt long as we had been talking, and as he cheerfully snuffed them, he told me “ he was beginning life again.”

A PUN—NOT A MISS.

A lady, whose charms were beginning to fade,
 A testy old widower seem'd to upbraid
 With, “ Pardon me, Sir,—but I think, to be plain,
 You'll not do amiss, if you marry again.”

The gentleman shrugg'd up his shoulders, and said,
 In reply—“ 'Tis a chance if again I shall wed ;
 But you need not take pains to convince me of this—
 If I marry again—it will not be a Miss !”

THE SCIENCE OF GLOVEOLOGY:

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

The pretty and lively Marquise de St. Hilaire had not appeared at the brilliant ball given by the Comtesse de Courville, and consequently the next day her hotel was thronged with visitors. All came avowedly to inquire after her health; but many, at least among the ladies, were anxious to know whether indisposition, pique, or jealousy had kept her from joining the brilliant party given by the comtesse, who was known to have been an old attachment of the marquis, and was generally regarded as his lady's rival in the ranks of fashion.

The favoured few who were admitted, found the marquise reclining on a sofa in a most becoming *deshabille*. She looked pale, and complained of having had a violent nervous attack, but declared that she felt quite recovered; and, if we may judge from the conversation I am about to transcribe, her illness had not diminished that playful vivacity which procured her the character of the most piquante *causeuse* in Paris.

Madame Valmore (addressing a lady who sat next her)—Did you ever see any thing so ridiculous as the dress of Madame de Parvenue? every part of it, from her *béret* to her slipper, so strangely bedizened with gold!

Madame St. Pierre—With her mahogany face and squab figure, she really resembled a piece of gilt gingerbread. Even the very seams of her gloves were embroidered in gold.

Vicomtesse Versae—A propos of gloves, how singular it is that in such cold and gloomy weather, the gentlemen are so fond of light gloves? I have observed that during some time past they do not wear any others.

Marquise de St. Hilaire—Don't you know the reason, my dear vicomtesse? are you not aware that since our gentlemen have been bitten by the mania of political economy, they carry the system of retrenchment into private life, and even the most minute details of the toilet are subject to it? Thus, the gloves which a man of fashion wears at a ball, instead of becoming directly afterwards the property of his valet, are condemned, for some days at least, to do duty in common. Is it not so, gentlemen?

Some of the beaux laughed, others protested that the marquise was too severe, but nobody denied the charge.

Marquise—I am surprised that in this age of *ologies*, no learned professor has introduced *gloveology*; it would, I fancy, be as rational a study, and a much more amusing one, than *craniology*.

Colonel St. Clair—But in what manner, madame, is this new science to be studied? What can you know of people by looking at their gloves?

Marquise—A great deal, colonel, I assure you. I fancy now I could give a pretty shrewd guess at the manner in which each of you, gentlemen, have passed the last evening by an inspection of your gloves.

Captain de Tournon—Truly, madame, from the air of confidence with which you speak, I begin to have great faith in this new science; suppose you give a course of lectures upon it, beginning with one this evening. How say you, gentlemen, can we put madame's skill to the proof? have you got the gloves you wore last night?

There was a general answer in the affirmative.

Marquise—Well, then, let us begin. Suppose, colonel, you lead the forlorn hope?

Colonel (holding out his hands)—With all my heart.

Mademoiselle de Valmy—Without being a witch, one may tell by those gloves that the colonel has not danced.

Colonel—Is not this an indirect reproach, my pretty cousin? You forget, child, that I am past the age of dancing.

Marquise—You would not say so, colonel, if you did not like cards better.

Colonel—Nay, my dear marquise, how can you suppose—

Marquise—I suppose nothing; I have proof positive before me. Your gloves say very plainly, in their language, that their rumpled condition arises from the many times that your adversary turned the king, or won the vole. And then that morsel gnawed from the finger of your left-hand glove, that shows you must have lost a great deal.

Colonel—The gloves are too tight.

Marquise—Were it your right-hand glove, the excuse might serve; but as your left hand is smaller than your right—

Colonel—Say no more, I am your convert ; as far as respects me, your science is infallible.

Monsieur D'Arincour—I present myself at your tribunal with confidence, for I have no reproaches to fear.

Marquise (regarding the gloves earnestly on both sides)—Perhaps not, but have you also no discovery to apprehend?

M. D'Arincour—Discovery, madame !

Marquise—Yes, sir ; these gloves tell me that you have danced a great deal, and they add that you seldom changed partners.

M. D'Arincour (blushing and hesitating)—But, madame what makes you think—

Marquise—Nay, if you will force me to come to the fact, look at this stain on the fingers of the right-hand glove ; do you see any thing of the kind on the left ?

M. D'Arincour coloured still more deeply ; but his blush was pale to that of Mademoiselle de Valmy, whose neck and face crimsoned as she hid her hands under her scarf. The good-natured Marquis de St. Hilaire, who was seated next her, hastened to withdraw the attention of the company from her, by holding out his hands to his wife.

Marquis—Come, my dear, let us hear what my gloves have got to depose against me.

The marquise began smilingly to examine them, but as she looked attentively at them, she changed colour, and a seriousness, approaching to gloom, overspread her pretty features.

Marquis—Confess, most learned professor, that your science fails you.

Marquise—We shall soon see that. The gloves tell me you have neither danced, nor played at cards.

Marquis—They tell the truth.

Marquise—They add that you have talked a long time, and with a lady.

Marquis (rather embarrassed)—Really they are very communicative ; perhaps, too, they tell you what I said.

Marquise—No ; they content themselves with telling me what you did. Your left hand was employed in playing with the smelling-bottle of the comtesse—(don't be frightened, I shall not name her, though I could do it)—while your right hand pressed her's.

Marquis (with some warmth)—This is the strangest fancy—

Marquise—Fancy! let us interrogate your gloves. Look at this black circle round the finger of the left one; well, that has been occasioned by twirling the top of the smelling-bottle; and those marks on the right glove were caused by its being trod upon while you kept the hand of the comtesse in yours.

Marquis—Confound the gloves! if they tell the truth, they ought to tell all the truth; and then they would assure you that a moment of idle gallantry cannot diminish my love for the beautiful sorceress who has cast her spells round me for life.

The marquise made no reply, but the radiant smile which lighted up her expressive countenance, showed that she did consider the speech as a mere compliment.

Captain de Tournon (holding out his hands)—Truly, marquise, you have put us upon hard duty, mounting a breach is nothing to it; there, at least, one may gain glory by being knocked on the head, but here— Come, give me the *coup de grace*.

Marquise—Not so, captain, your gloves cry loudly in your favour; they tell me you have danced, but not a great deal, and with different partners; you have played, but have neither lost nor gained much.

Captain de Tournon—*Vive le gantologie!* it is worth all the rest of the *ologies* put together.

Marquise—And now for you, Monsieur de Refrain.

Madame St. Pierre—Oh, M. de Refrain does not dance; he had an attack of the blue devils when he was last in London, and he has not got over it.

Marquise—Mercy upon us! what a dreadful complaint this English disorder must be, to oblige one to eat such a quantity of cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats; and to wash them down with so much punch!

M. de Refrain—Give me leave, madam, to say that you are mistaken.

Marquise—And give me leave, sir, to prove that I am not mistaken. Look at those different coloured stains upon your gloves, and observe how strongly they smell of punch; and then lay your hand upon your heart, and say whether they do not bear witness against you.

M. de Refrain—I am afraid I must plead guilty; but indeed you are too hard upon us, marquise.

Colonel St. Clair—Truly, M. de Refrain is in the right. Come, come, give us our revenge ; attack these ladies.

Marquise—What, colonel ! is that your notion of military tactics ? What would you think of an army drawn up in battle array, who, instead of attacking the enemy, should let them escape in order to turn their arms upon their allies ?

H.

THE DEPARTED.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

" ——— Another form
Sat at her feet, whose brow was bright with bloom
When the cold grave shut o'er it.—It hath left
Its image everywhere—upon my books,
My bower of musing, and my page of thought,
And the lone altar of my secret soul."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The Beautiful hath vanished ! like the flower
Tended, through storm and shine, with kindest care,
Which hath survived the Winter's dreariest hour
And faded when its hues the loveliest were,
In the glad Spring time's morn,
When the warm sun-beam kissed its beauty mild—
Then, from its soil upturn,
Lay cold and crushed that human flower, our child,
And Hope was changed to Grief.

That bitter grief no wild lament need say ;
Noiseless and calm the deepest waters flow—
And ours is measureless, for day by day,
More strong and sad its bitterness doth grow.
Our hope of hopes is gone,
Vanished from heart and home is one dear light :
The best of life is done,
For on its sunshine hath descended Night,
Starless, and murk, and cold.

Not now, with bounding spirit, do we drain
Hope's charmed chalice, as we did of yore ;
Nor, questioning the future, strive to gain
Knowledge of all the good she had in store.

The past—the past alone
 Holds in its cells the treasures which we prize,
 The memory of the gone.—
 The smile—the glance—whate'er the Grave denies—
 It yields them all again !

Not where the light jest speeds, where smilers come,
 Breathe we thy name, departed Child of Earth,
 But in the unwonted silence of our home—
 That home once joyous with thy hearted mirth ;
 When on thy vacant chair
 Sadly we look, and miss thee from thy place !
 Miss thy high forehead fair,—
 Thy full, dark eye—thy curls—thy radiant face—
 Thy laugh, like mirthful music.

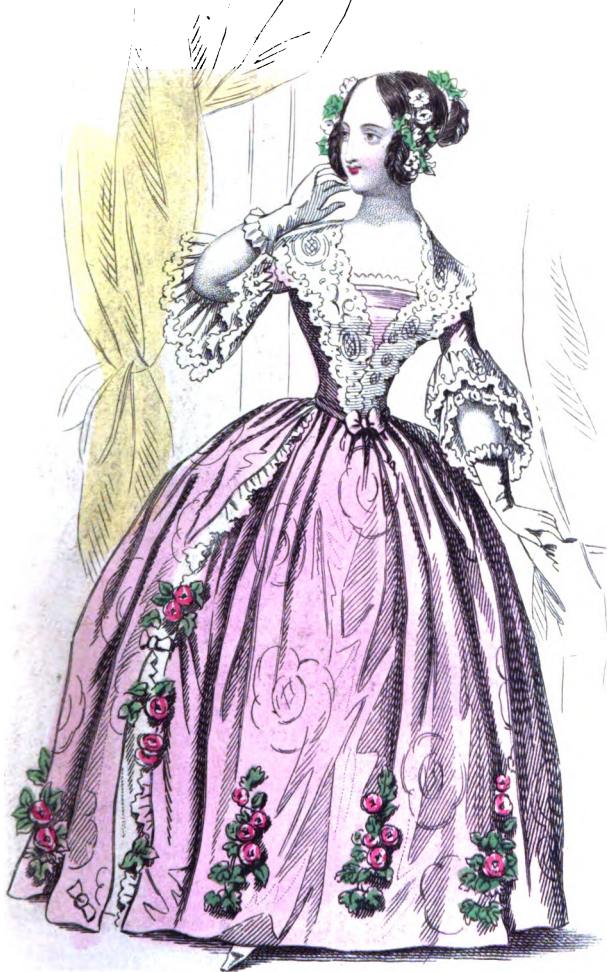
Like a bright dream thy sojourn seems to be—
 A brilliancy no sooner here than past !
 We miss thy quick, light step—thy glance of glee,—
 Thy graceful form—all, all too fair to last !
 We miss thy thought-crowned brow,
 Thy cheerful converse, and thy gentlest voice,—
 Like far-off music, low,
 Yet such as made even strangers' hearts rejoice,
 Sadly we miss them now !

Often, in summer-gloaming, hand in hand
 We sit together where thy smiles have been,—
 Sometimes in silence, sometimes in a bland,
 And mournful converse suited to the scene.
 We talk of days gone by,
 Filled with bright promise of the coming years,
 Where thou, fair child, wert nigh—
 And, talking thus, our eyes are filled with tears,
 Whose fount is in the heart.

Thou wert a child in years, oh daughter mine !
 But thy young mind was ripe before its time ;
 For thou didst love to read in lore divine,
 High expiation for all human crime.



HOME DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.



LONDON EVENING DRESS.

With earnest thought and look,
 Didst thou explore the treasures of the Word,
 And, from His blessed book,
 Thy spirit drew its commune with the Lord—
 Hast thou not such above?

Surely, oh earthly flower, thou art with Him?
 Surely, beloved child, thou art in heaven,
 Before whose light the joys of life grow dim,—
 For faith and hope to thee were early given.
 Surely, there is a time
 When *this* life faileth, and *this* sight grows dull;
 When, in that sphere sublime,
 The hearts that mourn will join the Beautiful,
 Never to part again!

We grieve—but we repine not. On the stem
 Which bore thy fragrance, yet remains one flower,
 Our last of living hopes,—and oh, from them,
 Fain do we pray that we retain *this* dower;
 The youngest-born hath fled
 From Earth's affliction to the better sphere,
 One brother of the Dead,
 Bearing her semblance, yet doth linger here,
 Lord, spare him unto us!

Liverpool.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.—The robe is composed of pink figured satin *glacé de blanc*; it is trimmed down one side in the drapery style, with blond lace and flowers, and bouquets of flowers, placed at regular distances, encircle the border; the *corsage* tight to the shape, and cut low, is partially covered by a pelerine *fichu* of blond lace. Short tight sleeves, trimmed with very deep double ruffles of blond lace. The hair is dressed *à la Berthe*, and ornamented with flowers placed in the loops at the sides, and in the knot at the back.

LONDON HOME DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—Cinnamon-coloured *gros de Naples* robe, quadrilled in two shades of the same hue; a low *corsage* forming a stomacher in front, which displays the *chemisette* sleeve of moderate size, and something of the *gigot* form. Apron of pea green *pou de soie*, embroidered in silk to correspond, and trimmed with black lace; the bib open on the bosom, is made with a little fulness, which

is looped on the shoulder by knots of green ribbon. The hair parted on the forehead, and disposed in plaited braids at the sides, is looped back by knots of pale pink ribbon.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

There is literally a rage for furs; shawls, mantles, and mantelets are trimmed with them; the two former are most in request in promenade dress. The bonnets worn with them sometimes contrast rather oddly, for they are not unfrequently of light colours, as pink, maize, and even sometimes white satin; but we must observe, that, as they are always wadded and quilled, they are sufficiently warm, though they do not look so. The majority are trimmed with ribbons only, but we have seen some with a sprig of velvet flowers, placed on one side of the crown; the interior of the brim is usually trimmed with blond lace placed *en bandeau* on the forehead, and with a little fulness which is intermixed with small flowers at the sides.

Mantles are also much in request in carriage dress: the materials continue the same, but the forms vary. Some are cut in such a manner as to offer the double advantage of a mantle and a pelisse. There is a good deal of variety in the forms of the collar and pelerine: in some instances the collar forms a mantelet, in others it turns over in the shawl style, terminating in a point behind. Several have the pelerine descending in long ends, which form lappels that descend on each side of the front to its extremity: these lappels and the cuffs are embroidered in general, whether they are composed of velvet or of the material of the mantle. We observe that several of the most elegant are edged with fur. Shawls, and mantelets also, are adopted in carriage dress. Some, composed of velvet or black satin, are trimmed with fur; others with fringe; and for the most part lined with cherry-coloured or emerald green *gros de Naples*. Black velvet shawls embroidered round the border in silk of the colour of the lining, and finished with a broad black fringe, are excessively pretty and *distingué*.

We may cite, among the most novel carriage bonnets, those of black satin, the brim and crown both disposed in plaits; they are lined with blue, or rose-coloured *peluche*, and trimmed in general with velvet. Wadded bonnets have lost nothing of their vogue; they still continue to be made in satin

only, but several are ornamented with a light sprig of foliage, which always corresponds in colour with the bonnet ; it must be composed of velvet, and placed low on one side. The materials for hats remain the same as last month, but those of velvet are in a decided majority. Ostrich feathers, particularly those corresponding in colour with the hat, are very generally employed to trim them. The brims, both of hats and bonnets, though still large, are by no means unbecomingly so, but we have reason to think that they will go on diminishing till they come to the other extreme.

We may cite, among the new materials for half dress robes, striped and figured satins, and spotted foulards. Tight *corsages*, made half high, are most in request in half dress ; they are pointed in front, but very moderately so, forming the shape in a very graceful manner, and quite free from that stiffness which the very deep points give. The sleeves are almost all demi-large, and it is expected that they will be most prevalent during the course of the winter.

Velvet, rep velvet, and the other rich materials which we have recently cited, continue their vogue in evening dress. Trimmings are universally adopted. We may class, among the most elegant evening robes, those of white rep velvet, trimmed with a deep flounce of gold blond lace round the border ; a similar trimming is disposed *en manchette* on the short sleeve, and is arranged in the lappel style round the top of the *corsage*.

Most of the new ball dresses are of *tulle* ; the most elegant have a plain ground, strewed with spots embroidered in white silk ; the skirt is closed down one side by bouquets of small flowers, composed of velvet of delicate colours. They are attached by knots of white satin ribbon ; the drapery is looped on the *corsage* and shoulders by flowers, and the short full sleeve terminated by a double *ruche*.

Hats, caps, and turbans seem in equal favour in evening dress. The most elegant novelty among the first is the fisher's hat ; it is composed of velvet, and of a small size ; the brim descends on the left side, and is turned up on the right ; a bird-of-paradise is placed under it on the right side, the points of which droop over to the left, which is ornamented with a velvet point terminated by a large gold acorn. Caps continue to be made small ; the most elegant are composed of

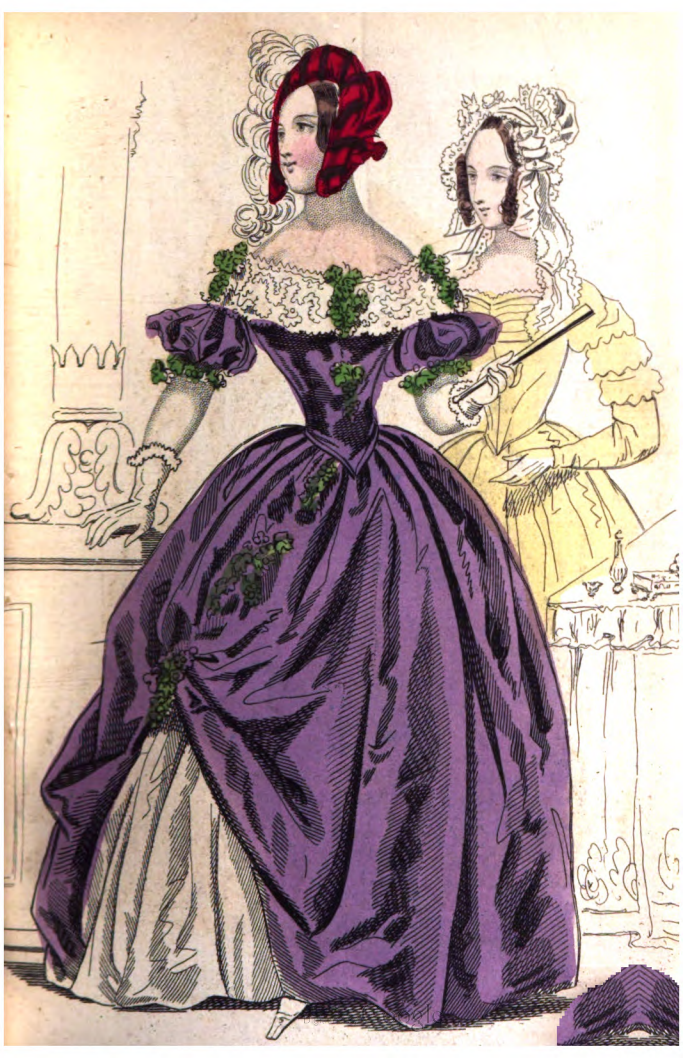
blond lace of rich but light patterns. Some are ornamented with wreaths, others with *gerbes* of flowers; velvet ones are most in request, but they are always small and of delicate colours. Turbans may be worn in nearly the same form for social parties, or for grand *soirées*; the material only is different, and the trimming. If the turban is for a social party, it is composed of *tulle*, or gauzes, and frequently has no other ornament than its own graceful folds; but if there is any trimming, it is composed of beads, an *aigrette*, or perhaps a jet ornament. Jet, we must observe, is now adopted out of mourning. Turbans for full dress are made of organdy, embroidered in gold or silver, or else in brocade, the flowers of which are intermixed with gold; we see some also of velvet, and some of India muslin trimmed with gold fringe and *chefs d'or*. Birds-of-paradise, *plumes neige*, and gold pins with jewelled heads, are all employed to decorate full dress turbans. We have no alteration to announce in fashionable colours this month.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS DINNER DRESS FOR A GRAND PARTY.—Robe of claret-coloured *velours épinglé*, looped very high at the left knee, to display a white satin petticoat; it is looped by a bouquet of velvet flowers; bouquets of flowers to correspond, are placed above it at regular distances to the waist. A low *corsage*, tight to the shape, trimmed with a blond lace pel-erine, which, as well as the *corsage*, is ornamented with bouquets of flowers. Short full sleeve, trimmed with flowers and lace. Head dress, a scarlet velvet *capuche*: it is a kind of cap of a new form, trimmed with *chefs d'or* and white ostrich feathers.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—India muslin robe; the border is finished with a deep embroidered flounce. *Corsage à trois pieces*, cut low, draped round the top, and trimmed at the bust with narrow lace. Sleeves *demi-large*. The cap is a *bonnet à la Babet* of *tulle*, trimmed with *blonde illusions*, which is disposed very lightly in front, and pale pink ribbons, arranged in *coques* and cords on one side, a light sprig of white flowers attached by a knot of ribbon is placed on the other.





PARIS OPERA DRESS.—The robe is one of the rich new figured silks, the border finished with a single flounce of very broad black lace; the *corsage* cut low, pointed, and tight to the shape; is trimmed in a novel manner with black lace. Short tight sleeves, coloured with falls of black lace. *Opean Marteni à la Venitienne*, of black satin, wadded and lined with quadrilled satin; it is open at the sides, and trimmed with knots of ribbons; made in the shawl style at top, and thrown open in robings in front, displaying the lining, and edged with swansdown. *Sleeve à la Marino Faliero*, also trimmed with swansdown. Head-dress of hair, decorated with fancy jewellery ornaments, and a superb bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

A few days of severe weather has brought forth the winter toilettes in all their éclat; and really, from the quantity of furs that every where appears, one might fancy oneself at Moscow instead of Paris. Mantles or pelisses, trimmed with fur, are generally adopted; the first do not present any actual novelty, the latter, which are now worn for out-door costume only, are composed of either rich silk or satin; a good many are of black satin, which we must observe is now very fashionable, both for promenade and half dress. Generally speaking, these pelisses are lined with coloured silks, which, turning over in the shawl style, forms a pelerine lapel, that is, edged as well as the fronts of the pelisse, with fur. A boa and muff to correspond is indispensable. *Apropos* to muffs, we must observe that they are not all of fur, some being only trimmed with it. Several are of velvet or satin, with a pocket in the lining. Sable, grey squirrel, and the fur of the Siberian fox, are the most fashionable of those entirely composed of fur; the last mentioned is in particular request, among them two different sizes; the one very large, and adopted in carriage dress only; they are made with two pockets, and the ends trimmed with cords and tassels. The muffs worn in promenade dress are small; and, generally speaking, velvet is preferred to fur, but the ends must be trimmed to correspond with the pelisse or cloak.

Several beaver hats have appeared in promenade dress: they are trimmed with feathers, they are worn in the early

part of the morning only ; we do not give them as a fashion, because we have not seen them adopted by many elegant women. Satin bonnets, either wadded or plain, are much more in request, both for morning and half dress. We may cite among the prettiest of the latter, a capito in *Satins-Lamartine ruchie* round the brim, the top of the crown, and the curtain at the back of it, with black *tulle*, and trimmed with a bouquet of scarlet geranium, composed of velvet. Another of these head-dresses, well worthy of notice, is composed of rose-coloured satin, and lined with rose-coloured *peluche* ; the trimming was a bouquet, composed of the heads of curled feathers.

Promenade robes and pelisses are made in a very simple style ; the *corsages* are full behind, and close in front, trimmed either with velvet lappels, or else opening a little *en cœur*, to admit an embroidered collar of a round form, and descending low in front. The sleeves are *à la jardinero*, and the skirts, which continue very long, are either trimmed with flowers, or else closed down on one side.

A very elegant style of half dress prevails for the theatres ; we were particularly pleased with a robe of light blue velvet, trimmed down the front and round the border with two rows of ermine. The sleeves *à la Polonaise*, of a small size, had a very graceful effect. The *corsage* disposed in plaits, which formed a *gerbe*, was arranged *en cœur* in front, and trimmed with fur round the top only. Another dress, distinguished by its simple elegance, was of grey lilac satin ; the border was trimmed all but the front breadth, with a row of English point lace, which was retained at each side by a rosette of ribbons. The *corsage à l'antique*, and the sleeves *demi bouffantes*, were trimmed with lace to correspond.

The small velvet hats, called *petits bords*, are very much in favour, both for the theatres and evening parties. The last novelty of this kind is the Rita ; (it takes its name from a new piece) it is composed of velvet ; one side of the brim is raised by a gold cord, and the crown is encircled with white ostrich feathers, one of which droops on the left shoulder. We have no change to announce in fashionable colours this month.



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Walter Scott and Dryburgh will be enshrined in our hearts with Shakspeare and Stratford-on-Avon. Its aged ruins are situated in a land renowned in song and story; the district is rife with historical mementos and classic associations; but had it been the most barren spot in the world, it would have obtained a deathless interest as the place hallowed with the remains of the great novelist and poet.

Dryburgh is situated in Berwickshire, about four miles from Melrose, on the north bank of the Tweed, in the most delightful part of the vale, famed as it is for beauty along its whole extent. The abbey stands amid the gloom of wood, on a verdant level, above the high banks which confine the course of the river, whose rapid stream makes a bold sweep around it in its passage onwards. In the background, hills covered with luxuriant foliage rise in picturesque beauty; and whether we contemplate the time-worn ruin, the harmony of nature, or the remembrance of the past, the scene is one of singular beauty. The ruins are completely overgrown with foliage. In one roofless apartment a fine spruce and holly are to be seen flourishing in the rubbish; in others the walls are completely covered with ivy; and, even on the top of some of the arches, trees have sprung up to a considerable growth, and these, clustering with the aspiring pinnacles, add character to the gothic pile. These aged trees on the summit

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of the walls are the surest records of the antiquity of its destruction.

In the early part of the sixth century a monastery was founded here by St. Modan, one of the first preachers of Christianity in Scotland. Part of this structure is supposed to exist in the present ruins. The abbey, however, was founded about the year 1150.

The burial-place of Sir Walter Scott is a small spot of ground in an area formed by four pillars, in one of the ruined aisles, which had been granted to the family by the Earl of Buchan, in 1791.

Dryburgh Abbey has given to Mr. Swaine's imaginative pen a very pleasing idea for the following poem :—

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs
among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and
song ;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely
vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.

For He whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and
fruitage rife—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of
mind—
Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind !
To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or
star ;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds
had birth !

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the
sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral
train swept by ;
Methought—St. Mary, shield us well !—that other forms
moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young and fair !

Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask, “ Can this be true?”

Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view ;—
Earth’s glory seems a tarnish’d crown to that which we behold,

When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold !

Was it a dream?—methought the “ dauntless Harold” passed me by—

The proud “ Fitz-James,” with martial step, and dark, intrepid eye ;

That “ Marmion’s” haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake ;

And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet “ Lady of the Lake.”

The “ Minstrel,” whose *last lay* was o’er, whose broken harp lay low,

And with him glorious “ Waverley,” with glance and step of wo ;

And “ Stuart’s” voice rose there, as when, ’midst fate’s disastrous war,

He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave “ Ich Ian Vohr.”

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the “ Dominie” stalk’d past,

With “ Bertram,” “ Julia” by his side, whose tears were flowing fast ;

“ Guy Mannering,” too, moved there, o’erpower’d by that afflicting sight ;

And “ Merrilies,” as when she wept on Ellangowan’s height.

Solemn and grave, “ Monkbarns” approach’d, amidst that burial line ;

And “ Ochiltree” leant o’er his staff, and mourn’d for “ Auld lang syne !”

Slow march’d the gallant “ Mc Intyre,” whilst “ Lovel” mused alone ;

For *once*, “ Miss Wardour’s” image left that bosom’s faithful throne !

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came "Mac
Gregor's clan—

Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—"Rob Roy's"
bold brow look'd wan!

The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd its sainted
ray;

And "Wae is me!" the "Bailie" sighed, "that I should
see the day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far renowned "Black
Dwarf;

Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord of
Evandale,"

And stately "Lady Margaret," whose woe might nought avail!
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as from the conflict
won;

And pale "Habakkuk Mucklewrath," who cried "God's
will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest
scenes,

Passed she,—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous "Jennie
Deans;"

And "Dumbiedikes," that silent laird, with love too *deep* to
smile,

And "Effie," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of
Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood"
advanced,

Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mein with eye indignant
glanced;—

Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath cover close and sure,
Approach the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lammer-
moor!"

'Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and song,
stepped near,

The "Knight of Ardenvohr," and *he*, the gifted Hieland
Seer;

"Dalgetty," "Duncan," "Lord Monteith," and "Ranald,"
met my view—
The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold "Which-
Connel Dhu!"

On swept "Bois Guilbert"—"Front de Bœuf"—"De
Bracy's" plume of wo;
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the valiant
"Ivanhoe;"
While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowena" closer drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daughter of the Jew!

Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral
train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy
main;—
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were
seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's
beauteous mien!

A sound thrilled through that length'ning host! methought
the vault was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's bard reposed!—
A sound thrilled through that length'ning host! and forth
my vision fled!—
But ah!—that mournful dream proved true,—the immortal
Scott was dead!

(To be concluded.)

THE ITALIAN BOY AND THE SICK MONKEY.

BY THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

"Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them."

Wandering in the environs of the town, with a mind feed-
ing on remembrances, and thinking, not unregretfully, on the
flight of years, how brief the past had been—a very speck in
the volume of time, and imperceptible in eternity—and how
evanescent the present hour,—my vagrant glance fell on an

humble piece of human portraiture, in the shape of an Italian boy of tender age, sitting disconsolately on a sand-bank, and hugging in his bosom a still less animal of the Cimian species : the boy was but an epitome of the masculine cast at best, and his eagerness to shelter the little brute, crumpled him up, if I may use the expression, into a thing scarcely larger than an earthen figure for a chimney-piece. "And are we not all earthen figures?" said I to myself; "the bravest, the most beautiful, the proudest, and the most prosperous! Fragile vessels, more or less weak—frailer, or more inflexible—here to-day, and gone to-morrow—an image for admiration in the morning, broken and trodden under foot ere the day-star bids adieu to the children of light!" As I thus monodized, I approached nearer to the *piccolino* and his bosom friend. The boy was weeping; large round tears fell fast from his brown eyes, and dropped upon the earth beneath him; the little monkey chattered, and shivered, and clung closer and closer to him, looking alternately with suspicion on me as I drew near, and with confident plaintiveness in its master's face, as if to say, "Do not hurt *him*; do not take me away from *him*; commit us not as strangers and vagrants in the land of liberty; the world is wide, harm us not!" And now the little beast had completely hidden its semi-human, caricature-like countenance under the boy's arm, who seemed to encourage and to fondle it as if its fears entitled it to a double share of kindness. So is pity, in its lowliest state, allied to love!

"You appear unwell," said I to the boy, addressing him in his native tongue.

"Si, signor," replied he, "I am faint and weary, hungry and foot-sore, an orphan, a foreigner, and far from home; and I am afraid that my poor beast is dying."

"What a long list of claims on sympathy and benevolence!" thought I; "fatherless and friendless, way-worn and half-famished; sunny Italy, thy dear country, full in thy tearful remembrance, and far, far indeed beyond thy reach! The miserable companion, too, of thy travel, which amused many a lone hour by its antics, and gained thee many a penny by its exhibition, is *hors de combat* in the struggle for a bit of bread; sick and fainting from famine and disease, thy case is deplorable indeed!"

And now, gentle reader, a monkey and a manikin are no very exalted objects to attract our attention, or to engross our affections ; but compare greater objects with lesser ones, and you will find the links of connection unbroken, and fully resembling each other.

The defeated soldier, broken with toil, quits the fighting-field ; his home is distant, his means are few ; the faithful charger that shared his perils, and enabled him to fulfil, with pride, his noble occupation, droops, and falls by the way side ; hunger and the fever of debility consume both. The warrior, whose eye was a stranger to the dew of affliction, drops a tear ; now his respiration sends forth a deep sigh, as he stretches himself beside the animal whose fate has been so allied to his. This picture is more imposing, but the poor boy's is as true to feeling and to nature.

"What is the matter with the monkey?" I inquired. Here, nestling his ugly pet in his breast, he wept, and said, "It has got cold, sleeping out all night with me, and this has brought on the fever, and we are both fasting since yesterday ; and," scarcely audible, "I fear it will die." The brute looked up in his face as if it understood every word that he said, and thanked him for this forcible appeal to humanity.

I could not look unmoved on this scene of real life, and had I not relieved my fellow-creature and his travelling companion, I should have been silent on the subject altogether, or have had to chronicle a deed of barbarity. The relief is not worth mentioning, but the effect of that relief is what astonished me, and is worthy of remark. No sooner had the *piccolino* obtained a little temporary aid, then, wiping away the briny tear from his eye-lid, and cuddling up Jacko as if it had been a young babe, he repaired first to a baker's—for I watched him—and next to a milk-seller ; then mixing up the two ingredients together, and warming the latter in the sun, he administered the restorative to his little charge, the animal making horrid grimaces, chattering, and licking the Italian's hands with his tongue between every mouthful which it consumed ; in return for which the boy smiled, showed his white teeth, contrasted by his olive complexion, and caressed the brute with all his heart : the repast concluded, he thought on self, and satisfied, at last, the cravings of nature.

What a lesson to man ! what an instance of disinterested generosity : what an abandonment of self, and of bodily forbearance ! Pinched with hunger, yet preferring a dumb animal to his own comfort ; unmoved by the ostentatious semblance of charity, yet extending it to the brute creation ! I solemnly protest that I have seen many parents less tenderly compassionate to their offspring ; companions the most faithful, who would not act thus generously ; the pastors of flocks, who would not be thus feelingly alive to their wants and comforts, and who were less anxious, by self-denials, to provide for their spiritual and corporeal wants.

Many classes and individuals, high and low, might learn beneficence from this poor wandering stranger. During my short colloquy with him I mentioned his native land ; he hailed its name with transports of admiration in every feature. He grew animated, as if under the influence of enchantment. "*Cara patria !*" said he (dear country), "*bello cielo !*" (splendid sky) ; and then again he looked tristful, and sighed out that he hoped soon to return to it. The life of these poor little vagabond creatures is humble, and that of semi-mendicants, showing a tortoise, a porcupine, a monkey, or a mountain rat, as an excuse for laying the curious and compassionate under contribution ; yet the ardour of their patriotism, their unalterable love for home, the heart's restlessness there to lay down their longing bosoms on the maternal soil, is not without much merit and a useful moral.

We are all sojourners in a land which is not ours ; we are wearying travellers to another home. Our trials here, our struggles for existence, are generally (always more or less,) various and painful. Hope points to a better state of things ; the love of a Creator looks up to a safer resting-place. A harmless transit through the vale of sorrows, self-possession and peacefulness of mind in mediocrity or poverty, the noble quality of preferring our neighbour to ourselves, the gentle ties that link together all the component parts of the creation, and which impel us to extend to the minor animals, even to the insect race, mercy and good-will, are duties incumbent upon us, and, although not dazzling virtues in the eyes of man, escape not the view of Him who contemplates unceasingly the wants, the steadfastness, and the wanderings of the works of his hands.

Farewell, miserable, yet merciful, brother! One stage of thy weary way is past, and thou art progressing towards home, and to repose on, or beneath, the lap of earth which must receive the prince and peasant, the monarch and mendicant, without distinction; and where, sooner or later, must bivouac, for his last quarter,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

TRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

Exemplified in Sketches of Celebrated Women.

NO. I.—THE PRINCESS TARAKANOFF.

(Concluded from Page 10.)

Orloff was eminently handsome, and his usually ferocious expression was now softened to one of respectful devotion; while the bluntness of his manner and his plainness of speech seemed befitting one who owed his fortune to his sword, and, moreover, gave to his words an air of simple sincerity, which could scarcely fail to disarm suspicion. Day after day he passed in the company of the Princess, in deliberation upon their future plans; or in giving her details concerning the political situation of Russia, and the causes of the discontent against Catherine, so rapidly spreading throughout the whole empire. Soon he infused into the mind of the Princess the same certainty of success by which he appeared to be animated; she placed her destiny in his hands; and, at length, gratitude unconsciously became converted into a more tender feeling.

No scruple concerning the justice of her cause had ever arisen in the mind of the Princess. She had been early taught to consider the Empress as an usurper, as one who had stepped to the throne, over the murdered body of her husband. Brought up in the firm conviction of being herself the lawful heiress to that throne, surrounded by the few, but faithful adherents of the former dynasty; endowed with a romantic and visionary disposition, with an energy of character which only wanted an opportunity to display itself; and yet with the most childlike simplicity and guilelessness of heart, little is it to be wondered at, that, unadvised and unprotected, she fell into the snare so dexterously spread for her destruction.

Meanwhile, time passed on in one bright and delusive dream. The manner of Orloff gradually became more tender, without becoming less respectful. He treated her as his sovereign, yet sometimes ventured to assume the language of an admirer.

One morning, as the count was standing by the chair of his intended victim, a letter was brought to her. She opened it, cast her eyes over its contents, and, with a smile of perfect confidence, put it into his hands. A dark cloud passed over the brow of Orloff, and an oath escaped his lip. The letter was from an unknown friend, warning the Princess to beware of the trust she placed in a traitor, who was leading her to destruction. She shrunk for a moment from the malignant expression of her lover's countenance; then, gently taking the letter from his hands, threw it into the fire. 'So perish,' said she, 'all suspicions of my benefactor; no, Orloff! not even the basest of mankind could thus, under the semblance of friendship, betray an unprotected orphan. My trust is alike in heaven, and in thee.' Orloff muttered between his teeth, and turned to the window, to hide some conflicting feelings, which moved even his savage nature.

He looked at the fair vision before him, so young, so confiding, with love and faith in him, illuminating her beautiful eyes. Though no more than fifteen summers had passed over her head, yet her dignified air, graceful figure, and imperial brow, proclaimed the royalty of her birth. A strange and vague feeling of superstitious reverence mingled with pity came over Orloff, as he gazed upon her. With hasty strides he traversed the apartments, and, for a moment, his better angel prevailed. Suddenly, his eye fell upon the order of St. George, the gift of his Imperial patroness. Then the demon re-entered his soul; and the murderer of Peter the Third fell at the feet of the daughter of Elizabeth.

"Be mine," said he: "then will your fate be secure, and neither man nor devil shall prevail to separate us." While the Princess hesitated, the aged attendant rose from her seat, and taking her hand, placed it in that of Orloff's. "My child," said she, "he woos you, when you are poor and friendless; he will the better deserve you, when you shall be the greatest Empress in the world. If his courtship be rough, it is the more sincere. Accept him, and may heaven bless

you! and may your mother smile upon you from heaven, even as she smiled when first she placed you, a lovely infant, in these arms!" The young girl blushed, while Orloff, kneeling before her, swore an oath of eternal love and fidelity.

It was agreed, that their marriage should be solemnized according to the rights of the Greek church; and for the sake of the greater seclusion, to leave Rome for Pisa. With all the appearance of an impatient lover, Orloff hastened the preparations for the ceremony. Lawyers were introduced. A contract was drawn up. With blind fearlessness, the Princess put her signature to every thing.

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The night was dark and stormy; the church was cold and deserted; but the victim was richly decked for the sacrifice, and a coronet of gems, Orloff's first gift, emitted its fitful gleams among the rays of the few and dimly burning tapers. A villain, habited as a priest, pronounced the nuptial benediction. A travelling carriage was at the door, and in a few moments the bride of Orloff was on her way to Pisa.

Preparations had been made for her reception, the splendor of which, was suitable to her rank: she found herself the mistress of a sumptuous palace. She passed through long files of domestics, who bent before her in mute respect. Orloff was all tenderness and gallantry; and as the hours sped swiftly by, the Princess almost forgot, saving for her husband's sake, to sigh for a more brilliant destiny. At length, a courier, long expected by Orloff, arrived with despatches from Leghorn; and as the count perused them, his countenance wore a strange expression of savage delight. He turned soon after towards his bride, and observed, that the Russian squadron, under the command of the English admiral, had arrived at Livorno; and that his immediate presence there was absolutely necessary. He expressed his regret at being obliged to part from her, even for so short a period; then, as if struck by a sudden happy thought, proposed that she should accompany him. The Princess was charmed with the project; and eagerly expressed the pleasure she should feel at seeing the magnificence of the Russian fleet, and the beauty of the harbour. That a rapid journey would be too fatiguing for the aged Kathinka, was the only draw-

back to her anticipated felicity ; but her absence would be so short, she would leave her in so splendid an establishment. All her objections were speedily overruled. Orloff's magnificent equipage was ordered round, and six horses swiftly bore them towards Livrons.

From this moment, the young Princess trod on air. Pleasures sprung up like flowers beneath her footsteps, hiding the dark precipice on whose brink she stood. A numerous court attended her. Her beauty and rank rendered her an object of universal admiration ; her extreme youth and simplicity of universal interest ; while her peculiar position, her hazardous fortunes, and the great game in which she was engaged, terminating in an empire of destruction, rendered her an object of intense pity to all who believed themselves acquainted with the circumstances in which she stood. Some indeed, there were, who, knowing the character of Orloff, could scarcely believe that, blinded by passion, he had sacrificed his sovereign to the empire of beauty. Yet, the few who suspected treachery, dreaded too much his power and audacity to hazard the slightest disclosure of their opinion, and all anonymous communications was received by the Princess with scorn.

Besides, they could scarcely believe, that even the audacious Orloff would venture to violate the territories of the Grand Duke, or would, by introducing his bride to the intimate society of the English ladies of distinction resident at Leghorn ; and, above all, by taking up his residence at the house of the English minister and his wife, have given an appearance of perfect concurrence on their part to his projects ; should these projects have been otherwise than honourable. Thus, all concurred to lull the victim into a fatal security.

A thousand fêtes were invented to amuse her, and her time was passed in one dazzling round of novelty and pleasure. At the theatre, all eyes were fixed upon her. In the public promenades the people crowded to gaze at her. When she walked on the beach with Orloff, even the indolent boatmen would rouse themselves to exclaim in wonder at the magnificent Russian and his fair young bride.

But the count soon grew wearied of playing the part of a tender and assiduous husband. It was time to bring the game to a conclusion. One evening, as the Princess, sur-

rounded by her suite, and leaning on Orloff's arm, admired the beauty and order of the Russian fleet, some one proposed that her highness should go on board one of the largest ships, and view its interior arrangements. The Princess and all the company eagerly applauded the idea. A few days, however, elapsed, before Orloff could find himself at leisure to accompany her; though morning and evening he might have been observed, during the intervening period, standing on the sea shore with some of his emissaries, and remarking the direction of the wind. At length, he informed the Princess that an entertainment was prepared in her honor, on board the *Ekatharinislav*, which alone had occasioned the delay. There was, as all afterwards observed, something strangely hurried in the manner of Orloff, when he made this announcement.

A superb dinner was given that day at the house of a foreign duke, and Orloff drank an immoderate quantity of spirits, which seemed only to possess the effect of steadying his nerves. But before the repast was well over, he started from his seat, and declared that the barges were in readiness. No time was given to the ladies for a change of dress. The Princess threw a veil over her jewelled diadem, while Orloff, with affectionate solicitude, enveloped her in a pelisse of ermine. The evening was beautiful and serene. A slight breeze rippled the surface of the waters, on whose bright bosom the sun was slowly sinking in crimson glory; as if, Narcissus-like, he lingered over his own reflection in the mirror of ocean.

The Princess was seated between two English ladies, under the pink and silver awning of her gay barge, and joyously she kissed her hand to the assembled multitude, who shouted their noisy *vivas* as the boats receded from the shore. Next came the barge of Orloff, in which was also the vice-admiral; then a third, filled with Russian and English officers; while the fourth was occupied by musicians, from whose wind instruments a soft melody stole over the waters and mingled with the breeze of evening. As they advanced towards the fleet, salutes of cannon were fired in honor of the Princess, and enlivening airs were struck up by the military bands. The whole was a scene of enchantment; the balmy air wafted from Italian shores; the soft music, gay

dresses, and varied uniforms, all were in brilliant harmony. When the barge of the Princess had come alongside the ship, where the entertainment was to be given, she was gently hoisted upon deck in a velvet fauteuil, let down on the side for that purpose. The rest of the company followed.

Orloff led his bride to the head of the table, which was covered with a sumptuous repast, and gave orders that the band should not cease to play during the entertainment. The Chevalier de Ribas proposed the health of the Princess, and three cheers were given to the bride. It was said, in after days, that Orloff grew pale as he pledged this toast, and that his hand trembled as the Princess smilingly bowed to him; that he laid down his wine untasted, and eagerly tossed off a tumbler of brandy; that he grew fierce and quarrelsome, and to shew his extraordinary strength, crushed in his hand several goblets of crystal; that one of the pieces having struck a young Italian of high rank on the eye, the count smiled unconcerned, while the Princess alone expressed her regret for the accident; nay, that he even boasted of having assisted in the murder of Peter the First, which he called a necessary catastrophe, though very disagreeable to a man of his humane feelings, at which the Princess grew blanched with terror, whereupon he laughed at her credulity.

Soon after, he gave orders that the barges should be in readiness; and when all the guests had left the ship, he whispered to the Princess that they should return together by moonlight. She smiled approvingly, though her face was still pale, and continued to stand upon deck, leaning on his arm, and listening to the retreating splash of the oars, the hum of human voices, and the last faint notes of the Russian horn, gradually softening by distance. In a short time all was silent.

A signal, low and mysterious, and four ruffians surrounded the Princess, rudely tore off her robes, and loaded her with chains! In vain the victim struggled. In vain she appealed to Orloff. She read no pity in his eyes. The horrors of her situation flashed over her mind. She felt a faintness of the spirit; her heart died within her. A mist passed over her eyes, and she sunk into insensibility.

When recollection came, she found herself lying in the hold, on a heap of cloaks, her hands and feet fettered. There

was a sound of bustle upon deck, she heard the creaking of the canvass, the wind whistling through the sails, the loud voices of the sailors, and, raised above all, the stentorian tones of Orloff,—of Orloff—her husband, her betrayer! The ship was in motion. It was evident that they had sailed. There was then no hope; but her pure and innocent heart commended itself to the God of the orphan.

Her short life passed in dreamy review before her; the lonely castle, where her childhood was spent, and where the words of Radziwill first awakened ambitious hopes within her; the miserable garret in Rome, the eternal; the arrival of Orloff, like a sunbeam in the darkness; her love, her marriage, her Pisan palace, and the poor, faithful Kathinka! Oh, Heaven! if she could now behold the child of her affections! Then Orloff's tenderness, her pleasant sojourn at Leghorn, her last sight of beautiful Italy, the gay barges, the soft music, the ruffians who had bound her, the last ferocious look of Orloff, and her chains!

Now the silence grew appalling, and she called aloud for help, but no one answered. Towards evening, a sailor came into the hold, and laid some food beside her. Then it was not her death they meditated. What then were to be their tender mercies? A dungeon? and perhaps the fate of Prince Iwan? She appealed to the humanity of the man, but he stared at her in stupid surprise, and left her, muttering between his teeth some words unintelligible. The time passed on in solitude and darkness, and hope was extinguished in the breast of the captive.

But one morning, a loud noise upon deck roused the Princess from her stupor. There was a sound of violent altercation, and the clashing of swords. The ship's crew had mutinied. Her own name was mentioned in different accents of pity and rage by these rough voices. She dragged herself to the length of her chain, and a faint hope revived in her heart. She felt that the crisis of her destiny had arrived. At length a pause, the voice of Orloff, in a loud and commanding strain of authority, the name of the Empress Catherine, a shot, a groan—and all was silent. She knew not for what to hope or to pray.

Not long lasted that dread silence! Two men entered, and ordered her to rise; then striking off her chains, carried

her upon deck. And there she stood in the pure light of heaven, the fresh breeze blowing on her fevered temples, the bright blue sky above, and the dark blue sea around her, faint, pale, and exhausted. There and thus she stood, till her eyes slowly fell on the commanding figure of Orloff. Then, with a strength that seemed supernatural, she disengaged herself from her supporters, rushed forward, and fell at his feet. Her rich robes and long fair tresses swept the deck, and on her forehead still glittered Orloff's bridal gift, the diamond coronet. Strangely it contrasted with the dishevelled hair!

Never a word spoke Orloff; but with unmoved and rigid countenance disengaging himself from her, he beckoned to his men, and gave the signal that she must die! "Orloff! my husband," cried the unfortunate girl. "What is my crime? To what, for whom do you sacrifice me?" "To justice and my sovereign," said Orloff. "Your wife! She, whom at the altar you swore to protect?" "Behold," said Orloff coolly, "the priest who united us; he is now about to sanction by his presence the dissolution of the knot." Slowly and fearfully the young bride turned round, and fixed her eyes upon the ruffian who grasped her wrist, and knew again the features of the pretended priest. She started from her knees. "I see it all," said she; and her words, though low, were distinct. "The murderer of Peter the Third has not hesitated to dishonour the daughter of Elizabeth. Now, God be my refuge! I have no help in man. I am ready!"

She stood undaunted; and her pale and girlish beauty appeared at this instant to assume a supernatural character. Orloff stamped his feet, and ground his teeth in fury. "Bandage her eyes," cried he; for their calm, clear light seemed to penetrate and wither his soul. "Not so," said the victim, gently but firmly repulsing the hand that would have obeyed the order. She took the coronet from her forehead, and it was handed to Orloff. He dashed it impatiently into the waves. "Fire!" cried he. The Princess cast upon him a last look, which spoke of pity and forgiveness, then folded her arms, and looked to heaven. Yet, still the men hesitated. "'Tis like firing on the Holy Madonna," said one of the sailors. "Fire!" shouted Orloff, springing forward with the glare of a tiger, his eye flashing fierce lightning. A shot—another—and the Princess fell!

It was night—a night of darkness and storm. The thunder rolled, and the lightning pierced its way through the dark clouds, flashing over the foaming billows. The wind moaned with a hollow sound; and as Orloff strode to and fro in the darkness, like the gigantic demon of the tempest, superstitious sailors eyed him askance, with mingled looks of fear and abhorrence. The body of the Princess, hastily wrapped in a coarse shroud, was laid upon the cabin table. The storm was so sudden, that her mortal remains had not yet been committed to the deep. Orloff descended the stairs, and approached the body. A flash of lightning played over her diamond ring. He took her hand, whose icy coldness thrilled through his veins; hastily drew off the gem, and fastened it to a ribbon which hung round his neck.

Then, in a whisper which sounded strange and hollow, he gave an order which was quickly executed. The body was committed to the waters. There was a splash amidst the wailings of the elements, a dead silence, and a hoarse call from Orloff's cabin for brandy. As if the ocean were appeased by a human sacrifice, it suddenly grew calm, the wind lulled, the thunder ceased, and all was still.

Three days and three nights the ship was becalmed in the midst of the mighty waters, close to the orphan's grave; and on the third night, so sure as Orloff watched and could not sleep, so certainly did the pale face of the Princess, with her long fair hair, rise above the waters, and gaze upon him with fixed and glassy eyes. Loudly he called for help, and pointed convulsively to the deep, but the form had sunk; and the wind rose, and onward went the gallant ship, and never again did Orloff see his fair young bride.

The Ekatharineslav (the glory of Catherine), entered the harbour of Petersburg, and Orloff, as he passed through the crowd, was hailed with acclamations of welcome. The Empress was in her imperial chapel at Czarsko-zelo, prostrate under a crimson canopy, with her son by her side, and rendering thanks to Heaven for the success of the Russian arms.

It was evening, and the solemn vocal music of the Greek ritual resounded through the lofty chapel. The folding-doors were thrown open, and the *penetralia* displayed to view. The light of the tapers fell upon the holy symbols, on the altar with its golden hangings, its richly wrought chalices, and other

sacred vessels ; and before it were the venerable priests, with their flowing beards, and costly robes, and jewelled mitres. The host, veiled with cloth of gold, was administered to the Empress. Then the sanctuary closed, and the lofty anthem was answered by solemn voices from within, like the hidden chords of the human heart, when responding to external impressions of harmony and sublimity.

The Empress rose to leave the chapel, and Orloff stood before her with wild and haggard looks. He knelt, and presented her with the ring of her rival. "Your Majesty's orders are executed." The Empress smiled benignantly, and added the gem to the others which glistened on her imperial hand, then passed on, apparently like Medicean Namesake—

"Sans remords, sans plaisir, maitresse de ses sens,
Et comme accoutumée à de pareils, présens."

THE BENSHEE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLEAN-DALACH."

"He heard the Benshee's boding scream."—*Scott.*

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed,
There's a weary way before us ;
Across the mountain swiftly speed,
For the storm is gathering o'er us.

Away, away, the horseman rides ;
His bounding steed's dark form
Seemed o'er the soft black moss to glide—
A spirit of the storm !

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,
The thunder's loudly crashing ;
And through the dark clouds, driving by,
The moon's pale light is flashing.

In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes roaring down the glen ;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave,
And plunged into the stream ;
And, snorting, stemmed the boiling wave
By the lightning's quivering gleam.

The flood is past—the bank is gained—
Away with headlong speed ;
A fleetier horse than Desmond reined
Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train in eager haste
Far, far, behind him ride ;
Alone he's crossed the mountain waste,
To meet his promised bride.

The clouds across the moon's dim form
Are fast and faster sailing ;
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm
Of wild unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seemed to die
Away, and faintly languish,
Then swell into the piercing cry
Of deep heart-bursting anguish.

Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
Were crashing in the storm,
With wringing hands and streaming hair,
There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried ;
His steed refused to stir,
Though furious 'gainst his panting side
Was struck the bloody spur.

The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
Withheld its fitful gleam ;
And louder than the tempest blast
Was heard the Benshee's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more,
And showed her paly light,
Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
Of the oak-tree's blasted might.

That shrieking form had vanished
From out that lonely place ;
And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed—his bosom swelled
With grief and sad foreboding ;
Then on his fiery way he held
His courser madly goading—

For well that wailing voice he knew,
And, onward hurrying fast,
O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
The trembling drawbridge clangs ;
And Desmond sees his own good roof,
But darkness o'er it hangs.

He passed beneath the gloomy gate,
No guiding tapers burn,
No vassals in the court-yard wait
To welcome his return.

The earth is cold in the lonely hall,
No banquet decks the board,
No page stands ready at the call
To tend his wearied lord ;

But all within is dark and drear,
No sights or sounds of gladness—
Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swelled the keeper's strain
With loud lament and weeping,
For round a corse a mournful train
The sad death-watch were keeping.

Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
Hope's fairy visions fled ;
His fears confirmed,—his beauteous flower—
His fair-hair'd bride—was dead !

H. K.

THE SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARP OF INNISFAIL," ETC.

In the south of Ireland is situated a small town, within nine miles of a commercial city of some importance, where the breeze from the ocean loves to pay its first visit, and which is much frequented as a bathing-place by the higher orders of Irish society. When seen from the water, we should not suppose it to possess any unusual attractions ; rows of houses rising above each other, with little attention to order, and less to external decoration, offering an unfavourable specimen of Irish neatness to an eye that has been accustomed to feast on English elegance. But it is not from the hurried glance that may be obtained from the deck of a steam-packet, as it rolls in foam and noise by the beetling cliff, that we are to estimate beauties for the due appreciation of which a much longer acquaintance would be required. As if to supply the absence of artificial decoration, the natural advantages of the place are of a most romantic character. A noble basin of water flows beneath the town, presenting on every side an ample and majestic swell of billows ; a number of vessels of the line are generally studding its azure bosom, with their canvass sleeping on the mast, and their streamers dancing in the wind, while the view from the opposite shore is grand and picturesque. During the year 18—, fortune ordained that I should visit the place thus described ; and although prejudiced by casual observation, a more lengthened acquaintance sufficed to change my antipathy into a very opposite feeling.

There are few operations of the mind which convey a stronger pleasure to the soul than the recollection of days of

past happiness ; when the present is chequered by misfortune or shadowed by disappointment, there is a delightful solace in calling up to the imagination those years when a better destiny shed its brightness over our existence ; and, however idle the employment may be, there is always an exquisite charm in reverting to the scenes of former gratification and enjoyment. For some, the retrospects of the past may have but a general shading of pleasure ; there may be no presiding spirit whose form yet sheds its light round the heart, although the glitter of many a bright moment may still continue to exert a freshening warmth upon the blood ; but when this individual attachment, united to reminiscences of a less defined nature, holds possession of the soul, a more deep, wild sensation of rapture, then mingles in the feeling with which we dwell on " years ago." In reverting to my acquaintance with C——, such sensations flash thickly upon me ; and as I conjure up to my mind's eye the genius of departed happiness, the characters whose presence constituted that happiness throng before me, in a dress so vivid and distinct, that it seems as if it was but yesterday's sun that looked upon our separation.

The letters of introduction, with which I had been furnished, soon led me into a circle equally distinguished by its hospitality and elegance. My acquaintances were numerous, and every day made me more practically sensible of the extent to which the national virtue of hospitality prevailed. However, among the range of my friends there was one family for whom I imbibed a more rapid and fixed predilection. It was limited, and accomplished ; consisting of the father, the mother, and two daughters, whose amiability of disposition, elegance of manners, and yet opposition of character, afforded me many an hour of pleasure and of contrast.

Both were young, with only the difference of a year in point of age, but with a much greater dissimilarity in features and person. The elder was wreathed with all the budding promise of youthful loveliness ; her eye, soft and blue—her forehead small and intelligent—her pensive brows finely arched with a profusion of auburn ringlets, which curtailed the lustre of her voluptuous eyes. Her stature was lofty and graceful, and in the symmetry of her exquisitely moulded person, nature and fashion seemed to have exhausted

the treasury of their perfections. The younger was distinctly different, so much so, that, were it not for a slight shade of resemblance which was flung over the contour, we should have been inclined to deny their right to sisterhood. Her stature was below that of the Venus de Medicis, and although her countenance beamed with a soul equally expressive, it wanted the pale interest which threw captivation round that of her sister. When I became better read in their characters, I was strongly reminded of the skilfully marked opposition in those of Minna and Brenda, in the "Pirate." She was romantic, fond of nature and its glories; impassioned, and gifted with feelings the most sensitive and refined. The other was less poetic, less visionary, but more retiring and more devoted to the domestic decorations of her sex. Both fond of music, and both blessed with superior powers of aspect, we were compelled to row towards the land, and having execution; melody borrowed additional influence when breathed from their lips; and as the sister voices gave symphony to some of our most popular duets, I envied the bard whose song was warbled by creatures so capable of feeling the inspiration by which the poet was animated.

The morning was fair and glowing; the waters glittered with the resplendence of the summer sun, and the mountains were purpled with its wandering beams, when we launched on the bosom of the bay, in anticipation of an aquatic excursion, that should realize the pleasure which the preparations promised.

"How beautiful! how like fairy-land!" exclaimed the elder, as we flew by the islands and thickly-wooded shores; "and those fishermen's huts look so picturesque."

"Alas!" said her sister, as she pointed to the white-washed miserable cabins which verged the boundary of the tide; "I rather sigh at the consideration of the wretchedness which inhabits them!"

We scarcely had reached the middle of the harbour, and falcon like, our little pinnace was chasing away the intervening billows, than the clouds began to gather, the sky to lower, and the breeze to freshen.

The day is lowering, stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,

Disperst and wild, 'twixt earth and sky,
Hangs like a shattered canopy !
There's not a cloud in that blue plain -
But tells of storm to come or past :
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast ;
There, rolled in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling.

While these symptoms of an approaching storm frightfully increased, the pallor of fear rushed to the cheeks of the ladies of our party, and according to the various state of their nerves, their terror was more or less apparent. The boat rocked a little, it dipped lower and the wave lashed higher.

" Oh God, we shall be lost ! " exclaimed the elder, and she clung to the arm of a young and delicate-looking man, who always made one of our parties, and to whose attentions she seemed not unwilling to yield her gentle heart.

" How darkly the rain approaches ! " quietly observed the younger.

However, the tempest having now assumed a more serious aspect, and succeeding in obtaining shelter before it burst in all its threatened fury, the fears of our fair companions were readily allayed.

" But then," observed the elder, " our new leghorns will be damaged, and our shoes will not be fit to be worn a second time."

" I am so afraid, my dear sister," interrupted the younger, " that you will take cold from the inclemency of to-day ; " more solicitous about her sister's health even than about her bonnet or her shoes.

In conversation the same opposition was visible between the characters of the sisters. The elder could talk on any subject ; she was conversant in the school of modern poetry ; and had a peculiar *facon de parler*, which gave interest to any thing ; while she shed over the most unenlivening topic the gaiety of her abounding soul. The younger, on the contrary, was reserved ; she required to be drawn forth ; and it was not without some exertion that she could be induced to unfold the acquisitions of her well-stored mind. I was acquainted with " The Sisters " sufficiently long to be

allowed to form an estimate of their pretensions: to their intimacy I was indebted for many an agreeable hour, and when my professional duties summoned me from their society, I felt as if duty was about to create a chasm in my enjoyments, which it could not and which it has not filled up. I have seen those amiable and interesting creatures under every aspect, where the opposition of their characters would display itself the most forcibly; but never in the tender offices of fraternal affection could its traces be observed, and in no situation have I beheld them where a closer union seemed to take place than in the temple of the deity. There, the same deep devotion, the same abstraction from sublunary considerations, and the same ardour of silent and reverential prayer, warmed in their hearts and glowed on their lips. Heaven alone appeared to occupy them, and while struck by the profound sensibility of inward homage which their attitude evinced, a stranger could never recognise the dissimilarity which existed in common life. And yet, with this dissimilarity, never were there two females between whom the stream of reciprocal confidence flowed in a more equable tide: they were the confidants of their mutual sorrows, and if one had a tale of love to whisper to some sympathising friend, the bosom of her sister would afford her the most acceptable repository.

As I was witness to some of the pleasures of their youthful years, I omitted no opportunity of making those inquiries which were necessary to inform me of their subsequent fortune. When I was called away from C——, the attachment of Sir Everard de Courcy, and Rosa D——, had long given subject of conversation to the evening coteries. Sir Everard was enthusiastic in all his feelings: he was a patriot from principle; a poet from nature; and with all a poet's sensibilities, and yet suffering under the restrictions of a watchful minority. Accident having introduced him to Rosa D——, the sympathy of their tastes, and the accordance of their feelings, quickly induced a passion, which further intimacy served to kindle into a deep and quenchless flame. When Rosa's feelings became once engaged, they were so deeply and consumingly; she lived but for them, and they entered into every action of her life. During the first months of their acquaintance time flew on with a rapidity

which they heeded not, and delivering themselves up to the exquisite and maddening intoxication of first, pure, ardent, holy love, they gave no thought to any thing but to the fullness and luxury of that love. However, in the circulation of report, Sir Everard de Courcy's friends were made acquainted with the circumstances. His immediate marriage was a thing which did not coincide either with their plans or wishes, and, accordingly, before he had time to make a counter-arrangement, he found himself obliged to join a regiment which was embarking for India, and in which a commission had been procured for him. So sudden were the preparations for his equipment and new life, that he was not permitted an opportunity of bidding Rosa adieu, or of assuring her of his fidelity and truth.

Weeks, and months, and years passed away, and Rosa heard not from him. She had seen his name gazetted; she had been informed that the regiment sailed; but from Sir Everard de Courcy no explanation came. This was "the unkindest cut of all;" the damask withered from her cheek, the brightness from her eye. She took no pleasure in the things that were wont to gladden her; her sister's assiduities became painful; her temper was not what it had been; her strength could no longer support her to a promenade on the sunny beach, where she had often walked in love and happiness, and, in a few short months, the maidens of the village were strewing fragile flowers on the simple grave of Rosa D—.

It was a fine evening in autumn, six years after the period of my visit, and not as many weeks since the tomb had closed above my lovely and too loving friend, and this once happy, but now disconsolate family, were sitting in an apartment that was formerly gay and bright, but now had all the semblance of sadness and death. They were engaged with some desultory topic to divert their dear recollections, when they were interrupted by a knocking at the hall door. The door was flung open, and before they could have had leisure to compose themselves, Sir Everard de Courcy stood before them. He gazed into their faces, and there he traced the lineaments of sorrow: he looked for his Rosa, and the responsive tear informed him *where* he should find her. His own tale was quickly told. When, on his return to his own

family, he found that circumstances would compel his voyage to India, and that it would be impossible to procure an interview previous to his departure, he addressed letters, flowing with affection, and ardent in pledges of fidelity, to Rosa. When arrived at his destination, he allowed no ship to sail without bearing a packet for her; and yet, to his astonishment, none brought him a reply. These letters either had miscarried or been intercepted; and he now learned the confirmation of his most desponding fears, at the moment that he was at liberty to realize the promises of their youthful love.

This intelligence pressed upon him with a power which few could have anticipated. Disgusted with the world, he partially renounced it: he made an offering of its pleasures to his early affections; and, rejecting every attempt to bring him into society, he spent the succeeding years of his life in ameliorating the condition of his tenantry, and in the exercise of constant piety. In this manner his time glided on for some years, until, on a placid evening in June, a house-maid, who had been in the family from her infancy, wildly rushing into the kitchen, exclaimed:—

“ Oh! Pat, Pat, sich a thing as I sean! Sure an’ sartin there’s some great misfortune comen on us, entirely. *Ma-vourneen*, I’ll never get the betther of the fright of it.”

“ Arragh, be aisy, ooman,” says Pat, “ an tell us what’s the matther, that you’re ravin at sich a rate?”

Pat having succeeded in bringing her to reason, she affirmed, that, as she went down to the old castle to wash some clothes, she was astonished by the appearance of a lady, sumptuously dressed, who sat upon a rock, with her hair hanging loosely round her, and weeping bitterly. She approached, but the lady heeded her not, but, drying her eyes, she leaned against the ruin, and commenced the following lamentation, in Irish, every word of which she recollected.

THE BENSHER’S KEEN.

Why weep I wildly here?
And why shall the sad cold tear,
Upspring from Donogh’s airy daughter,
To mingle in the silent water?

Oh ! why must grief and woe
Disturb my song's deep flow ;
 And why must death
 Be in the breath
Of the calm still voice that murmur's now ?
Oh ! say if life is dear,
Why weep I wildly here ?

I see the sable pall,
Spread in the chief's high hall :
I see the last of a kingly promise
In life's young dawn snatched from us ;
I see the funeral light
Shine forth amid the night ;
 I see the best
 That Erin blessed
Wither beneath the tempest's blight.
Ask you, then, why weep I here ?
This is the fount of my briny tear !

The song and the tale made a deep impression on those to whom they were recounted, who, with little hesitation, pronounced the lady to be the *Banshee*, a female spirit, attendant on the family, and who must have come to warn it of some approaching calamity. Although they did not conceive that they were called upon to inform their master, who laughed at such fancies, they, nevertheless, were impressed with a conviction of some coming evil, and their fears were by no means lessened, when, as the clock sounded twelve, they heard the same wild chant repeated outside the windows of their master's bed-room.

"Surely," said the maid servant, "there must be something dreadful. Pat, see, is all right above?"

Pat accordingly hastened to his master's apartment, and there, indeed, did he find the most ominous predictions of his mind but too sadly verified. The wax taper was burning on his table, the curtains were drawn round his bed, and he himself was kneeling before a crucifix, with his hands crossed on his breast, and in an attitude of fervent prayer. The servant drew near to him, but involuntarily shuddered, when he



R. P. Bonnington

R. Sherard

THE GENTLE REPROOF.

beheld the ghastliness of his countenance and the glare of his eye-balls. He examined him still more closely, when he found that he gazed on the inanimate corpse of Sir Everard de Courcy.

There was no exterior sign of violence—no visible mark of disease. He had retired to his bed-room in the enjoyment of his ordinary health, and his previous habits had given no indication of any thing inconsistent with the most perfect soundness of constitution. It was, however, supposed that the workings of his mind had affected the system of his body, and that the constant recurrence of mental anguish, which he had frequently experienced during the last years, had, in a fit of unusual intensity, produced the separation of the soul from its fragile tenement. However, life and hope were now equally extinguished; and there he lay, the victim of disappointed affection, and the prey of feelings too exquisite and deep.

His funeral was conducted in the most simple style; and as the family vault was already full, they placed him in an obscure tomb, where his bones might slumber in peace, until the awful trumpet shall rend the tombs and rouse them into activity again. There is no stone to record his worth or fortunes; for, without a single letter to commemorate his name, they laid him there,

“Like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”

Rosa's sister was happier in her lot. Regulated by a more rational disposition of feeling, she became the wife of a sensible and independent man, and, at the time that I write, is surrounded by a family of little prattlers, some of whom are said to resemble their lovely and ill-starred aunt.

D. S. L.

THE GENTLE REPROOF:

A METRICAL ROMANCE.—BY JOSEPH ROBINS.

Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are death to her.—*Shakespeare.*

“My child, I would not say one word to give thee aught of
pain,

But I'd not have thee ever meet Sir Leoline again;

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For though he is of noble house, his gay and giddy fame
Has spread abroad and tarnished o'er his proud ancestral
name.

" 'Tis true they say that he is brave and valiant in each deed,
But this, unchecked by honour's course, but makes the true
heart bleed ;
For he that ever draws his sword but in a righteous cause,
Is but a fiend in human shape, despising nature's laws.

" And I'd not have thee wed with one of libertine renown,
Who in the brimming wine-cup strives his conscience oft to
drown ;
I love thee, Constance, far too well to wish thee such a doom
As that which soon would bring us both to an untimely tomb."

The Lady Constance blushing sighed—" Alas ! my father
dear,
I own I love Sir Leoline—but still thou need'st not fear :
For though I deem him not so bad as many tongues would
say,
Whene'er I wed, my father's wish I will not disobey.

My mother on her dying bed implored me so to do,
And I'll not break the pledge I jointly gave to her and you ;
And ne'er until you see good cause to say that he is mine—
Although I can't forego my love—will I see Leoline."

" Right well, my child,"—Sir Roderic sighed, and kissing off
a tear—
" And if he is deserving thee, why then thou'rt nought to
fear ;
For if I find that slander's tongue hath done him any wrong,
I'll proudly own him for my son, my dearest friend's among."

The Lady Constance left her sire, and to her chamber went,
And on her knees, before her God, with fervency she bent—
Her prayers were for her Leoline, and that he soon might
prove
Himself to be deserving of her pure and faithful love.

beheld the ghastliness of his countenance and the glare of his eye-balls. He examined him still more closely, when he found that he gazed on the inanimate corpse of Sir Everard de Courcy.

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EPITAPH ON A MIDSHIPMAN.

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
 Not cast away, but brought to anchor here ;
 In harbour, safe from shipwreck, now he lies,
 Till Time's last signal blazes thro' the skies ;
 Refitted in a moment, then shall he
 Sail from this port, on an eternal sea.

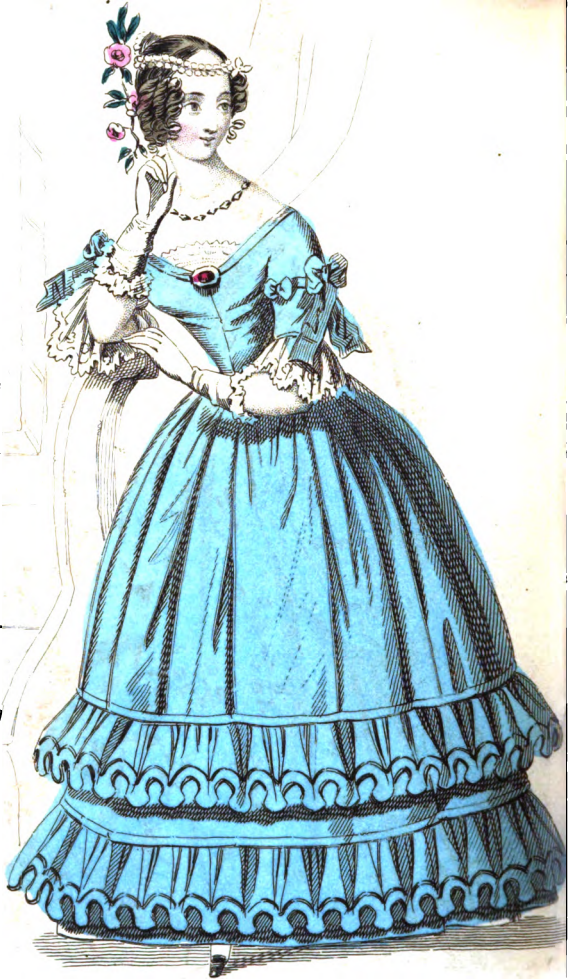
ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

WALKING DRESS.—Mantle of figured cashmere, lined with rose-coloured *gros de Naples* ; the form of the mantle is between a pelisse and a cloak, it is confined round the waist by a band, and trimmed with a pelerine lappel of black velvet, and a small square pelerine, which descends in points over the large sleeves à la *Faliero*. Black velvet hat, the interior of the brim is trimmed with roses and ribbon ; the crown is ornamented with black ostrich feathers.

EVENING DRESS.—*Gorge de Pigeon* satin robe, a low *corsage en demi cœur* ; short tight sleeves trimmed with knots of ribbon, and blond lace ruffles. The skirt is ornamented with a double flounce, disposed in *dents de loup*. Head-dress of hair à la *Sevigne*, ornamented with a string of pearls and *gerbes* of flowers.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

Winter, whose approaches last month were so gentle as to be almost unfelt, has come upon us, in its severest form, all at once. It will easily be imagined that in promenade costume novelty is not thought of, but the furred shawl or mantelet is exchanged for the warm wadded mantle, to which a large fur pelerine is generally added. Wadded bonnets, which before were very much in vogue, are now almost the only ones adopted in promenade dress, and it must be confessed nothing could be better calculated for the season, particularly when they are worn, as is often the case, over a blond morning cap of the demi-cornette form. Wadded pelisses, worn over robes, and with a mantelet or shawl to correspond, are a good deal adopted in carriage dress. In some instances, where the pelisse is of satin, or *gros de Tours*, the mantelet or shawl is velvet, but the colour must always cor-



LONDON EVENING DRESS.



respond, and the trimming must be of the same kind of fur as the muff. We have nothing new to notice in their form, except that they seem to be more ample than ever. Shawls, though not so much in vogue, are, nevertheless, fashionable. Some are square, wadded, and trimmed with fur. Others, and these last are the most fashionable, are either rounded or pointed behind, and are made with a second small collar or pelerine, the ends of which descend in the lappel style to the waist.

Wadded bonnets are very extensively seen in carriage dress; a great many are of black satin, trimmed with satin ribbons, a black ground, figured in various and beautiful patterns. A bouquet of short ostrich feathers, shaded in the colours of the ribbon, or a sprig of velvet flowers corresponding with one of those hues, is placed on one side of the crown.

Velvet and satin are positively the only materials in vogue for hats. The only change we perceive in the forms is a trifling diminution in the size of the brim; the greater number are made without curtains at the back, but with the brim, which goes all round, a little turned up; this is, in our opinion at least, much more graceful than a curtain. We may cite, among the most elegant of the new carriage hats, those of beet red velvet; they are variously trimmed, some with a single white marabou feather, the barbes of which are knotted with those of ostrich feathers of the colour of the hat. The interior of the brim is trimmed with blond lace, arranged *en bandeau* across the forehead, but quilled very full at the sides, and with light sprigs of flowers placed between the double row of quilling. Others are adorned with a bird-of-paradise dyed black, placed on the left side of the crown, and the interior of the brim trimmed next the face with a wreath of roses of delicate colours. We scarcely know which is most fashionable in half-dress, the *demi-pelisse* style, or the robe form. The first offers nothing absolutely new; for the moment, the favourite style of trimming is a narrow double bias flounce, disposed either down one side of the skirt, or *en tablier*. If the dress is of the robe form, the *corsage* must either be tight, or else disposed in flat plaits. The sleeves *demi-large*. The skirts of the usual extravagant breadth, and quite as long as ever. If any trimming is adopted, it must

be a deep flounce : this, however, applies only to silk, satin or cashmere robes, for those of velvet are trimmed either with black lace or fur.

The materials for full dress robes are velvet, satin, and the superb silks which we have formerly cited. White satin is in very great request ; a good many of these robes are trimmed with blond lace, of a gothic pattern, round the border ; the flounce is very deep ; it is headed by another of the same pattern, but very narrow, which falls over. The *corsage* and sleeves must be trimmed with blond to correspond, but it is variously disposed. Some have the *corsage* adorned in the mantilla style ; others have it decorated with a *pelérine fichu*. The *corsages*, we should observe, are, for the most part, tight. The short sleeve is sometimes a little full, sometimes tight, but, in the latter case, very little of the sleeve is visible, from the quantity of lace employed to trim it.

Head-dresses in evening costume, are, generally speaking, as remarkable for magnificence as taste ; turbans are in the foremost rank ; the most elegant are of *tulle*, embroidered in gold or silver, or else of blond or real lace scarfs, the ends of which float on the shoulders. One of the most elegant turbans is composed of a blond lace scarf, ornamented with a long sprig of small pink flowers, with pearl hearts, which, drooping gracefully upon one side, touch the cheek.

Velvet hats, of a very small size, with the brims quite round and narrow, and the crowns very small and low, are next in favour to turbans. They may be decorated either with ostrich feathers, marabouts, or frosted willow feathers. These hats are worn on one side of the head, displaying on the other a full tuft of ringlets, in which a flower or an ornament of jewellery is placed. Fashionable colours are claret colour, rose, ponceau, emerald, and bottle green, dark and light grey, chesnut, violet, and maize.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

MORNING DRESS.—The robe is of green striped silk, the *corsage* half high, and trimmed with real lace round the top, is made with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. The sleeves *demi-larges*, with full trimmings, the skirt is trimmed down one side and round the border with a flounce of the





same material. White satin hat, a long brim descending very low at the sides, and the interior trimmed *en bonnet* with flowers, ribbons, and blond lace; long drooping sprigs of flowers adorn the crown.

YOUNG LADIES' DRESS.—Black velvet pelisse, trimmed with swansdown and braiding. Pink satin bonnet of moderate size, ornamented with white feathers. Cambric pantaloons, flounced with the same material.

EVENING DRESS.—White satin under-dress; open robe of striped brocade, with a low *corsage* and stomacher front. *Maintenon* sleeves. The robe is trimmed down the front and round the border with English point lace; the ruffles and trimming of the bosom correspond. Head-dress, a bonnet *à la Suisse*, trimmed with lappets of the same, and tufts of flowers.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

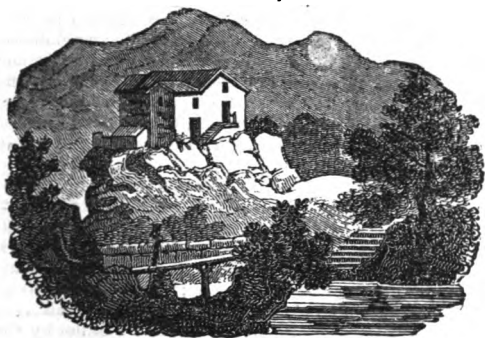
Winter has set in with all its rigour, but that is of little consequence to our *élégantes*, who, occupied with the grand dinners, balls, and *fêtes* that are always given in the commencement of the winter, have deserted the promenades. Novelty in out-door costume is consequently out of the question, when we say that our fair fashionables are enveloped in velvet or satin mantles, which are trimmed and sometimes lined with fur, that their busts are defended by a large fur palatine, their hands doubly shielded by fur cuffs, and a muff, and their pretty faces guarded by a large wadded bonnet, which completely meets under the chin, we have said all that can be said of out-door dress.

Full dress never exhibited greater splendour; it has, however, one great fault, that of being, generally speaking, too heavy: it is often overloaded with ornaments, in addition to which, the enormous width of the skirts of robes, and their unbecoming length, has a most ungraceful effect. But we must not forget that our business is to describe, and not criticise: let us see, then, what we can find most worthy of the attention of our fair readers. Several dinner dresses for grand parties are of *moire*, rose of a deep shade, emerald green, and maize, are the favourite hues for them; they are made with the *corsage* tight to the shape, pointed, and cut very low round the bust, particularly on the back and shoulders,

which are trimmed *en collerette* with deep blond lace. Short tight sleeves, decorated with blond *sabots*, looped either by jewelled ornaments, or knots of ribbon. In some instances the robe is trimmed round the bottom with a blond flounce, in others with one of the materials of the dress: in either case there is a heading, which forms a second but very narrow flounce. The most splendid material for full dress is white satin, striped in alternate large stripes, one thick, the other transparent, and figured with gold. We may cite, as the most splendid of those dresses, one recently worn by the Duchesse d'A — . The *corsage* was drooped *à la grecque*, the drapery confined in the centre of the bosom by a diamond pin, forming an *epis*. Short tight sleeve, trimmed with gold blond ruffles; they are of a round form, and looped in front of each arm by a diamond *agraffe*. A flounce of gold blond lace, of the lightest and most transparent kind, decorated the border of the skirt.

Ball dresses are both of gauze and crape; the tunic form, though so long in vogue, seems to be preferred. One of the most elegant that we have seen is open on the side in a bias direction; it is of white crape, worn over a robe of white *moire*. Short sleeves, composed of three *bouillons*, formed by wreaths of white pinks and heath blossoms; the tunic was embroidered all round in a wreath of flowers to correspond. We have seen some white gauze tunics trimmed with gold or silver blond lace, and a few with a fringe of marabouts.

Besides toques and *petits bords*, both of which are in great favour, we see several dress hats of black and coloured velvet; they are trimmed with two knots of ribbon figured at the edge, one of which is attached at the base of the flowers or feathers on the left side, the long floating ends fall over the brim. The other is placed on the right side, the top of the crown is decorated with a band of blond lace, set on with a little fullness, and kept in almost a horizontal position by a very slight wire. In some instances this band is of real lace, or *tulle de Soie*. We may cite, among the prettiest hats that we have seen decorated with a band of this kind, one of white *reps Indien*, trimmed with a wreath of roses under the brim, and a sprig of them drooping from one side of the crown. Fashionable colours are various shades of grey and brown, all the full shades of red and green, violet, straw, light blue, and lilac.



PAOLI, THE CORSICAN PATRIOT.

Pascal de Paoli, the celebrated Corsican patriot, was born at Rostino, in 1726 ; in a romantic-situated house, of which the above is a correct view. He was the son of Hiacente Paoli, who, soon after the birth of his son, removed to Naples. Pascal was educated among the Jesuits, and at their college he made a rapid progress in his studies, and displayed an understanding equally solid and capacious. He appeared in so favourable a light to his countrymen, that he was unanimously chosen generalissimo, in a full assembly of the people, when he had attained the twenty-ninth year of his age. He began by re-modelling the laws of Corsica ; and when the Genoese basely sold the island to the French monarch, Paoli remained firm in his determination of securing the independence of his country. In the war which ensued, the French were beaten ; but a reinforcement having arrived, the Corsican patriots were overwhelmed, Paoli being left with only about five hundred men ; these were, unfortunately, on one occasion, surrounded, but, though the French were anxious to secure the person of their chief, Paoli succeeded in cutting a way for himself and little band through the ranks of his enemies. As resistance was now in vain, he escaped to

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England, where he was received with feelings of admiration and respect. He was introduced at court, and the Duke of Grafton, then prime minister, obtained for him a pension of 1200*l.* a year, which he liberally shared with his companions in exile. From this time he lived a retired life, devoting himself chiefly to the cultivation of elegant literature. During his retirement, which lasted more than twenty years, he was introduced to Dr. Johnson, by Mr. Boswell, and lived in habits of intimacy with that great man ; much of their conversation is recorded in Boswell's life of Johnson.

On the breaking out of the French revolution he repaired to Paris, and soon after embarked for Corsica, now named one of the departments, where he was promoted to the rank of Commander-in-Chief, and President of the department. He was, however, not quite contented ; he was ambitious of seeing Corsica wholly independent, and this being also the wish of his countrymen, Paoli was declared a traitor by the French government. On this, he resolved upon an expedient, which, though it was a renunciation of independence, promised to secure all the advantages of real liberty ; this was an union of Corsica with the Crown of Great Britain : after effecting which he returned to England. Having lost all his property by the failure of a mercantile house at Leghorn, he was compelled to pass the remainder of his life in great privacy. He died in London, February the 5th, 1807, aged eighty-one.

Few foreigners, however distinguished, have been so much caressed, in England, as General Paoli ; by living in habits of familiarity with men of letters, his name and exploits acquired high celebrity ; and Goldsmith, Johnson, and many others equally eminent, although differing in every thing else, cordially united in his praise. On the continent his reputation was greatly respected ; it was usual to compare him to Timoleon and Epammondas. He was unquestionably a great man, but many have thought that he was more of a politician than a soldier ; that he shone more in the council than in the field. The Corsicans still honour the place of his birth, and Buonaparte, who was his countryman, mentioned his name always with the highest respect.

POOR MARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF IRISH LIFE."

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.—*Shakspeare.*

On the road from Thurles to Cashel the traveller will frequently see written, by a variety of hands, on walls and posts, "*Poor Mary!*" The epithet *poor* is considered by the Irish peasantry the most expressive word for sympathetic pity, and this testimony of regard for the sufferings of Mary becomes more conspicuous and more frequent as the traveller approaches the latter town. Should he feel any desire to know the cause, he cannot fail of receiving information from those he meets; for all know the history of "*Poor Mary.*"

The glebe of Rouleen consisted of twenty Irish acres, on which stood the warm thatched house, or rather cabin, of Jack Wilson. The annual whitewashing which it received every Christmas rendered it conspicuous from the road; and the four large trees which shaded the *bawn*, or yard, gave it an air of comfort which Irish dwellings, particularly of the poor, generally want. A closer view showed an approach to English neatness: a green paddock for a favourite horse or cow was on one side; and on the west, enjoying the shelter of the outhouses and trees, was a little garden for vegetables and flowers: whilst at the bottom of the slope, before the door, was an umbrageous thorn, protecting from the beams of summer's sun a *holy well*; for all wells in Ireland are dedicated to some particular saint. It must be confessed, though the general appearance of Wilson's habitation conveyed ideas of industry, there yet remained too many proofs of culpable indolence. A cart, or, as it is called, truckle, was placed in a gap to perform the duties of a gate; and the exhalations of the dunghill rose to Heaven the tacit reprovers of Jack's attachment to smoking and talking: still the little farm was yearly improving; the limestones were collected round the kiln, the ditches showed traces of recent repairs, and fields were ploughed that had lain fallow for ages. On the whole, the country people acknowledged that Jack was the most thriving man in the parish, for which he was in-

debted, they observed, to his good children, young Jack and Mary.

Old Wilson had been married twenty years to a woman who brought him two children, a son and daughter. The greater part of his life he had spent in struggling with fortune, wearing tattered clothes, and living on potatoes; but, as his children approached maturity, Mary, the daughter, was taken notice of by a family in the neighbourhood, who just stopped in the country long enough to make the people feel the loss of their absence. Mary, from collision with polished manners, caught some notion of refinement, which was not sufficiently powerful to create disgust with her situation, but still strong enough to show her the pleasure of improvement. Books were given her, which she carefully perused; and flower-seeds, which were sown. From these plants she derived no small pleasure: they stimulated her industry: they were her own; she transplanted, tended, and cherished them, till they became identified with her happiness; for without them she could neither enjoy the commendations of her friends nor the satisfaction of knowing that her existence was not intended to be useless: but these did not occupy all her thoughts, nor engross all her time. The progress of refinement is the same in individuals as in nations—it grows almost imperceptibly and gradually: the possession of one object only excites the desire of gaining that which is yet to be acquired. Mary, from her garden, made a transition to her dwelling. She had admired the pleasing pictures which some books exhibited of rural comfort and happiness, and she persuaded her brother to join her in renovating the old house, the exterior of which he *dashed*, thatched, and whitewashed, whilst Mary cleansed and regulated the interior. The old couple regarded this innovation at first with some degree of displeasure; but, as Mary was looked on by the neighbours as a prodigy, they gave no resistance, until at length they experienced how much the pleasures of life can be increased by useful industry. Jack agreed to talk and smoke less in future, and gave assistance to his son in the management of the land; whilst Mary and her mother augmented the general comfort by new sources of industry. The wheel was heard for the first time in Wilson's kitchen; and, in addition to clothing her father and brother, Mary appeared at mass every

Sunday in a neat dress purchased by the proceeds of her own labour.

In the neighbourhood lived a young man, named Lambert, remarkable for his sobriety and industry : he managed a small farm for his mother, who, being anxious to see her son settled for life, had applied to the priest for his advice, who eagerly recommended Mary Wilson.

The interposition of the good clergyman soon brought the young people to consider their union very wise and very natural. They talked over what they should do in future, reckoned how easily they should pay their rent, and how good their children would be. The day being fixed for the ceremony, they went to town to purchase the wedding clothes, came home, and were the happiest people in the world over Wilson's fire ; but never were happy more !

Lambert had risen, with the intention of returning home : he had taken his hat, snatched a kiss from his intended bride, and was retreating hastily from her smiling displeasure when he was forced back abruptly by the confused entrance of a number of men, whose faces were concealed by slouched hats, or so artfully blackened that they could not be recognised. Some of them had sticks, some rusty old guns, and others had swords of all shapes and countries. Their ultimate intention was evidently hostile, while their dress plainly evinced they were of the poorer class of the people. One of them, who showed his importance by dropping his gun perpendicularly on the floor, and throwing his tall figure into an erect position, explained the reason of their visit. They were in search of arms ; but, being strangers in that part of the country, they merely called to request Wilson to go with them to those houses in which he knew they were to be found. The whole family remonstrated against such a proceeding. Young Wilson had a gun, to which they were welcome ; but to accompany men who were unknown, for the purpose of robbing those who were their neighbours, was a position in which Wilson desired not to be placed. Mary was terrified to silence ; but her mother seconded her husband in refusing to go on so lawless an errand. Her objections were accompanied with some displeasing remarks on the policy of such proceedings. " God knows," said she, " such madness and folly have brought misery enough on the country. The

Peelers (police) have got blood enough by such gun-hunting : much better for such night-strollers to be at home with their wives and children than disturbing honest people at this unseasonable hour. No wonder we have cants (auctions) every day through the country, and every assizes hangings and gibbetings : good can't come of such business, and so Father M'Dermott says, who, God bless him ! should curse you from the altar—so he should."

Wilson seconded his wife's observations by advising the banditti to abandon such lawless pursuits, assigning many reasons for his advice, and ending with inviting them to be seated, as he had a bottle of *potteen* in his cupboard.

"Keep your *potteen*," said one of them, "you cowardly poltroon," at the same time taking the mask from his face, an example which the others followed, when Wilson, to his utter astonishment, beheld his own neighbours, every one of whom he knew except the leader, who, under such circumstances, is always brought from a distance, that his voice may not be recognised.

They all joined in reproaching Wilson and his family for not joining the cause, swearing that, as he was then and would afterwards experience the benefit of their labours and dangers, he should also be made to partake of them. They then gave him to understand that he would be obliged to take the necessary oaths to-morrow ; for their policy would not permit any man to refuse without immediately inflicting the penalty. Wilson knew too well the consequence of resistance ; and, though he condemned the practice, his limited understanding approved of the theory. Consequences were too distant and too acute for the conception of his contracted understanding ; but he had heard and knew of certain benefits ; and that was sufficient conviction for himself. Instances were fresh in his memory of farms remaining with the old tenants, because no other person dare bid for them ; and tithes were not so severely enforced since the old proctor was made to ride upon a saddle of thorns. Besides, the dread of being called a coward, and perhaps an informer, was not to be anticipated but with horror ; for an Irish peasant would much rather suffer the most ignominious death than submit to the charge of being either a *coward* or an *informer*.

The banditti obliged Lambert and the two Wilsons to ac-

company them, leaving Mary and her mother to all the horrors of fear and apprehension. Every hour of the night was to them as tedious as the progress of the messenger who bears a reprieve to a convicted criminal : every blast of wind that shook the trees enticed Mary to the door to see if they were returning ; but hour passed after hour, and no appearance of father, brother, or lover. The mother and daughter alternately wept and prayed : every saint in the calendar was invoked, and every future moment was expected to bring them home, whilst every disappointment either excited new hopes, or conjured up all the horrors which suspense creates in an alarmed imagination.

The nocturnal marauders had succeeded in gaining possession of some old and useless fire-arms, and were proceeding to a house at some distance, where they expected to find a large supply, when, having travelled about a mile and a half, their approach was noticed by a military party, who were out that night scouring, as the soldiers call it, the country. The commander of the detachment filed his men on each side of the road, with orders to close on the Whiteboys as they passed. Discipline is better than force or courage : the party came up ; the soldiers obeyed the instructions of their superior ; and the Whiteboys, not having either discipline or prudence, resisted for a while with desperate energy, but were ultimately obliged to surrender to the methodical courage of the soldiers, who proceeded to count their prisoners aloud, and to take down, by a light which they struck, the name of each. Wilson then found that his son and five others were killed in the affray.

Mary's dreadful suspense was dissipated, the next morning, by a conviction of the melancholy truth. The whole country was in a state of alarming agitation ; and, as Mary's sufferings were also those of others, she bore them with greater fortitude, in consequence of a participation of sorrow. She had lost her brother, but others had lost their fathers and husbands. Besides, the feelings of Mary for herself were comparatively trifling : her mother's frenzied distraction engaged the consoling influence of all her powers ; and, in ad-
ducing reason and religion for calming her perturbed affliction, she imperceptibly mitigated the poignancy of her own.

Grievous as the case was, it might have been worse: her brother was dead, but then her father lived. Her intended husband, too, was spared by Heaven; and, though she could not tell whether she loved him better than her brother—because she loved both affectionately—yet surely she ought to be thankful that even one of them escaped with his life. Still her father and Lambert were in prison, but they were innocent: the justice of the country would, in proper time, when their characters were established, liberate them.

Such were the arguments poor Mary made use of to tranquillize her mother, and impart false confidence to her own mind: but when she reflected that their landlord was an absentee, living in London, and that scarcely any one of consequence resided in the vicinity of her father who knew him, a sudden thrill of horrible uncertainty came over her. At such times she sought the little summer-house in her garden: there her apprehensions caused tears to flow in torrents; and when the fountains of grief were exhausted, she endeavoured to interest Heaven in her behalf by prayers, pure, holy, and fervent. The weakness of human nature must seek strength in Heaven; for the miseries of man would be without consolation were he prohibited from hope or prayer.

Wilson's wife visited him in prison every second day, carrying with her such little necessaries as humble poverty could, with difficulty, procure. Mary, when she did not go herself, always took care to send something particular to Lambert: her virtuous heart began to feel for him already all the passionate affection of a wife; for, however ardent and steadfast maiden love may be, truth must still acknowledge that it is far inferior to the strong and hallowed affection of married fondness—as much so as the chaste light of the moon is surpassed by the full blaze of the meridian sun. Mary saw her betrothed husband in more lights than one, each of which assisted to establish in her bosom somewhat of a romantic passion: he was the patient companion of her father, whom she adored; and he was the object whom she considered best suited to supply that place in her affection left vacant by the loss of a beloved brother: besides, she looked on him as entitled, by honour and religion, to her attention and care. On leaving the prison, which she visited frequently, she always

gave the voluntary kiss of a daughter's love to her father, and then suffered Lambert, without much resistance, to take that of a lover. Having thus, in some measure, contributed to the happiness of both, she returned to her mother full of hope and tranquillity ; for the virtuous heart is never better pleased than when conscious of having done its duty.

As the assizes approached, a greater bustle was apparent throughout the country. The only milch cow of the poor man was driven to the fair to get money to see a lawyer to defend his son ; and the wife, in her afflicted poverty, was preparing to sell the seed corn and family potatoes to pay the attorney for attending in behalf of the father of her children. Mary's mother exerted all her industry to prepare for her husband's trial. Gentlemen within the circuit of twenty miles were all supplicated by her for their interest ; but all whose name inspired her with some hope of support she found were either in Dublin, London, or Paris. Fatigued with travelling from Clonmel to Cashel, and from the seat of one gentleman to the castle of another, her frame began to give way under such ceaseless exertion. The mind is influenced by the state of the body : the poor woman, the week preceding the assizes, sunk hopeless and exhausted in anticipation of the most overwhelming and fatal consequences : the anxiety and vigilant solicitude of Mary for the prisoners were only equalled by her tender attention to her mother, who now began to show symptoms of approaching decay, too visible to be mistaken.

The long-wished-for, but still dreaded, assizes came. The road to Clonmel was thronged by the country people, who hastened to know the result of the fearful day. Among the most worn and dejected was Mary : she left her mother helpless, and was proceeding to witness the trial of a father, to whom she could now, for the first time, be of little service. Her husband, in every thing but form, was to be judged that day also. Alas ! poor Mary apprehended the worst that could happen.

The prisoners were arraigned ; and when Mary heard the counts recited against them, and the number of times which the law imputes various crimes to a man, whom the same law says is to be considered innocent until convicted—when she

saw her father standing, as well as Lambert, within the iron spikes of the dock, and heard the solemn and heavy charges read—her eyes began to swim, her heart sunk within her, and some of her neighbours carried her into the open air. When she recovered, she read, in the unwillingness of all to speak, the dreadful truth. The prisoners received from many, among whom was the parish priest, an excellent character; but, as all these were obliged to acknowledge that many men of good characters were frequently implicated in such lawless proceedings, their testimony availed little, particularly as they had been apprehended with weapons which they had used against his Majesty's troops. Appeals to mercy could not be attended to, as the state of the country demanded examples of terrifying severity; for laws must be enforced where they are not respected.

Two days only were given the prisoners to prepare for the expiation required by justice! Mary concealed from her mother the result of the trial: she alleged protraction to satisfy her anxiety, and that on the morrow she was to go again. The morrow came, and Mary proceeded to Clonmel to take her "last look and last farewell" of all that now could make existence desirable: their death she knew would terminate her mother's life, and then she would be alone and friendless. Her grief was too severe for tears; her movements were merely mechanical; and, when she reached the dungeon of the gaol, she scarcely knew where she was. She threw herself on her knees to receive a father's blessing: she hung round Lambert's neck, and, unasked and unblushingly, gave his lips a thousand kisses. The fond embraces and agonizing tears of her lover soon brought Mary to herself: she wept aloud; but at length submitted to the advice of the attending clergyman. Religion may be despised by the great and unthinking, but it is the only and last friend of poverty and suffering: it now supported those with firmness who were so soon to be rewarded with faith and hope.

The fatal knell tolled in solemn warning, and the victims of offended laws made their appearance on the platform. Some acknowledged their guilty folly, and warned their countrymen of the danger of illegal association: but Wilson and Lambert declared their innocence, inasmuch as they

were forced to accompany those with whom they suffered to the commission of an unexpected offence. They then joined in prayer, in which they were accompanied by Mary beneath the drop. Lambert overheard her devotional breathings; and just before the fatal signal, he ejaculated "*Poor Mary!*" His last words fixed themselves on the memory of the unhappy girl, who, after the dead bodies were cut down, paid the last duties to the deceased in a kind of bewildered affection. She was observed by the neighbours who attended to carry home the dead to talk in a most extravagant and incoherent manner; but her miserable situation apologised for her conduct, however extraordinary it might be.

When Mary arrived at the glebe another cause of distraction met her: her mother had heard from a gossip the fatal information, and immediately expired. Mary fell into a stupifying trance, from which she never awakened to recollection; all she remembers of the past is her lover's last words, "*Poor Mary!*" and these she repeats a hundred times a day.

The dwelling of Wilson is yet standing: from the road it appears the habitation of comfort and tranquillity; but, alas! the appearance is false: decay begins to signify the absence of all inhabitants, and soon it must fall into ruins; for the superstitious credulity of the people induces them to think that the deceased members of the family return from their graves every night to converse with Mary, who still continues its solitary inmate.

Mary, in her days of happiness, was a general favourite, and the visitation which destroyed at once her terrestrial felicity and her mind, was so singular and appalling, that her fate excites universal sympathy. For many miles round she is visited by those who are enabled, by little presents, to contribute to her comfort or mitigate the miseries of her condition: to all who come she makes presents of flowers, so innocent and artless, sighing every moment "*Poor Mary!*" that the words are caught up by those whose bosoms are alive to pity; and, as they learn the wreck of misfortune, they generally add one more to the thousand testimonies of sympathy by writing, on the first substance that will retain it, "*Poor Mary!*"

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

(*Concluded from Page 41.*)

"But ah! that mournful dream proved true—the immortal Scott was dead!"

The great magician of romance and knightly lay had fled—
The "Ariosto of the North"—the voice of Tweed no more
Might pour its music o'er our hearts, and charm us as of
yore!

The spirit of departed days recall'd my dreaming mood;
Once more, methought, within the vale of gloom and death
I stood:

Still, far from east to west that train of mourners swept along.
And still the voice, or vision, of my waking dream was song!

I saw the courtly "Euphuist," with "Halbert of the Dell,"
And, like a ray of moonlight, pass'd the "White Maid of
Avenel;"

"Lord Morton," "Douglas," "Bolton," and the "Royal
Earl," march'd there,

To the slow and solemn funeral chant of the "Monks of
Kennaquhair."

And she on whose imperial brow a god had set his seal,
The glory of whose loveliness grief might not all conceal;
The loved in high and princely halls, in lone and lowly cots,
Stood "Mary," the illustrious, yet hapless Queen of Scots!

The firm, devoted "Catherine;" the "sentimental Græme;"
"Lochleven," whose worn brow revealed an early blighted
name;

The enthusiastic "Magdalen," the pilgrim of that shrine,
Whose spirit triumphs o'er the tomb, and makes its dust
divine.

Next "Norna," of the Fitful-head, the wild Reim-kennar,
came,

But shiver'd lay her magic wand, and dim her eye of flame;
Young "Minna Troil," the lofty soul'd, whom "Cleveland's"
love betray'd;

The generous old "Udaller:" and Mordaunt's sweet island
maid.

Slow followed "Lord Glenvarloch," first of Scotia's gallant
names ;
With the fair romantic "Margaret," and the erudite "King
James ;"
The woo'd and wrong'd "Hermione," whose lord all hearts
despise ;
Sarcastic "Malagrowthier ;" and the faithful "Moniplies :"

Then stout "Sir Geoffrey" of the Peak and "Peveril" swept
near ;
Stern "Bridgenorth," and the fiery "Duke," with knight
and cavalier ;
The fairest of fantastic elves, "Fenella," glided on ;
And "Alice," from whose beauteous lip the light of joy was
gone :

With "Leicester, Lord of Kenilworth," in mournful robes,
was seen
The gifted, great "Elizabeth," high England's matchless
queen !
"Tressilian's" wild and manly glance, and "Varney's"
darker gaze,
Sought "Amy Robsart's" brilliant form, too fair for earthly
praise ;

And "Quentin's" haughty helm flash'd there ; "Le Bala-
fré's" stout lance ;
"Orleans ;" "Crevecœur ;" and brave "Dunois," the
noblest knight of France ;
The wild "Heyruddin," followed by the silent "Jean de
Troyes,"
The mournful "Lady Hameline," and "Isabelle de Croyes."

Pale sorrow mark'd young "Tyrrell's" mien ; grief dimm'd
sweet "Clara's" eye ;
And "Ronan's Laird" breath'd many a prayer for days and
friends gone by !
Oh, mourn not ! pious "Cargill" cried ; should his death
wo impart,
Whose cenotaph's the universe, whose elegy's the heart !

Forth bore the noble "Fairford" his fascinating bride,
 The lovely "Lilias," with the brave "Red Gauntlet" by her
 side;
 "Black Campbell," and the bold redoubted "Maxwell,"
 met my view;
 And "Wandering Willy's" solemn wreath of dark, funereal
 yew!

As foes who meet upon some wild, some far and foreign
 shore,
 Wreck'd by the same tempestuous surge, recall past feuds
 no more;
 Thus prince and peasant, peer and slave—thus friend and
 foe combine
 To pour the homage of their heart upon one common shrine!

There "Lacy," famed "Cadwallon," and the fierce "Gwen-
 wyn," marched on;
 Whilst horn and halberd, pike and bow, dart, glaive, and
 javelin shone;
 "Sir Damian," and the elegant young "Eveline," pass'd
 there;
 Stout "Wilkin," and the hopeless "Rose," with wild,
 dishevell'd hair.

Around, in solemn grandeur, swept the banners of the brave,
 And deep and far the clarions waked the wild dirge of the
 grave;
 On came the "Champion of the Cross," and near him, like
 a star,
 The regal "Berengaria," beauteous daughter of Navarre:

The high, heroic "Saladin," with proud and princely mien,
 The rich and gorgeous Saracen, and the fiery Nazarene;
 There "Edith" and her "Nubian slave" breath'd many a
 thought divine,
 Whilst rank on rank—a glorious train—rode the knights of
 Palestine!

Straight follow'd "Zerubbabel," and "Joliffe" of the tower,
 Young "Wildrake," "Markham," "Hazeldine," and the
 forest nymph "Mayflower;"

The democratic "Cromwell," stern, resolute, and free;
The "Knight of Woodstock," and the light and lovely
"Alice Lee:"

And there the crafty "Proudfute," for once *true* sorrow felt;
"Craigdallie," "Chartres," and the recreant "Conachar
the Celt;"

And he, whose chivalry had graced a more exalted birth,
The noble-minded "Henry," and the famed fair "Maid of
Perth;"

The intrepid "Anne of Geierstein," the false "Lorraine,"
stepp'd near:

Proud "Margaret of Anjou," and the faithful brave "De
Vere;"

There "Arnold," and the "King René," and "Charles
the Bold," had met

The dauntless "Donner Lugel," and the graceful young
"Lizette:"

Forth rode the glorious "Godfrey," by the gallant "Hugh
the Great,"

While wept the brave and beautiful their noble minstrel's
fate;

The "Hereward," the Varangian, with "Bertha" at his
side,

The valorous "Count of Paris," and his Amazonian bride:

And last, amidst that princely train, waved high "De Wal-
ton's" plume,

Near fair "Augusta's" laurel-wreath, which Time shall
ne'er consume;

And "Anthony," with quiver void, his last fleet arrow sped,
Leant, mourning o'er his broken bow, and mused upon the
dead!

The vision and the voice are o'er! their influence waned
away

Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day:
The vision and the voice are o'er!—but when will be forgot
The buried Genius of Romance—the imperishable Scott?

Manchester.

TRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER;

Exemplified in Sketches of celebrated Women.

NO. II.—MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK.

Klopstock was born at Quedlinburg, July, 1724. At school he very early attracted attention by his rapid progress in learning; and he was not twenty years of age, when he first conceived the project of writing his great epic poem, called "The Messiah." His poetic ardour was damped for awhile by the opinions of associates altogether incapable of comprehending his genius; but he soon found sympathizing and admiring friends, by whose means the poem was given to the public in 1748. It produced a wonderful sensation. The young unknown student at once became the most celebrated poet of his country, and was universally called "the German Milton." The father of Klopstock is spoken of as an excellent man, with much simplicity of heart, and a strong belief in spiritual existences; perhaps, his son early received from him those deep religious feelings, which directed his choice of subjects and characterised all his writings.

The young man, who was so early enamoured of poetry, of course easily became in love with the embodied poetry found in female beauty. The first object of his attachment was the sister of his intimate friend Schmidt; but the lady, though a fervent admirer of his genius, could not reciprocate his affections. This disappointment produced a powerful effect on his susceptible character, and it was difficult for him to conquer the deep melancholy which impaired his health. Travelling, by degrees, restored his cheerfulness. He spent nearly a year in Switzerland, enchanted by the grandeur of the scenery, and the simplicity of the inhabitants.

An earnest invitation from Frederic the Fifth, and a pension of two thousand francs, induced him to go to Copenhagen in 1751. On his way, he passed through Hamburg, where he became acquainted with Margaret Moller, the lady whom he married in 1754; and who has since been famous in many languages, under the title of "Klopstock's Meta." No account of their love can equal her own charming letters. I cannot believe the most rigid grammarian, or the most fastidious prude, will wish a single line of her innocent, lisping

English, omitted, or altered. The letters are addressed to Richardson, the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Hamburg, March 14, 1758.

* * * * *

You will know all that concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns! and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the *Messiah*, I was extremely touched with it. The next day, I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe, I fell immediately in love with him. At the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially, because his friend told me so much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring, by his means, that I might see the author of the *Messiah*, when in Hamburg. He told him, that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came; and came to me. I must confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening, in a company, which had never been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and shewed his letters. They rallied at me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said, they must have a friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man, as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the

last, Klopstock said plainly, that he loved, and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was that I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love. (As if love must have more time than friendship.) This was sincerely my meaning; and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another for the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved—and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as, by the death of my father, my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and, thank heaven, that I have prevailed by prayers. At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son; and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years since I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock, as if he was my bridegroom.

If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying, he is, in all respects, what he is as a poet. This I can say, with allwisely modesty—But, I dare not speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!

Hamburg, May 6, 1758.

It is not possible, Sir, to tell you what a joy your letters give me. My heart is very able to esteem the favour that you, my dear Mr. Richardson, in your venerable age, are so condescending good, to answer so soon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendship.

It will be a delightful occupation for me, to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person that knows the most of that which is not yet published; being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin always by fragments, here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then

filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we do, have no need of two apartments; we are always in the same. I, with my little work, still—still—only regarding, sometimes, my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject; my husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticism. Ten books are published, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will, as soon as I can, translate you the arguments of these ten books; and what, besides, I think of them. The verses of the poem are without rhymes, and are hexameters, which sort of verses my husband has been the first to introduce in our language; we being still closely attached to rhymes and iambicks.

I am very glad, Sir, that you will take my English as it is. I know, very well, that it may not always be English, but I thought for you it was intelligible.

I wish, Sir, I could fulfil your request of bringing you acquainted with so many good people as you think of. Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have, however, much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. *He* is good, really good, in all his actions, all the foldings of his heart. I know him, and, sometimes, I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For, it may be that an action displeases us which would please us, if we knew its true aim and whole extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did. They have married—as people marry; and they are happy—as people are happy.

Hamburg, August 26, 1758.

Why, think you, Sir, that I answer so late? I will tell you my reasons. Have not you guessed that I, summing up all my happiness, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years. But thanks, thanks to God! I am in full hope to be a mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child (and they are so dear to me) have taken so much time, that I could not answer your letter, nor give you the promised scenes of the Messiah. This is, likewise, the reason wherefore I am still here; for properly we dwell in

Copenhagen. Our staying here, is only on a visit (but a long one) which we pay my family. My husband has been obliged to make a little visit alone to Copenhagen, I not being able to travel yet. He is yet absent—a cloud over my happiness! He will soon return—But what does that help? he is yet equally absent! We write to each other every post—but, what are letters to presence? But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness! But I cannot tell how I rejoice! A son of my dear Klopstock! Oh, when shall I have him? It is long since I made the remark, that the children of geniuses are not geniuses. No children at all, bad sons; or, at the most, lovely daughters, like you and Milton. But, a daughter or a son, only with a good heart, without genius, I will, nevertheless, love dearly.

This is no letter, but only a newspaper of your Hamburg daughter. When I have my husband and my child, I will write you more, (if God gives me health and life.) You will think that I shall be not a mother only, but a nurse also; though the latter, (thank God!) that the former is not so too, is quite against fashion and good manners, and though nobody can think it *possible* to be always with the child at home.

M. Klopstock.

Alas! the pleasant hopes of her pure and loving heart were not to be realized in this world. She did not live to bless her babe. The angels took them both to a heavenly home. Were it not for a belief in another existence, how severe and mysterious would appear the dispensations of Providence!

In a letter to a friend, Klopstock gives an account of the tender farewell they took of each other, under circumstances so peculiarly agonizing. After having prayed with her for a long time, he said, as he bent over her, "Be my guardian angel, if God permits." "You have ever been mine," she replied. And when, with stifled voice, he again repeated, "If God permits, be my guardian angel!" She fixed her eyes upon him full of love, and said, "Ah, who *would* not be your guardian angel!" Just before she died, she said, with a serene smile of an angel, "My love, you will follow me!"

* * * * *

She was buried at Ottensen, in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. Klopstock requested her sisters to plant two trees by the grave, and her intimate friend promised to cover it with wild flowers. On the top of the grave-stone were carved two sheaves of wheat, one reclining upon the other ; under which was written :

Seed sown by God,
To ripen in the Day of Harvest.
MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK
Waits, where death is not,
For her friend, her lover, her husband,
Whom she so much loves,
And by whom she is so much beloved !
But we shall all rise from this grave ;
Thou, my Klopstock, and I,
And our Son,
(For whom I died :)
To worship Him,
Who died, and was buried,
And is risen.

—
She was born March 19th 1728 ;
Married, June 10th 1754 ;
And Died, November 28th 1758.
Her Son sleeps in her arms.

After her death, her husband published a small volume of her writings, to which is prefixed an affectionate sketch of her character ; some letters that passed between them during their brief separation ; and letters from Klopstock to his friends, giving an account of her last illness. Their letters to each other are short, but very fervent—full of romantic tenderness, which a heartless world envies while it scorns. At one time she writes, “ Ah, when will you come home ? it is wearisome, wearisome, living without you, to one who has lived with you.” Again, she writes, “ God be thanked ! I have received your letter ! What a joy it was to me ! What will it be when you come ! I know not what I write, I am so full of joy. I received your letter at table ; I ate no more, as you may suppose. I was half beside myself, the tears started to my eyes. I went to my chamber. I could thank God only with my tears. But, He understands our tears so well.”

In one of his letters to her, he writes, “ I know how much you think of me, my best and dearest wife ; I know it by my own feelings. Beloved Meta, how I do long to see you ! I fold thee fast to my heart.” These letters, so full of glowing

expressions warm from the heart, were written when Klopstock had been united to his Meta* more than four years—one of the many beautiful proofs that, true love grows deeper and stronger with time! He rejoined his wife at Hamburg, after an absence of about seven weeks; in less than two months after which she went from him, to be no more his companion in this vale of tears.

Her posthumous works, consist of Letters from the Dead to the Living; a Tragedy, called the Death of Abel; and several smaller pieces. They were written entirely for her own amusement, without the slightest idea of their ever being published. Her husband says, she blushed, and was very much embarrassed, whenever he found her writing, and expressed a wish to see what she had been doing. He informs us that her criticisms upon his poetry were always extremely apt and judicious. He says, he knew instantly, by her countenance, whether his thoughts pleased her; and so perfect was their sympathy, that their souls could hold delightful communion almost without the aid of language.

Klopstock possessed one of the common attributes of great genius in an eminent degree; he had the simplicity and frankness of a little child. A perpetual cheerfulness, almost amounting to gaiety, formed a pleasing contrast to the seriousness of his writings. The pleasure he took in his own reputation, sometimes excited a smile; but his was a kind of vanity that is never very offensive—it was instantly felt to be the childish ingenuousness of a heart too guileless to conceal any of its feelings. He died March 14, 1803, when he had nearly finished his 79th year. He lived unmarried till a few years before his death, when he allowed the marriage ceremony to be performed between him and a kinswoman of his wife, who had attended upon him faithfully during the feebleness and sufferings incident to advancing years; he had no fortune to bequeath her, and he took this step in order to give her a legal claim to his pensions. During the latter part of his life he resided at Hamburg. According to the wish he had always expressed, he was buried by the side of his beloved Meta. His funeral was conducted with almost princely pomp, and every possible honour was paid to his memory.

MRS. D. L. CHILD.

* Meta is the contraction for Margaret.

DINNERS OF THE RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

The curious spectacle presented at their dinuers has not a parallel in the rest of Europe. The dishes and the wines correspond with the rank and condition of the guests. Those who sit near the master of the house are supposed to have no connexion with the fare of the tenants at the lower end of the table. In barbarous times we had something like it in England, and perhaps the custom is not even now quite extinct in Wales, or in English farm-houses, where all the family, from the master to the lowest menial, sit down together. The choicest dishes at a Russian table are carefully placed at the upper end, and are banded to those guests stationed near the owner of the mansion, according to the order in which they sit; afterwards, if any thing remain, it is taken gradually to the rest. Thus, a degree in precedency makes all the difference between something and nothing to eat; for persons at the bottom of the table are often compelled to rest satisfied with an empty dish. It is the same with regard to the wines; the best are placed near the top of the table, but in proportion as the guests are removed from the post of honour, the wine before them diminishes in quality, until at last it degenerates into simple *quass*. Few things can offer more repugnance to the feelings of an Englishman than the example of a wealthy glutton, pouring forth eulogium upon the choice wines he has set before a stranger merely out of ostentation, while a number of brave officers and dependants are sitting by him, to whom he is unable to offer a single glass. I sometimes essayed a violation of this barbarous custom, by taking the bottle placed before me, and filling the glasses of those below; but the offer was generally refused, through fear of giving offence by acceptance, and it was a mode of conduct which I found could not be tolerated even by the most liberal host. Two tureens of soup usually make their appearance as we often see them in England; but, if a stranger should ask for that which is at the bottom of the table, the master of the house regards him with dismay, the rest all gaze at him with wonder; and when he tastes what he has obtained, he finds it to be a mess of dirty abominable broth, stationed for persons who never venture to ask for soup at the upper end of the table. The number of attendants in waiting is pro-

digious. In the house of the young Count Orloff were not less than five hundred servants, many of them sumptuously clothed, and many others in rags. It was no unusual sight to observe behind a chair a fellow in plumes and gold lace, like a Neapolitan running footman, and another by his side looking like a beggar from the streets.—*Dr. Clarke.*

THE JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION.

MONDAY.—Awoke with a head-ache, the certain effect of being bored all the evening before by the never-dying strain at the Countess of Leyden's. Nothing ever was half so tiresome as musical parties: no one gives them except those who can exhibit themselves, and fancy they excel. If you speak during the performance of one of their endless pieces, they look cross and affronted: except that all the world of fashion are there, I never would go to another; for, positively, it is ten times more fatiguing than staying at home. To be compelled to look charmed, and to applaud when you are half dead from suppressing yawns, and to see half-a-dozen very tolerable men, with whom one could have had a very pleasant chat, except for the stupid music, is really too bad. Let me see, what have I done this day?—Oh! I remember every thing went wrong, as it always does when I have a head-ache. Flounce, more than usually stupid, tortured my hair, and I flushed my face by scolding her. I wish people could scold without getting red, for it disfigures one for the whole day; and the consciousness of this always makes me more angry, as I think it doubly provoking in Flounce to discompose me, when she must know it spoils my looks.

Dressing from twelve to three. Madame Tornure sent me a most unbecoming cap; mem. I shall leave her off when I have paid her bill.—Heigh-ho,—when will that be?—Tormented by duns, jewellers, mercers, milliners:—I think they always fix on Mondays for dunning: I suppose it is because they know one is sure to be horribly vapoured after a Sunday evening's party, and they like to increase one's miseries.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, fancying that I had got over the *désagréments* of the day, a letter arrives to say that my mother is very ill, and wants to see me: drove to Grosvenor-square in no very good humour for nursing,

and, as I expected, found that Madame Ma Mere fancies herself much worse than she really is. Advised her to have dear Dr. Emulsion, who always tells people they are not in danger, and who never disturbs his patient's mind with the idea of death until the moment of its arrival: found my sister supporting mamma's head on her bosom, and heard that she had sat up all night with her: by-the-bye, she did not look half as fatigued and ennuied as I did. They seemed both a little surprised at my leaving them so soon; but really there is no standing a sick room in May. My sister begged of me to come soon again, and cast a look of alarm (meant only for my eye) at my mother: I really think she helps to make her hypish, for she is always fancying her in danger. Made two or three calls: drove in the Park: saw Belmont, who looked as if he expected to see me, and who asked if I was to be at the Duchess of Winterton's to-night. I promised to go—he seemed delighted. What would Lady Allendale say, if she saw the pleasure which the assurance of my going gave him? I long to let her see my triumph. Dined *tete a-tete*—my lord very sulky—abused my friend Lady Winstanley, purposely to pique me,—he wished me not to go out; said it was shameful, and mamma so ill; just if my staying at home would make her any better. Found a letter from Madame, the governess, saying the children want frocks and stockings:—they are always wanting:—I do really believe they wear out their things purposely to plague me. Dressed for the Duchess of Winterton's: wore my new Parisian robe of blonde lace, trimmed, in the most divine way, with lilies of the valley. Flounce said I looked myself, and I believe there was some truth in it; for the little discussion with my Caro had given an animation and lustre to my eyes. I gave Flounce my puce-coloured satin pelisse as a peace-offering for the morning scold.—The party literally full, almost to suffocation. Belmont was hovering near the door of the anti room, as if waiting my approach: he said I never looked so resplendent:—Lady Allendale appeared ready to die with envy—very few handsome women in the room—and still fewer well dressed. Looked in at Lady Calderwood's, and Mrs. Burnett's. Belmont followed me to each. Came home at half-past three o'clock tired to death, and had my lovely dress torn past all chance of repair, by

coming in contact with the button of one of the footmen in Mrs. B.'s hall. This is very provoking, for I dare say Madame Tornure will charge abominably high for it.

TUESDAY.—Awoke in good spirits, having had delightful dreams :—sent to know how mamma felt, and heard she had a bad night :—must call there, if I can :—wrote Madame a lecture, for letting the children wear out their clothes so fast : Flounce says they wear out twice as many things as Lady Woodland's children. Read a few pages of Amelia Mansfield : very affecting : put it by for fear making my eyes red. Lady Mortimer came to see me, and told me a great deal of scandal chit-chat : she is very amusing.—I did not get out until past five : too late then to go and see mamma. Drove in the Park, and saw Lady Litchfield walking : got out and joined her : the people stared a good deal. Belmont left his horse and came to us : he admired my walking-dress very much.—Dined alone, and so escaped a lecture :—had not nerves sufficient to see the children : they make such a noise and spoil one's clothes. Went to the Opera : wore my tissue turban, which has a good effect. Belmont came to my box, and sat every other visitor out. My lord came in, and looked, as usual, sulky. Wanted me to go away without waiting for the dear delightful squeeze of the round room. My lord scolded the whole way home, and said I should have been by the sick bed of my mother instead of being at the Opera. I hummed a tune, which I find is the best mode of silencing him, and he muttered something about my being unfeeling and incorrigible.

WEDNESDAY.—Did not rise till past one o'clock, and from three to five was occupied in trying on dresses and examining new trimmings. Determined on not calling to see mamma this day, because if I found her much worse, I might be prevented from going to Almack's, which I have set my heart on :—drove out shopping, and bought some lovely things :—met Belmont, who gave me a note which he begged me to read at my leisure :—had half a mind to refuse taking it, but felt confused, and he went away before I recovered my self-possession :—almost determined on returning it without breaking the seal, and put it into my reticule with this intention ; but somehow or other my curiosity prevailed, and I opened it.—Found it filled with hearts, and darts, and declarations :—felt very angry at first ; for

really it is very provoking that one can't have a comfortable little flirtation half-a-dozen times with a man, but that he fancies he may declare his passion, and so bring on a dénouement; for one must cut the creature, which, if he is amusing, is disagreeable, or else he thinks himself privileged to repeat his love on every occasion. How very silly men are in acting thus; for if they continued their assiduities without a positive declaration, one might affect to misunderstand their attentions, however marked; but those decided declarations leave nothing to the imagination; and offended modesty, with all the guards of female propriety, are indispensably up in arms. I remember reading in some book that "A man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman that she has not a presentiment of it some moments before;" and I think it was in the same book that I read, that a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their meaning to the imagination, is the best mode of gaining a female heart. My own experience has proved the truth of this.—I wish Belmont had not written to me:—I don't know what to do:—how shocked my mother and sister would be if they knew it!—I have promised to dance with him at Almack's too;—how disagreeable! I shall take the note and return it to him, and desire that he will not address me again in that style. I have read the note again, and I really believe he loves me very much:—poor fellow, I pity him!—how vexed Lady Winstanley would be if she knew it!—I must not be very angry with him:—I'll look grave and dignified, and so awe him, but not be too severe. I have looked over the billet again, and don't find it so presumptuous as I first thought it:—after all, there is nothing to be angry about, for fifty women of rank have had the same sort of thing happen to them without any mischief following it. Belmont says I am a great prude, and I believe I am; for I frequently find myself recurring to the maxims of mamma and my sister, and asking myself what would they think of so and so. Lady Winstanley laughs at them, and calls them a couple of precise quizzes; but still I have remarked how much more lenient they are to a fault than she is. Heigh-ho! I am afraid they have been too lenient to mine:—but I must banish melancholy reflections, and dress for Almack's.

(To be concluded.)

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There lay upon its mother's knee,
 In love supremely blest,
 An infant fair and full of glee,
 Caressing and carest—
 While syren Hope, with gladness wild,
 And eye cerulean blue,
 Bent sweetly down to kiss the child,
 And kiss'd the mother too.

Then Memory came, with serious mien,
 And looking back the while,
 Cast such a shadow o'er the scene,
 As dimm'd affection's smile,—
 For still, to Fancy's brightest hours,
 She gave a hue of care,
 And bitter odours ting'd the flowers,
 That wreath'd her sunny hair.

But in the youthful mother's soul,
 Each cloud of gloom is brief,
 Too pure her raptur'd feeling roll,
 To take the tint of grief,—
 Firm Faith, around her idol boy,
 A radiant mantle threw,
 And claimed him for a higher joy,
 Than Hope or Memory knew !

Hartford, Connecticut.

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

Flowers make me think of thee—
 Thou hast a deep and gentle love for flowers,
 Those golden children of the summer sun,
 Their beauty and their innocence appeal,
 With a soft magic, to thy happy heart ;
 And, in their dewy fragrance, there doth dwell
 A spirit like thine own, unseen and pure,
 For ever yielding to the perfumed air
 A richness like the breathings of fond love,



Painted by J. Jackson R.A.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

ONE I LOVE.

Joseph Hebins, Bride Court, London.

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1875

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When, as a flower, the proud high heart of man
Is faint beneath the fulness of its joy—
Flowers make me think of thee!

Streams make me think of thee—
Whether they glide midst mossy banks away,
In sweet low murmurings to the distant main,
Or with a prattling merriment, dance on
In mazy windings o'er the pebbled strand.
Heaven bless the stream! They are like sunny days
In life's long winter. Not a tone have they
That speaks not to the heart, and there awakes
An answering echo of remember'd joys!
And with remembered joy is ever link'd
Thy queenly form, thy light elastic tread,
Thy voice, that like the wrinkling crystal, falls
In silvery clearness on affections ear—
Streams make me think of thee!

Hills make me think of thee—
The lights and shadows that alternate blend,
Until the eye rests dazzled in the blaze
Of purple splendor, flooding the high peak,
Illumine all my soul, so that it glows
A temple, dearest, not unworthy thee!
Hills are creation's gift to our own land,
The peerless feature of its scenery!
If love of nature and of country be
Man's best prerogative, how can I feel
Their value as I ought, unless there rush
Into my heart *thy* image blent with theirs!—
Hills make me think of thee!

Stars make me think of thee—
Beneath the silence of their holy beam
The bosom hath its own thoughts to itself—
Thoughts which through all the day unheeded slept,
Lost midst the cares and false lights of the world;
But in the hush of evening, they return,
Like sabbath music to a sacred shrine;
And in their presence there is deep delight.

Devotion, and revival of old hopes
 That long lay crush'd, and recollections bright,
 And feelings to be cherish'd, but not told :
 Small is that sister band of starry thoughts,
 But one in itself a galaxy—
 Stars make me think of thee !

When think I not of thee ?—
 Nor flowers, nor hills, nor streams, nor stars alone,
 Recall thee to a heart, in which thou liv'st
 As perfume in the flower, light in the stream,
 Beauty in hills, and God himself in stars !
 I take thee with me wheresoe'er I go,
 And in my spirit's wildest flights thy form,
 As in a morning dream, shines by my side !
 At home, abroad, alone, or in a crowd, —
 When think I not of thee ?

THE PARTING.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

The boatmen shout,—'tis time to part,
 We can no longer stay ;
 'Twas then Maimana taught my heart
 How much a glance can say.

With trembling steps, to me she came,
 " Farewell," she would have cried,
 But ere her lips the word could frame,
 In half-formed sounds it died.

Then, bending down, with looks of love,
 Her arms she round me flung,
 And, as the gale hangs on the grove,
 Upon my breast she hung.

My willing arms embraced the maid,
 My heart with raptures beat,
 While she but wept the more, and said,
 " Would we had never met !"

DEATH OF BEAUTY.

" Now thou art gone ! the fairy rose is fled
 That erst gay fancy's garden did adorn ;
 Thou wert the dew on which their folly fed,
 The sun by which they glittered in the morn.
 Now thou art gone ! their pride is withered,
 The dress of common weeds their youth bewray ;
 Now vanity neglects them in her play.
 Thou wert the very index of their praise,
 Their borrowed bloom all kindled from thy rays ;
 Like dancing insects that the sun allures,
 They little heeded it was gained from thee :
 Vain joys ! what are they now ? their sins away,
 What, but poor shadows that blank night obscures,
 As the grave hideth and dishonours thee ! "

WE'LL MERRILY GLIDE.

A SONG, BY JAMES KNOX.

Enter my shallop !
 The soft summer breeze,
 Laden with perfume,
 Is kissing the seas :
 Night is descending,
 The stars, from on high,
 Scatter their loveliness
 Over the sky ;
 Enter my shallop, and o'er the blue tide,
 Lit by the moonbeams, we'll merrily glide.

Enter my shallop !
 And music's wild note
 Softly and sweetly
 On ether shall float :
 Love is the minstrel
 Whose tones shall impart
 Feelings of happiness
 To thy young heart.
 Enter my shallop, and o'er the blue tide,
 With moonlight and music, we'll merrily glide.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON MORNING DRESS.—Fawn-coloured silk robe ; it is striped and figured with black ; the *corsage* made up to the throat, and slightly, but very slightly, pointed before, is cut bias, which forms the slope very gracefully ; it is trimmed round the top with Brussels lace, and ornamented with a knot of ribbon *en papillon*. Ceinture tied in a similar knot, but with long floating ends. Sleeves demi-large, trimmed with ribbon. Small round cap of Brussels lace ; it is arranged plain over the forehead, and full at the sides, the fulness intermixed with roses ; an ornament of the diadem kind, through which ribbon is run, and a knot behind, completes the trimming.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.—Lavender bloom velvet robe, the *corsage* low, square, and deeply pointed, is trimmed with a blond lace pelerine mantilla. The sleeve short and tight, is rendered very novel by two knots of velvet, one placed behind, the other at the bend of the arm ; a blond lace ruffle of a very light kind, completes the trimming. Head-dress of hair, arranged in bands at the sides, and open bows behind : it is decorated in a very novel manner with a blond lace scarf.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

The extreme severity of the weather renders it impossible to make any great change in out-door costume ; but as the inventive genius of fashion never stands still, a new mantle has been introduced, which, if not more elegant than those already in favour, is at least of a different form : it is short, falls loosely round the figure, and is made with a very large collar, cut bias, and descending in the lappel style quite to the bottom of the fronts of the mantle ; it has very wide hanging sleeves, which are open at the bottom. These mantles are composed either of rich silk, as reps, gros de Tours, &c., or of velvet, and are always lined with fur. They are worn in carriage dress only, and in a good many instances the robe is of the same material ; when that is the case, the latter is frequently trimmed round the border with a band of fur corresponding with that which lines the mantle. Wadded mantelets are, for the moment, laid aside, but there is no doubt that they will resume their vogue as soon as the weather becomes a little milder.





Very little change has taken place in head-dresses. We observe, however, that drawn bonnets seem to have declined a great deal in estimation. Wadded ones continue their vogue, but those of velvet, or satin, neither wadded nor drawn, are, upon the whole, more in favour than either. Hats are almost invariably made in the demi-Pamela style, that is with the brim turning round the back of the crown instead of a curtain. The most fashionable hats are of black velvet, trimmed with a bouquet of red roses without their foliage.

The pelisse robe form is most predominant in morning and half dress: it is somewhat remarkable at this season of the year, that *corsages*, even in morning dress, though generally made tolerably high behind, are all, or nearly all, opening *en cœur* in front. Waists are excessively long, too much so indeed to be graceful. The skirts of dresses are a little, a very little shorter than they were in the summer, but their preposterous width is augmented. If there is any trimming it must be a flounce, and if the dress is of the pelisse robe form, the flounce frequently goes up one side of the front of the skirt.

Aprons are now universally adopted in home dress, and in fact form a very elegant accessory to it. They are of two sorts; some are long, composed of three breadths, attached together by knots of satin ribbon, and embroidered round the bottom only; the embroidery and the ribbon are of a colour strongly contrasted with that of the apron. Others are of blue silk, striped in very narrow stripes of black; the trimming consists of two plaitings of satin ribbon, one black and the other blue, which encircles the round of the apron. These are in general very short, and some are made with bibs.

Evening robes continue to be composed of the richest materials, with the exception of ball dress, for which light materials only are employed. We observe that in evening dress brocade roses, and also those of black velvet and black satin, are more numerous than last month. Black lace is also more adopted for trimmings; and there is frequently a great mixture of jewellery in trimmings. Thus if a *corsage* is made tight to the shape, the pearls or diamonds of a necklace are disposed round it, instead of a falling tucker of blond or real lace. If, on the contrary, it is

draped, then the folds of drapery are retained in the centre of the bosom and on the shoulders by precious stones. Ornaments of jewellery, intended for the hair, are also frequently employed to loop the skirts of dresses. As to the form of evening dress, it is decidedly that of the beginning of the eighteenth century. The *corsage* is cut out very much on the hips, forming a very deep peak in front and a smaller one behind; the top of the *corsage* may be either draped or tight, but it must be cut very low (indelicate, so we were going to say) but we are reporters, not censors of fashions. *Ceintures* are laid aside, a single or double piping of satin round the bottom of the *corsage* is adopted instead. We have no marked alteration to notice in trimmings; flounces continue in favour, and furs have rather increased in estimation, that is to say, ermine and swansdown, which are the only furs employed for evening trimmings. The first is used for robes of dark or full colours only, the latter is employed for those of light hues. We may cite, among the most fashionable head-dresses, the *chapeaux à la Chateloine*; their form is between a hat and a toque, the brim quite turned up, and descending very low at the sides of the face, forms almost a point in the centre; it has no ornament whatever, but the crown, which is low, and indeed nearly fitting close to the head, is perfectly decorated with white ostrich feathers. This head-dress, and indeed all those now in favour, are worn very far back upon the head, so as to display the hair, which is ornamented in various ways, with flowers and jewels. We have no alteration to notice in fashionable colours this month.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS EVENING DRESS.—White figured satin robe; the front of the skirt is decorated *en tablier* with knots of plain white satin, which are formed by *brandebourgs*. Plain *corsage*, pointed at bottom, and square at the top; it is trimmed with a round lappel, which is finished by a double fall of Mechlin lace, and a knot in the centre. Short hanging sleeves, made with a very little fulness, and trimmed *en suite*. Head-dress, a *chapeau* toque of crimson velvet, a small round brim, and very low crown; it is trimmed with shaded marabouts, and ribbons to correspond.

PARIS MORNING DRESS.—Printed cashmere robe; the border is trimmed with a double flounce, edged with velvet rib-





bon. Half high *corsage*, with a crossed drapery laid on. Orleans sleeve, the falls at top edged with velvet ribbon. Black velvet hat, a round and very deep brim, with a *capote* crown; it is decorated with a drapery edged with black blond, and two ostrich feathers: the interior of the brim is trimmed with a single moss rose and foliage.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

The severity of the weather causes the public promenades to be nearly deserted, and even the *élégantes* who venture out in their equipages, are so completely enveloped in furs, that they leave us little to say of their toilettes. *Witzchouras* lined with fur; mantles trimmed with it; and cloth pelisses with immense fur mantelets, do not certainly afford much room for description. Such is, however, the state of out-door dress at present.

The forms of hats and bonnets remain the same as last month; the brims are, however, smaller, and will, most probably, be reduced to a very moderate size by next summer. A good many have the brims bordered with marabouts or swansdown, instead of the *ruches of tulle* that were lately in vogue. This is a very pretty fashion, and extremely becoming to the generality of faces. Velvet and satin are the materials at present most in favour. A good many satin bonnets have the brims lined with *peluche* or *velours épingle*, of the same colour as the bonnet. The ribbons are always figured, and the flowers placed *en grappe*; feathers are also in favour; they are worn long and curled.

Balls have now commenced with great spirit, and our *élégantes*, and their chaperons are too fully occupied with dresses for them to think much of any other. We shall give, as we ought, the priority to the matrons, who appear in very rich silks, satins, or velvets. These dresses are almost invariably trimmed with lace flounces; in some instances the flounce goes round the back part of the dress, and turning up at the sides, forms a *tablier*. Another, and very pretty kind of trimming, is to have the lace raised at the knee, in the drapery style. The *corsages*, which are always cut low, are variously decorated; some with a pelerine mantilla of lace or blond, others with a full fall, *à l'enfant*, and some few having a narrow lace standing up round the bust. Short

sleeves, which descend however to the elbow, and are terminated with a blond or lace *manchette*. The head-dress must be a turban, a dress hat, or one of those antique toques which are now very much in favour, profusely ornamented with feathers.

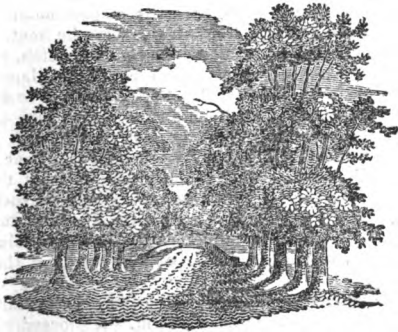
As to the fair *danseuses*, their costume is as light as possible: a robe of crape, gauze, or *tulle*, over satin to correspond, which, if coloured, must be of some very light hue. The *corsage* long and pointed, the skirt excessively wide, and descending from the waist in full folds. Sleeves as short as they can be made, so short, indeed, that the ornaments on the shoulders, as a knot of ribbon, a row of lace, or an *agraffe* of flowers, leaves hardly any of the sleeve to be seen. Flowers and ribbons are profusely employed for trimmings, and, in some instances, marabouts and even ostrich feathers, attached by ornaments of jewellery, are adopted, but these instances are rare to enable us to cite this kind of trimming as fashionable.

Although head-dresses of hair are the most general in ball dress, they are not the only ones adopted. The hair continues to be dressed low behind, and in ringlets or braids in front: it may be decorated with flowers only, but it is more frequently adorned with a melange of flowers and gems. When the head is partially covered, lace is very much employed; it is mingled with silver ornaments and marabouts, which are certainly the most becoming decoration that can be placed near the face. If the head is entirely covered, as is sometimes the case, nothing can be prettier than a small round velvet toque, placed coquetishly on one side, with flowers under the brim, and the crown adorned with ostrich feathers.

The favourite evening wrap for the *sortie de bal* is a wadded mantle and *capuchin*, the latter lightly whaleboned; they are principally of black cashmere, lined with straw-coloured, cherry, rose, or blue silk. The trimming is principally of fur, but we have seen some very elegant ones, trimmed only with two bands of black velvet, placed at some distance from each other, and the upper one about half the width of the other. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month, but white is still more predominant in evening dress.



Eton College.



Eton Play Fields.

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ETON COLLEGE.

THE situation of Eton is extremely pleasant, being on the banks of the Thames, in a delightful valley, and on a remarkably healthy soil. It is twenty-three miles from London, and has a bridge which unites it with Windsor. It has been long famous for its royal college and school, founded by King Henry VI. in the year 1440, for the education of seventy youths in classical learning; from whence they are sent to King's College, in Cambridge, founded also by the same prince, where they are amply provided for, and at the expiration of three years, claim the fellowship of that college. Besides the King's scholars, there are seldom less than 300 noblemen's and gentlemen's sons, who board with the masters. The school, which was rebuilt in 1569, has constantly been the nursery and place of education of great numbers of the youth of the first families in the kingdom; so that it has always been considered as the most distinguished seminary for classical learning and polite literature.

The college consists of two neat quadrangles or courts. In the outermost, are the schools and lodgings for the master and scholars; and on the south is the college chapel, a fine structure, ornamented with large abutments, pinnacles, and embrasures, and very similar in its disposition of parts to that of King's College, Cambridge. On the front, or east end, is a part of the provost's lodgings, in which, amongst several other valuable pictures, is a portrait of Jane Shore, painted on pannel, and considered as original. The forehead is large, the features small and interesting, and the hair of a yellowish auburn. Her only covering is a thin veil, thrown loosely over the shoulders. The principal argument for the genuineness of the portrait, is the circumstance of the confessor of this celebrated favourite having been provost of the college. At the same end, is a beautiful ancient tower or gateway, which divides the two courts: in the middle of the first court is a statue in brass, well executed, of the royal founder.

A singular custom is celebrated at Eton, every third year, on Whit Tuesday, called the Montem. A procession of the scholars is made to a *tumulus (ad montem)* near the Bath

road, which has acquired the name of Salt-hill, by which also the neighbouring inns have long been known. The chief object of this ceremony, which has of late years been conducted with more decorum than formerly, is to collect money for salt, as it is termed, from all persons travelling on the road. The scholars, who collect the money are called salt-bearers, and are dressed in rich silk habits of different colours. Tickets, inscribed with some motto, by way of password, are given to such persons as have already paid for salt, as a security from any further demands. The ceremony has frequently been honoured with the presence of kings and the Royal Family, whose liberal contributions, added to those of many of the nobility and others, who have been educated at Eton, and purposely attended the meeting, have sometimes augmented the collection to more than 800*l*. The sum so collected is given to the senior-scholar, who is going off to Cambridge, for his support at the university. The origin of the custom, which appears to have been coeval with the foundation of the college, is unknown; but it has very plausibly been conjectured to that of the *bairn*, or *boy*-bishop; a ceremony which anciently commenced on the 6th of December, the festival of Sir Nicholas, the patron of children, and lasted till Innocents' Day. During the intermediate time, the boy performed various episcopal functions; and if it happened that he died before its termination, he was buried with the same ceremonials which were used at the funeral of a bishop. This conjecture is strongly supported by the circumstance, that within the memory of several persons now living, it was a part of the ceremony at the *montem*, that a boy, in clerical attire, with a wig, should read prayers.

The Playing Fields are on the north-western side of the college. Here the grove offers its shades:—

Where some on earnest business bent,
 Their murm'ring labour ply,
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty.

THE MERCHANT'S VOW.

A LEGEND OF CANONBURY, FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS.

The shades of the evening were gradually darkening around the stately mansion of Canonbury, and its "far seen tower," as a cavalier, whose gallant bearing proclaimed him of gentle blood, through all the folds of the thick mantle in which he was wrapped (evidently to escape recognition) cautiously approached its walls; while, ever and anon, he paused, and, raising the Spanish cap that enveloped his brows, and prevented his countenance from being seen, seemed to listen, with undivided attention, for some preconcerted signal.

Suddenly he started with surprise, as a subdued whistle, like that used on shipboard for calling the crew together, met his astonished ear;—he paused for a moment and then advanced, looking around with cautious gaze, for he had little expected to find any person there but himself at that hour, which he had looked forward to with a lover's impatience when he expects to meet the idol of his heart:—in a word, the person whose curiosity was thus aroused by the sound we have described, was no other than William, Lord Compton, a handsome young noble of Queen Elizabeth's court, and whose errand was one in which none but himself and a certain lovely occupant of Canonbury mansion was concerned. Elizabeth, the only daughter and heiress of the celebrated Sir John Spencer, the richest man of his time, and the bold assertor of the privileges of the City of London, when threatened by the court, was the object of his affection. Whether the money-bags of the wealthy merchant, which must of course descend, in due time, to his only child, had any share in exciting or keeping alive his passion, was known to none but himself: but Elizabeth Spencer possessed qualities, bodily and mental, which would have shone brightly enough, even if they had not been seconded by the more substantial attractions of her father's money-bags. The ladies of the court of good Queen Bess were not deficient in beauty, but Elizabeth Spencer was equal, in that respect, to any dame amongst them all,—nor was she defi-

cient in accomplishments; not so showy, perhaps, as those of the present day, but, certainly, quite as useful, and much more innocent and healthful: thus circumstanced it may be supposed that she was not averse to the attentions of the gallant and high-born Compton.

"The course of true-love," however, as the poet of that, of this, and of all time, has observed, "never does run smooth,"—an unexpected obstacle to their union intervened,—no other than the disapprobation of Sir John Spencer, who, as the stout knight himself observed, "knew too well the power of money not to know that many a penniless, but high-born, noble would be glad to let his daughter share in a peerage, so he might share the wealth that had been the product of many laborious years—"No, no!" he would say, "my riches are of no use, if they are to be squandered away by some spendthrift lord as soon as the breath is out of my body:—give me for a son-in-law some staid citizen, who, instead of diminishing the store will increase it, and rule the proud needy fools as plain old John Spencer hath ruled them.—Go to, girl, I would sooner see thee wedded to Master Nicholas Chapman, who hath been a faithful servant to me these thirty good years, than to e'er a lord of them all,—let me hear no more of this beggarly Compton for peer though he be, he hath not even an office to bring him in a few hundred pounds per annum, and perhaps that's the reason he cannot let honest people keep their silly daughters in quiet.—no, no,—never will I consent to such a match while this little hand belongs to my pretty Elizabeth!" Thus would the old knight often conclude, at the same time kissing the hand of his darling daughter.

Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, Lord Compton still entertained hopes of uniting himself to the object of his attachment, and, although he was denied access to Canonbury-house, the country mansion of Sir John, where Elizabeth almost constantly resided, he still managed to keep up a correspondence with her unknown to her father, and, on the evening on which our story commences, had planned a meeting with his beloved, shortly before Sir John should return from his counting-house in the City. How was he surprised, then, when he expected to find the neighbourhood of Canonbury as silent and deserted as usual, to hear the signal

to which we have alluded. For a moment, as we have observed, he paused and then, clapping his hand on the hilt of his trusty rapier, which could not be seen beneath the thick cloak, in which to avoid recognition he was enveloped, he advanced in the direction of the sound. As he turned a projecting angle of the wall, under one of the stately bastions which then graced it, he perceived the figure of a man, habited in the same manner as himself, crouching in a corner, as if to escape observation. Anxious to discover the meaning of the mysterious proceedings, he advanced towards the other, determining to question him;—he was just on the point of speaking, when, still more to his surprise, the man towards whom he was advancing, came from behind the buttress which half concealed his form, and in a low and confidential tone—such a tone as a friend of long-standing would use—hastily inquired, “Is he coming?—Shall I pipe all hands?” Lord Compton started to hear a foreign language—for the questions were asked in French—in so remote a spot. In a moment, however, he recovered his presence of mind, and, as he was perfectly well acquainted with the language in which he was addressed, he answered without embarrassment, “No, not yet, he is not yet in sight!”

“Donner and blitzen,” returned the other, “does he mean to keep us here all night. If he were not so rich a prize, I should blame our captain for coming here on a fool’s errand! But the ransom of the richest merchant in the world will well pay us for this night’s watching I warrant!”

“True,” said Compton, who perceived, from the fellow’s words, that there was some scheme on foot for carrying off Sir John Spencer, and that the man mistook him for one of his companions, deceived by the costume in which he had enveloped himself to avoid recognition, “True, as you say, to night’s work will be well paid!—But how are we to be sure we have the right;—It will be a foolish trick if we do not catch him at last!”

“Can I trust my ears!” exclaimed the other in surprise. “Why, Hans, you surely cannot have forgotten that you, who know him so well, are to let me know when he comes that I may give the signal to our comrades? Come, come, a truce to jesting!—keep a good look out!”

“Ha! ha! ha! you did not think me in earnest I hope,”

gaily cried Lord Compton, willing to humour the mistake, in hopes to "pluck out the heart of the mystery," and to frustrate the scheme, "I did but jest!"

"I like not such jokes!" said the other. "Return to your post in front of the tower,—he may get safely in whilst you are chattering and joking here!"

"In front of the tower!" thought Compton, who saw the necessity of getting rid of the man for whom he was taken. Then crying aloud, "Well, keep your eyes open, for I shall soon have to give the signal of Sir John's approach?" he rushed off towards the spot.

As he neared the lofty tower, he perceived the figure of Sir John and his trusty servant (Compton's rival) Master Nicholas Chapman, approaching, while a dark form in dress, height, and size, his own exact counterpart, was stealthily dogging their steps. There was no time to lose in explanation.—another moment and all would be lost—already the muffled figure had raised a whistle to his lips,—ere Compton could reach him the signal had been given;—in one instant, he was floundering in the deepest part of the pond which then, as now, ornamented the gardens of Canonbury in front of the tower—and in the next, almost before the astonished citizens were aware of what had passed, they were surrounded by a numerous party of well-armed men. The Lord Compton, preserving his self-possession, and relying on his disguise, in reply to the inquiries of his companions as to the person of the knight, by silently pointing to Master Nicholas Chapman. Two motives might have induced him to act thus,—one, to rescue Sir John Spencer from the plot which had plainly been laid against him, and thereby obtain some claim to his favourable consideration, when he should demand the hand of his daughter; and the other, to rid himself of a formidable rival, by substituting Master Nicholas in the stead of his patron. In vain the latter protested that he was no rich merchant, and called all the saints to witness that he was as poor as a rat:—his merciless tormentors thrust a gag into his capacious jaws, bound him hand and foot, and ran off with their prize with their utmost speed, leaving Sir John to pursue his way to Canonbury by himself. Compton, to save appearances, accompanied them as far as the Islington Road, when he took the first opportunity to slip from them. His first impulse

was to return to Canonbury, but reflecting on the danger of returning so soon to the spot where he had so lately appeared in a suspicious character, he thought it better to retire to his own house for the night, until he should see what explanation could be given of the strange event, in which he had taken so prominent a part.

In the morning the news of the strange attack on Sir John Spencer, and the abduction of Master Chapman created a "great sensation" in the City. For several days conjecture was exhausted in the fruitless endeavour to discover the mystery, which was only heightened by the discovery of a man half drowned, and half dead with terror, in Sir John's fish-pond, who was recognised as a seaman formerly in the knight's employment, but discharged, with infamy, for mutinous behaviour. This man was interrogated over and over again, but he seemed half stupified, and could only mutter in reply, "'Twas the devil's work, and prospered as it always does,—all would have been right if the evil-one had not taken my form, and upset the plan."

In a few days, however, all was explained. The first ship that arrived from Dunkirk brought the news that a smuggling vessel had arrived with the richest lading of "run goods" she had ever carried, in the person of the rich Englishman, Sir John Spencer, whom they had daringly carried off from his country-house;—that they kept him in close confinement, not suffering any one to see him, and that they demanded the enormous sum of fifty thousand pounds for his ransom! The same conveyance also brought a dolorous letter from Master Nicholas Chapman, complaining of his detention, and that his detainers would insist on his being Sir John Spencer, notwithstanding his protestations to the contrary, which they generously laid to the account of his cunning, instead of his sincerity, so that he was obliged even to sign his name "John Spencer:" a forgery which he humbly hoped his patron would pardon.

All was now plain:—the well-laid scheme, it was evident, had been defeated by some unaccountable mistake, although none but Lord Compton knew the cause of it. This he would have revealed, had he not felt that he would be rather puzzled to explain, why he was near Canonbury-house in disguise, on the night of the attempt, and that perhaps sus-

picion might still attach to him of being concerned in the plot; so that most of that numerous class of people who trouble themselves about other folks' affairs more than their own, were at last obliged to come to the conclusion that "the devil, as the detected villain had said, " had a hand in the business, although none could give a reason why, if it were Satan, he should have interfered to prevent the completion of his own plans.

By return of post, Sir John Spencer returned an answer to the packet he had received from Dunkirk, acknowledging the receipt of it, and requesting that they would release immediately his book-keeper, Master Nicholas Chapman, as he was put to great inconvenience by his absence; adding, in a postscript, that in case he returned by the next ship, Sir John would use his best endeavours to save one Hans Vanhagen, who calleth himself of Dunkirk, from the punishment of death. This produced the desired effect. Master Chapman was given up by the disappointed smugglers, with many wishes for his safe return and preservation from the gallows. Master Hans Vanhagen was sent back in return, and the affair soon began to be forgotten. Lord Compton being, apparently, as unlikely to become the rich merchant's son-in-law as ever, or less so, as now a strict and regular watch was kept around the walls of Canonbury, and Sir John publicly avowed his intention of bestowing his daughter's hand on the faithful servant who had suffered such hardship for his sake, to which Elizabeth Spencer was too obedient a child to demur. The wedding-day was already appointed,—it was within a week of its arrival, when, one morning, all Canonbury-house was in an uproar: Sir John was hastily sent for from the City, and, on his coming, was petrified to find that the bride was missing! He stormed, raved, wept, and laughed, by turns;—but all was changed to rage and anger when the intelligence was brought that she was the wife of the hated Compton! He had found means to carry his beloved off secretly: according to local tradition, still preserved, by means of a basket, which he carried in the assumed character of a baker! In the blindness of his rage, he refused even to see her, and even declared his intention of disinheriting the disobedient girl, although his only child.

About a twelvemonth after the marriage, Sir John being

at court, where his riches made him an important personage, was invited by the Queen to the christening of a child, which, said her Majesty, "is of noble blood, although its parents be poor! Thou and I, worthy Sir John," she continued, "will stand its sponsors!" "That will we, please your Majesty," returned Sir John, "and, seeing I have no children of my own, save my disobedient daughter, I will e'en adopt this youngling, even as he were the child of mine old age!"

"Well said, Sir John," replied Elizabeth, "and may he prove worthy of thee and me."

So saying, the Queen led the way into a small chapel of the palace, where the priest and the child were already in attendance. The ceremony was soon performed, and Spencer, taking the infant in his arms, heartily kissed it, and observed, "Truly, the little fellow seemeth already to entwine himself about my heart, as though he were my own flesh and blood!"

"What if he should be so!" said the Queen, as a folding door opened and Elizabeth Spencer rushed into her father's arms, while Lord Compton sunk on his knee before his father-in-law.

The knight could not reply,—tears of returning affection at the sight of his estranged Elizabeth, choked his utterance. Recovering, however, a portion of his composure, and with it the whole of his wonted sternness and determination, he cried,—

"But away with these womanish tears! Elizabeth, thou hast disobeyed me, and, though I will keep my promise to thy child, thou and thy husband may reap the fruits of your deceit!"

"Father! he saved thy life! 'twas he who deceived the villains who would have seized thee," cried Elizabeth. The knight was staggered at the recital of the story which followed, but seemed determined not to yield. "Foolish girl!" said he, "he wed thee but for thy gold:—Even now, what hath he to support the fine title he hath graced thee with."

"That let me answer," said the Queen, advancing, "this morning have my letters patent passed the great seal, granting William Lord Compton, the office of Lord President of Wales!"

This was a home thrust—Sir John hardly knew how to

parry it, as the beseeching eyes of his daughter met his gaze, at length he muttered—"But my vow, Elizabeth, that I would not forgive thee for wedding Compton, while this hand was thine. Could I alter that I could forgive thee."

"This hand," said Elizabeth, as it was pressed eagerly by Lord Compton, "is no longer mine,—for this twelvemonths it hath been another's, to whom I gave it with my heart at the altar!"

That night nought but joy and mirth was tolerated at Canonbury-house, in honour of the reconciliation of Sir John with his lovely daughter, and her husband, the Lord President of Wales.

J — s W — DW — D.

THE JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION.

(Concluded from Page 99.)

Flounce told me, on finishing my toi'ette, that I was armed for conquest; and that I never looked so beautiful. Mamma would not much approve of Flounce's familiar mode of expressing her admiration; but, poor soul, she only says what she thinks.—I have observed that my lord dislikes Flounce very much; but so he does every one that I like.

Never was there such a delightful ball:—though I am fatigued beyond measure, I must note down this night's adventure:—I found the rooms quite filled, and narrowly escaped being locked out by the inexorable regulations of the Lady Patronesses, for it only wanted a quarter to twelve when I entered. By-the-bye, I have often wondered why people submit to the haughty sway of those ladies; but I suppose it is that most persons dislike trouble, and so prefer yielding to their imperious dictates to incurring a displeasure, which would be too warmly and too loudly expressed, not to alarm the generality of quiet people. There is a quackery in fashion, as in all other things, and any one who has courage enough (I was going to write impudence), rank enough, and wealth enough, may be a leader. But here am I moralizing on the requisites of a leader of fashion, when I should be noting down the delicious scene of this night in her favourite and favoured temple. I tried to look

very grave at poor Belmont ; but the lights, the music, and the gaiety of the scene around me, with the consciousness of my looking more than usually well, gave such an exhilaration to my spirits, that I could not contract my brows into any thing like a frown, and without a frown, or something approaching it, it is impossible to look grave. Belmont took advantage of my good spirits to claim my hand, and pressed it very much. I determined to postpone my lecture to him until the next good opportunity, for a ball-room is the worst place in the world to act the moral or sentimental.—*A-propos* of Belmont, what have I done with his note?—My God, what a scrape have I got into !—I left my reticule, into which I had put the note, on my sofa, and the note bears the evident marks of having been opened by some one who could not fold it again : it must have been Founce --I have often observed her curiosity—and now am I completely in her power.—What shall I do?—After some serious consideration, I think it the wisest plan to appear not to suspect her, and part with her, the first good opportunity. I feel all over in a tremor, and can write no more.

THURSDAY.—Could not close my eyes for three hours after I got to bed ; and when I did, dreamt of nothing but detections, duels, and exposures :—awoke terrified :—I feel nervous and wretched :—Founce looks more than usually important and familiar—or is it conscience that alarms me ? —Would to Heaven I had never received that horrid note—or that I had recollected to take it to Almack's, and give it back to him. I really feel quite ill. Madame requested an audience, and has told me she can no longer remain in my family, as she finds it impossible to do my children justice unassisted by me. I tried to persuade her to stay another quarter, but she firmly, but civilly, declined. This is very provoking, for the children are fond of, and obedient to Madame, and I have had no trouble since she has been with them ; besides, my mother recommended her, and will be annoyed at her going. I must write to Madame, and offer to double her salary ; all governesses, at least all that I have tried, like money. I must lie down, I feel so fatigued and languid :—mamma is worse, and I really am unable to go to her ; for I am so nervous that I could be of no use.

FRIDAY.—I am summoned to my mother, and my Lord

says she is in the utmost danger. Madame, to add to my discomforts, has declined my offers :—I feel a strong presentiment of evil, and dread I know not what

Good Heavens! what a scene have I witnessed—my dear and excellent mother was insensible when I got to her, and died without seeing or blessing me. Oh! what would I not give to recall the past, or to bring back even the last fleeting week, that I might atone, in some degree, for my folly—my worse than folly—my selfish and cruel neglect of the best of mothers! Never shall I cease to abhor myself for it.—Never till I saw that sainted form for ever insensible did I feel my guilt. From day to day I have deceived myself with the idea that her illness was not dangerous, and silenced all the whispers of affection and duty, to pursue my selfish and heartless pleasures. How different are the resignation and fortitude of my sister, from my frantic grief!—she has nothing to accuse herself of, and knows that her care and attention soothed the bed of death. But how differently was I employed!—distraction is in the thought; I can write no more, for my tears efface the words.

SATURDAY.—My dear and estimable sister has been with me, and has spoken comfort to my afflicted soul. She conveyed to me a letter from my sainted parent, written a few hours before her death, which possibly this exertion accelerated. The veil which has so long shrouded my reason is for ever removed, and all my selfishness and misconduct are laid bare to my view. Oh! my mother—you whose pure counsel and bright example in life could not preserve your unworthy child—from the bed of death your last effort has been to save her. As a daughter, a wife, and a mother, how have I blighted your hopes and wounded your affections!

My sister says, that my mother blessed me with her last words, and expressed her hopes that her dying advice would snatch me from the paths of error. Those dying hopes, and that last blessing, shall be my preservatives. I will from this hour devote myself to the performance of those duties that I have so shamefully, so cruelly neglected. My husband, my children—with you I will retire from those scenes of dissipation and folly, so fatal to my repose and virtue; and in retirement commune with my own heart, correct its

faults, and endeavour to emulate the excellencies of my lamented mother.

Oh! may my future conduct atone for the past—but never, never let the remembrance of my errors be effaced from my mind.

THE GYPSEY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE, BY M. C. B.

Miss Rosa Delville was a pretty, but rather weak, girl, who had a most ardent desire to marry, and to know, by taking a peep into futurity, when that “consummation devoutly to be wished” of all her hopes, would be accomplished. She had given half-a-crown to an old woman, who lived in the same town with herself, for telling her fortune; and something more to an astrologer, for casting her nativity. This was particularly foolish, but as it is almost vain to argue with people, who crave to know that which He who only knows has forbidden to their inquiries, viz. : what is to befall them? the experience of Miss Rosa which made her wise, may, probably, render them so. One day, as she was walking in a wooded, solitary lane, some way from the town, an ill-toned vulgar voice spoke behind her:—“Stop a bit Miss, will ye?—cross my hand,—and let me cross your’s dear, with a bit of silver, and I’ll tell you all about your husband, and every thing.”—Miss Delville turned, and beheld the speaker,—a tall, bony, and swarthy woman, whose appearance well bespoke her caste and occupation:—dark, dirty, and tattered were her clothes, and a ragged cloak depending from her brown scraggy throat, vainly endeavoured to conceal her shoulders, and prove a covering to them against the casualties of the weather; her arms, hands, face, and bare legs were of a deep olive hue, and from her head down streamed in elf-locks a prodigious quantity of coarse black hair, which falling partly over her face, gave to it a character of preternatural fierceness; besides which, over her grey cunning eyes, waved, from that which had in days past, been a black velvet bonnet, two or three sable feathers—broken, straggling, and matted together in places by wet and mud. Such was the forlorn female, who now chattered to Rosa

Delville with amazing volubility—such was this specimen of a wandering, thievish race, of whom it may most truly be said, as of the wild Arabs, “whose hand is against every man, and every man’s hand against them”—such, was the Sybil, whose wretched appearance should have warned her willing dupe, how little able she must be, to ken aught of futurity, who could not at the present moment provide for herself decent clothing, wholesome food, and a comfortable habitation. Rosa’s eyes, however, gleamed with delight when she understood the nature of the gypsey’s request, and taking her purse from her pocket, through the net-work of which gleamed gold, put into the dark indurated hand outstretched to grasp it, the welcome shilling.—“Let us go into the wood, Miss, a little way further,” said the woman, with an air of mystery—“I have that to say to you, which ’twould be the greatest of ill-luck, if any one should come across us, whilst ’tis a telling.” The woman hastened on,—Rosa followed, and stopped when she saw her conductress do so, after they had walked some little way into the wood:—the gypsey then taking Miss Delville’s fair hand, crossed it, and with the most important look, commenced an incongruous jabber, respecting dark men, light men, presents, letters, fortune, equipages, children, and servants, &c. &c.: to all which, poor Rosa, not comprehending one word of her meaning as to what she pretended to predict, listened with profound attention. At length the gypsey concluded, and Miss Delville supposed she would have quitted her: but no!—the hag had the audacity to follow her dupe, and beg, with the utmost importunity, the very silk-handkerchief which was tied round her neck, and the shoes which she wore upon her feet—favours, which it is almost needless to state, were peremptorily refused. The miserable wanderer had then recourse to another wile, in order to extort from the credulous Rosa some one of her possessions. Untying a filthy-looking pouch which dangled from her waist, she held it towards the poor girl, entreating that she would put her hand into the lucky bag, which, she stated, contained charms,—potent to

“Light some flames, and some revive,
And keep some others, just alive.”

But, they must be paid for, before they were drawn, and, the price was two guineas each, always to real ladies. "But I," cried the incautious Rosa, "have only one!" The gypsey, with sparkling eyes, assured her, that one would do, since in such cases the will was every thing, and people, even ladies, could not be expected to give, more than they had, &c. : she concluded by extravagant eulogiums upon the Lucky Bag and its contents, assuring Miss Delville, that had she been a poor servant, or country girl, instead of a lady, so advantageous an offer would never have been made to her. Rosa hesitated,—a guinea was a great sum,—she had designed to expend it upon various little things,—useful, or entertaining, which she should not soon have again the opportunity of purchasing :—a guinea !—well might she pause, and had she ran out of the gypsey's sight, as soon as that audacious mendicant commenced her impositions upon her,—better would it have been, as far as her slender supply of pocket-money was concerned.—"Who hesitates, is lost," is the observation of a sage student of human nature ; and the gypsey perceiving the vacillating mood of poor Rosa, became only more and more urgent, that she should draw from the lucky bag ! Miss Delville still wavered, when the woman pretending to be seized with a violent fit of coughing, was, upon this signal immediately joined by two or three stout, and ill-looking men, evidently part of the gang, whose haunt happened to be in the wood. "I want," said she, addressing them, "to make the lady try her fortune in the lucky bag, but she's afraid to give me the guinea I ask, for one of my neverfailing charms." "Come, Miss," said one of the men, gruffly, "you'd better do it ; don't be silly, and stand shilly-shallying there, to keep us here, (who want to be off,) all day, but act like a lady at once, and do as the woman bids you, who surely knows best." Poor Rosa, now extremely terrified, produced her guinea, and handed it to the artful jade, was allowed to draw from the dirty lucky bag, as dirty a piece of paper, folded carefully into a small roll, and tied round with a good deal of worsted. This the gypsey insisted upon pinning up in a corner of her pocket-handkerchief ; and, desiring her to wear it for nine days without, on any account whatever, undoing it to look at, darted off at

full speed, followed by the men, and the party were quickly lost in the wood.

Poor Rosa !—I know not whether she wore, for the mysterious nine days, her *charm*, but I do happen to know, that upon inspection it proved to be nothing more, than a leaf out of an old prayer-book ! ! ! And for this—this—she had paid a guinea.

Poor thing !—her credulity was thus severely punished, and yet, in commenting upon all that she lost, which her guinea might have purchased for her, some of her friends, who heard of the circumstance, unanimously agreed, that even this sum was not ill-spent, since it had bought for her—*Experience*.

THE WEDDING EXCURSION.

Grumio.—Is the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept ; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings ; and every officer his wedding garment on ?—the carpets laid, and every thing in order ?

Curts.—All ready ; and therefore I pray thee, news ?

Grumio.—First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

Shakspeare.

The wedding-day had arrived, and all was bright and auspicious. The morning dawned without a cloud ; the flowers shone in the sunshine as if brides themselves ; the trees in their new foliage fluttered in the breeze like so many bridegrooms ; and the birds sung as blithely as a band of wedding musicians. Within doors the scene was equally exhilarating. There were decorated rooms, well-dressed company, tables covered with delicacies—silk, smiles and civility, on all sides. The matron manager of the bridal preparations knew well the importance of wedding-day arrangements ; and, to use the expression common to shows of every kind, the whole “ went off with great spirit.” Precisely at the proper moment, the bride, veiled like a nun, but robed as for a ball, was supported into the room ; company, carriages, and clergymen, were religiously punctual ; the day was lovely ; the crowd of spectators sufficient ; the bridegroom made no blunder about the ring ; the bride articulated the responses ; the procession returned without

accident; the company sat down to breakfast;—and again, precisely at the proper moment, the bride retired to put on a travelling dress and take leave of her mother. Nothing could have been better managed.

But no one, however gay, however worldly, could go through such a series of ceremonies without emotion; and when the gauzes and satins were removed, and the heroine was arrayed to leave her father's house, which was never more to be re-entered as a home, for a few minutes she forgot that she was a bride, and burst into tears.

"Now, dear Miss, don't take on so—what's done can't be undone.—I dare say it is all for the best," said her attendant, the nurse of her childhood; "here you are, the prettiest creature eyes ever saw—not that you are half so pretty to me as when I had you a baby in long coats all to myself, —now a woman grown, turning out into the troublesome world: and how will you ever keep house, and manage servants?—lack-a-day—I hardly know whether to laugh or cry!"

"Nurse," said the lady mother, recalling the affectionate creature to the more important concerns of the present moment, "how can you harass this dear child's feelings so,—go and see that her dressing-case is placed properly in the carriage." The attendant left the room, and the speaker proceeded to comfort the "mourning bride" after her own fashion. "Now, my dear love, *do* compose yourself. What is to become of me, if you give way to your feelings in this manner? positively your eyes are so red, I am quite ashamed. Only think how few leave home with such happy prospects: I shall always be near to comfort and advise you in all your troubles; and *you* will have a most delightful excursion. Hark! I hear the carriage drawing up. Now, my dearest love, don't let me have to blush for you at the last; so well as you behaved through the ceremony; no trembling, no tears, no nonsense of any kind; but let me give you one piece of advice, love,—when you return, don't let Tomkins lay a finger on your hair; I was quite *shocked* when we were in church, to see what a friz he had made it."

"Oh, mamma! don't, pray don't talk so;—what signify curls or any thing else at a time like this," replied the daughter, surveying the room with an air of melancholy, partly real, and partly affected. "I never expected to suffer

so much at leaving home—I fear I have done a foolish thing—I am changing a certainty for an uncertainty—even the chairs and tables seem to know that I am going—and the poor looking-glass that I have dressed at so often——” The fair speaker was here overcome by her reminiscences, and had recourse to silence and her scent-box.

“Mary Anne,” replied the matron, making use of the looking-glass for the practical purpose of arranging some of her numerous bows and curls, “Mary Anne, this is neither behaving like a sensible girl, nor a good daughter; and I count it perfectly insulting to poor dear George, and exceedingly ungrateful to your father and myself——”

She was here interrupted by the entrance of the bride’s-maid, wild with present honour and prospective pleasure. She had at first voted most warmly in favour of Cheltenham as the scene of the wedding excursion; but the bridegroom having with equal consideration and good taste assigned her a companion in office, a charming young man, inasmuch as he was in uniform and unmarried, she was now perfectly contented that they should journey to the Lakes.

“What! not ready yet!” was her exclamation on entering the room, “and the carriage waiting, and the luggage fastened on—and George asking for you every instant. Oh, my dear, what is the good of making such a fuss—if you were going to die you could but be unhappy you know; come, take my arm, and let me set you an example; there,——never saw you look so well,——never! We shall have a charming excursion; I seem as if I had known Captain B—— ten years; now, no more tears, I beg—every one has been paying you such compliments, and George is so proud of you, and I have been talking about you to the Dickenses till they are ready to die with spite!”

Thus re-assured, the bride suffered herself to be comforted; and she was again led into the drawing room, the very model of graceful resignation. To have looked at her, none but the most uncharitable would have supposed that she herself had ever entertained the slightest wish to become a bride. Love, marriage, and decoration, might all have been the result of mere accident and surprise. Her mother consigned her to her husband as the “best of daughters;” and he of course received her as “an invaluable treasure.”

Every one came forward to say something equally appropriate and delightful, till it appeared that so suitable, so auspicious, so every way happy a union had never occurred in the annals of matrimony. At length the bride, with becoming slowness, ascended the carriage,—the bride's-maid having less dignity to support moved after her at a quicker pace,—the gentlemen took their appointed stations,—heads were bowed, and handkerchiefs displayed,—the carriage drove off,—and thus commenced the first act of the WEDDING EXCURSION.

But before we proceed, a word about the happy couple, and wedding excursions in general.

The present bride was devoted to dress, fashion, and gaiety. She had accepted her first offer because it was a good one, and she became attached because she was going to be married. Love and lutestring had for the last few months occupied her mind in pretty equal proportions; and her thoughts had been quite as much given to the artists who were to furnish her wedding paraphernalia, as to the husband elect, on whom would depend the happiness or misery of the married life. The gentleman was a good-natured, good-looking young man, not overburdened with talent and feeling, but one who could make himself sufficiently agreeable amongst common-place people, and talk sufficiently well on all common-place topics. Had his bride elect jilted him, it would not perhaps have broken his heart; nevertheless, he believed her to be a very charming young woman, and was fully resolved to make her a good husband. The love which subsisted between these "betrothed" was of that kind on which hundreds and thousands live to their lives' end, and are what the world call "uncommonly happy." Possessing absolutely nothing of that depth and delicacy which gives to the sentiment a hallowed character—their love aided by the occupations and pleasures of society, maintains a bustling existence; but it is ill suited for retirement; the world is its home, and there only can it have its being.

With regard to wedding excursions, we would suggest the propriety of suiting the places visited to the parties who visit. Intellect, as well as heart,—reason, in addition to love, is requisite in those who venture upon seclusion and fine scenery. When the first pleasurable impression is worn

off, the devotees of artificial life sigh for worldly haunts and congenial spirits. They grew tired of the Lakes, and disgusted with Bolton Abbey itself. Two common-minded persons may converse agreeably in a crowd, and yet be reduced to bankruptcy when thrown upon nature and each other. Deprived of their usual topics, their conversation languishes into "the question, the reply, and the rejoinder;" *ennui* ensues, and those who fancied they could love in a desert, discover that they can love much better in the world. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, those very causes (idleness and seclusion) which oft-times induce a diminution of romantic feeling between a married pair, as often induce it in the minds of two who are disengaged; although they too be unintellectual, and deficient in genuine sensibility. We pretend not to argue this position; but merely to assert and illustrate its general truth.

About a fortnight had elapsed since the auspicious day with which this paper commenced: during which period our bridal party had visited much of the scenery of the north: with what effect the following conversation will evidence.

It was evening, and the married pair stood together on as lovely a spot as this, or any other country can exhibit. The sun had made a "golden set," the western sky was yet flushed with his parting smile—

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Were hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled did the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on;

whilst rock, wood, hamlet, and distant hill, were clothed in that ethereal haze, that "apparel of celestial light," which makes the rugged appear beautiful, and the beautiful divine.

"Delightful evening!" said the bridegroom, at the same moment contradicting his assertions with a yawn.

"Pretty the water looks," replied the bride, in a languid tone.

"Very," replied the gentleman, as he picked up a peb-

ble, and made what the schoolboys call a duck-and-a-drake on its surface.

"What are we to do to-morrow, love?" inquired the lady, after a considerable interval of silence.

"Don't know, indeed, my dear."—I suppose B—— and Sophia have planned an excursion somewhere: and again the bridegroom closed his sentence with a yawn.

"I think we must have seen every thing—at least I feel as if we had," observed his companion; "don't you think, love, a set of coloured views gives one just as good an idea of these places as coming to see them?"

"Exactly; but then there's the say so. I wish I had brought my flute and fishing tackle with me; B—— is not half such good company as I expected"——

"And Sophia," interrupted the bride, "is most exceedingly inattentive. I wish we had gone to Cheltenham, what are we to do if there comes another wet day?"

"Why, you know, my dear," said her husband, "I told you what would happen; these places are only pleasant when you have a large party with you."

"Indeed, George, you are quite right; and I wish with all my heart we were at home."

"So do I, Mary Anne, for the races are the week after next, and I see my friend L—— has entered Honeymoon for the gold cup."

"And the race-ball!" ejaculated the lady, in a tone of dismay, "what have we been thinking of to forget them? Do, love, let us go home; I am sure we have seen every thing here."

"Well, my dear," replied the gentleman, with vivacity, "I'm sure you have my consent, and I'll take you down to Cheltenham for a week or two when our bustle is over at home; I should like that trip myself."

The bride was in ecstasies. "And will you, really?—Oh, I am quite happy—I will write to my mother to-night, and we will leave this stupid place to-morrow; dear, good, kind, indulgent creature: but you won't alter your mind, George," said she, suddenly stopping in her praises, "You really will take me to Cheltenham—and stylishly? Oh, we shall be so happy, let us go and tell our companions."

While this conjugal dialogue took place without doors, the bride's-maid and her brother in office, stationed at the inn window, which commanded a view of the same scene, held a conference in a very different strain. We shall merely give its close, informing the reader that the parts we omit related to taste, friendship, Moore's Melodies, happiness, quadrilles, and the last novel.

"Who could ever tire of this scenery?" exclaimed the young lady, with enthusiasm.

"Not in such society," replied her companion; "I shall never have such another fortnight."

"Impossible!—we never can have been out a whole fortnight—it has not appeared a week."

"Then *you* are not tired?"

"Tired!—I could live here for ever,—look at that darling cottage, with its honeysuckle porch."

'O that for thee some home like that may smile.'

was the gallant captain's gallant reply.

"You have not quoted the line correctly," said Miss Sophia, with delightful simplicity.

"Well then, take the original reading," replied the captain; and he repeated, in a most subduing manner—

"O that for ~~me~~ some home like that may smile."

With a quick sense of propriety, the young lady immediately changed the conversation, and directed her companion's attention to the blueness of the sky, the shadows upon the mountains, and the little boats upon the water.

They were interrupted, to receive the information with which the reader is already acquainted. The change of plans did not, as he will readily imagine, meet with their approval; and it was with very different feelings that the bride and bride's-maid sat down to write their respective letters; the former to her mother, the latter to a most intimate friend. We subjoin extracts from both.

"Indeed, my dear mother, if I were to be married a hundred times, I would neither come to this country, nor travel with a bride's-maid. Both Sophia and Captain B—— are extremely ill-bred, and are so taken up with each other, that they pay George and myself scarcely any attention. I sus

pect they intend to have a wedding excursion of their own before long. There is very little company here this season, at least what I call company ; and good clothes are quite thrown away, for if you get caught in a shower whilst exploring, it is very uncertain whether you can shelter ; and if you can, the cottages are poor paltry places. They are *real* cottages. By the way, how came we all to forget that the races were so much earlier this year? George is extremely vexed, as he much wishes to see L.'s horse run ; and as there will be no other ball before the winter assemblies commence, I think it would be a thousand pities to lose this opportunity of making my appearance. It is my own private opinion, that Sophia will be a bride before winter, and of course I should not like to see myself superseded. We have therefore decided to shorten our excursion, and you may expect us home in a few days. George regrets quite as much as I do, that we should have come to this out-of-the-world country. Captain B—— and Sophia seem to find it delightful ; but I think they are very romantic, and know nothing of the world. Love and a cottage are, as you have so often remarked, perfectly ridiculous. I have no doubt that George and I shall enjoy much *rational* happiness ; our opinions coincide on all important points, and he has promised to take me to Cheltenham, when our visiting bustle is over. The morning I left home, I was too much agitated to observe it, but I find my travelling pelisse *disgracefully* made ; this is, however, of less consequence, as a shower of rain has completely spoiled it. I can never be sufficiently thankful that I left my *gros de Naples* bonnet behind. George is rather vexed to find that they have *Mistered* him in the newspapers, and I observe they have blundered about the name of our house, which, since the addition of the coach-house and stables, has been called *Irlington Hall* ; but this comes of trusting to friends. Did I not know your kind anxiety about every thing connected with my comfort, I should be in agony about my drawing-room curtains. La Fitte has surely made the alteration he promised ; if he has not, pray persecute him till he does, for that ball fringe is not to be endured. I know I can trust you to arrange my wardrobe against my return ; but let the dress in which I shall appear at the ball, *have a drawer to itself* ; I would not have it crushed for the

world. Have you any idea what strangers intend to call upon me? George's acquaintances and mine will, when added together, make such a large circle, that I am not exceedingly anxious for new friends, unless they are particularly stylish people; for I am convinced that the happiness of young married persons chiefly depends on their choice of company. Be sure give my best love to all the Johnsons and Dickenses, and tell them what a charming excursion we have had, and how happy I am. I believe I have now said every thing of consequence. Pray remember about the ball fringe, and with my best love, in which George joins, believe me, my dear mother,

"Your affectionate child,

"Mary Anne ———."

"P.S. You may depend on seeing us in four days, at the farthest; I would not stay an hour longer than necessity compels me."

The following are the closing remarks contained in the bride's-maid's epistle:—

"And now, my dear friend, will you give credit to my assurance, that Mr. and Mrs. ——— are utterly insensible to the charms of this earthly paradise! Excursions which have enraptured Captain B—— and myself, have overwhelmed them with *ennui*; and though I am sure we have behaved towards them with the greatest tact and delicacy, never intruding upon their *têtes-à-têtes*, joining them in their rambles, or endeavouring in the least to divert their attention from each other, they are evidently displeased with us. How different are tastes! They are perpetually sighing for the noisy pleasures, and vulgar gaiety; whilst we are contented with a solitary walk or ride, during which we are obliged to entertain each other. Is it not provoking that our happy couple should have determined to return home immediately, for the sake of those horrid races, and that abominable ball? Captain B—— regrets as much as I do, this change in our plans: for, as he justly remarks, we shall have no pleasure in conversing in a crowd. Pray do not suppose I have a *reason* for my regret,—I hope you know me too well, to suppose that I could be guilty of the impropriety of falling in love with a person whom I have only

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known a fortnight. I may own, without a blush, that I am attached to the *country*; and that if I were to be married a hundred times, it should be the scene of my wedding excursion, I need not remind you who should be my bride's-maid. But I must conclude. Captain B—— interrupts me, to solicit one farewell ramble before we leave these enchanting scenes, perhaps for ever. Believe me unalterably yours,

“SOPHIA.”

The reader will anticipate the result of this farewell ramble. It was twilight—the witching hour of romance; the breeze

“Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees.—”

The moon was too well-bred to withhold her influence on such an occasion—whilst here and there a modest star peeped forth like an attendant spirit; the birds sang their vesper carols—the air was mingled balm and music—every thing tended to a love scene. The conversation we do not disclose; but when the ramblers returned to the inn, the young lady retired, to erase from her letter the passage on the impropriety of falling in love in a fortnight, to add in a postscript, that she was engaged to be married. Captain B—— found the “happy couple” where he had left them, with this change in their occupations; that the bridegroom, having pared his nails, was whistling a waltz; and that the bride, having finished her letter, had taken up an old newspaper.

Thus ended a wedding excursion, in the course of which two of the same party fell out of love, and the remaining two fell in. What effect a return into the world produced upon their respective feelings, we leave as a problem to be solved by the sagacious reader.

STATE DRESSES OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA.

There is a state robe for great occasions—that is, the Coronation, and for meeting the Parliament. The train consists of the richest crimson velvet, eight yards long, lined with minevar ermine, and three borderings of gold lace; it is held up on each side by three pages or ladies in waiting, the

Duchess of Kent presiding at the extreme end. The weight of the robe is, we understand, 20lb. The under state-robe is a robing of crimson velvet, lined with the richest Persian silk. The skirt, body and hanging sleeves are trimmed round with a narrow bordering of ermine, and three rich borders of gold lace, narrower than that on the grand state robe. The back of the body is beautifully embroidered in gold (oak) leaves; the sleeve in particular is curious, being cut in the same fashion as that worn by Queen Anne Boleyn. Round the waist of the robe is a flat gold chain, in front of which are two long ends, finished by splendid gold tassels; this is worn over a rich white satin dress, embroidered with gold. The robe for the Order of the Bath, worn on the ceremony of creating a Knight of that Order, is of rich crimson satin, lined with rich silk; the star is worn on the left side, embroidered on the satin; this manteau is looped up, in order to show the sleeve. But the robe for the ceremony of creating a Knight of the Garter is one of the most superb ornaments ever designed; it consists of the richest dark purple velvet lined with rich white silk; it is made in the same form as that of the Order of the Bath, and the star affixed in the same style; there is a small round cape running round the top of this mantle; it is lined with white satin; this is hooked on the top of the low dress, which is worn underneath—the ribbon passes from the right shoulder and fastens at the waist; the garter with the motto "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," elegantly embroidered, is worn upon the arm. The orders and medals worn at the end of the ribbons belonging to the Orders of the Bath and of the Garter are now being made smaller, as the weight of the former ones used was found to be inconvenient to her Majesty at the late prorogation of Parliament. The state-robe is always kept in a splendid crimson velvet bag, trimmed round with rich lace; it is drawn by most sumptuous gold and purple tassels. The bag is lined with white silk. It is generally conveyed to the House of Lords in a state-carriage, and under the care of three Officers of State. The bag, the crown, and the sceptre are taken together.

AUTOGRAPHS

OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF GREAT
BRITAIN. BY J. NETHERCLIFF.

Autograph collecting has long been a favourite pursuit with many persons, and to such this will be a most acceptable volume. Not alone, however, to this class is the interest of it confined ; for it will be found a powerful instrument in the hands of the speculative and the curious, as well as the physiologist and the philosopher, who have so often discussed the question, whether we are justified in forming an opinion of the *character*, from the style of the *handwriting* of an individual. It is not our province to enter upon that question now, but we certainly do think, that in many instances the theory is borne out by reference to this book. To those also who feel an interest in tracing the progress of writing during the space of more than four centuries, it will be found a curious and faithful document ; whilst to the fair sex, more especially, the record of so many great and illustrious names, in fac-similes of their own handwritings, must render it a most attractive and acceptable offering.

The collection consists of extracts and signatures from the correspondence of one hundred and sixty distinguished women from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century. The work is very properly dedicated to the Queen, who, through a letter from her librarian, has thus sanctioned the undertaking :—" The Queen, in expressing her entire approbation of these very curious and interesting specimens, has most graciously pleased to signify her acquiescence in your request, and to honour me with her commands, to acquaint you that you have permission to publish them under the sanction of Her Majesty's name."

The collection commences with Philippa, Queen of Portugal, and daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who died in the year 1415, and ends with Queen Victoria. In the early part, we have quite a constellation of royal and noble names, including all the wives of Henry VIII., Mary, Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, Elizabeth and Mary. There is a most affecting letter at length from the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, to the judges, imploring their interces-

sion with the King, to bring her to trial or to release her. This ill-starred woman died in the town in 1615, broken-hearted. The following letter from the Duchess of Portland to the Hon. A. Onslow, bespeaks at once the noble mind of the writer :—" Sir,—As soon as I was acquainted with the proposal you had made in the House of Commons, in relation to my father's collection of manuscripts. I informed my mother of it, who has given the Duke of Portland and me full power to do therein as we shall think fit, though I am told the expense of collecting them was immense, and that if they were to be dispersed, they would probably sell for a great deal of money, yet as a sum has been named, and as I know it was my father's, and is my mother's intention that they should be kept together, I will not bargain with the public. I give you this trouble, therefore, to acquaint you that I am ready to accept of your preposal upon condition, that this great and valuable collection shall be kept together in a proper repository, as an addition to the Cotton Library, and to be called by the name of the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts. I hope you do me the justice to believe that I do not consider this as a sale for an adequate price, but your idea is so right and so agreeable to what I know was my father's intention, that I have a particular satisfaction in contributing all I can to facilitate the success of it,"

There are no literary names of any importance until we come to the reign of George III., but at that period we have a galaxy of them that must be quite refreshing to the female eye. The reign commences with the following letter from Queen Charlotte to Lady Charlotte Bruce, and at once bespeaks the kind and amiable character of the writer :—" My dearest Lady Charlotte, I desired my daughters to say every thing that was kind and feeling from me on Friday last, believe me I do so truly and sincerely feel for your loss that was I to say what I feel I fear I should quite upset your nerves again. That would not be so very kind an action, as I am sure you want them now for the support of your poor mother, whose real comfort can but be in you. You have so many amiable qualities, that I have no doubt you will exert as much as possible, but I beseech you do not overdo it, for over-exertion will hurt both mind and body, and the greatest proof you can give of your attachment to

your family is, that of taking care of your health, in which your friends are also interested; and at the head of that list pray place the name of your affectionate Queen and Friend *Charlotte.*"

There is much that might be said in praise of this magnificent volume, and much that might be quoted from it; it is so truly an unique production in all respects. We shall, however, conclude by earnestly commending it to the favour of our readers, and by quoting the following extracts from its deeply interesting pages:—

Mrs. CHAPONE to a Friend.—"I think it is easier to suppose we may mistake the sense of Scripture, than that we can be mistaken in believing that God will not be displeased by the involuntary doubts of an humble and sincere mind, seeking after truth, and desirous to embrace it."

CHARLOTTE SMITH to her Publishers.—"I am sensible that whatever misery tears my heart I must drudge on or see my family starve. Believe me, I envy the fate of the dead little innocent sufferer* now breathing his last beside me."

Mrs. SHERIDAN (*Mother of R. B. Sheridan*) to S. Richardson.—"The hand of friendship cannot easily check itself when engaged in the praises of an object warmly and deservedly beloved."

ELIZABETH HAMILTON to a Friend.—"There is a thoughtlessness arising from youthful vivacity and inexperience, which time itself will remedy, but the thoughtlessness arising from want of sense and feeling is incurable."

Mr. SIDDONS to a Friend.—"I am so well disposed to live in love and harmony with all mankind, that I would certainly follow your advice if I knew how to set about it properly, a strain of concession is quite out of the question indeed; I think it the highest proof of a generous mind to own a fault, having been in fault, but even the deep sense of my obligation to Lord R—— would not excuse me to my own feelings, were I in the slightest degree to apologize for incivilities I never offered."

HANNAH MOGRE to her Publishers.—"Some wretched enemy accused me of hostility to the Government. I would,

* This word is nearly obliterated by tears, which evidently fell on the ink whilst wet. It is almost impossible to look on this page without shedding a sympathising tear in return.

herefore, simply name my "Cheap Repository Tracts" for the common people, to which I entirely devoted three years of my life, when we were in danger from revolutionary principles. Two millions were sold the first year."

IT WAS NOT FOR THE DIAMOND RING.

It was not for the diamond ring upon your lily hand,—
It was not for your noble name,—it was not for your land,
I saw no gem, no lordly name, no broad domain with thee,
The day you stole my trusting heart and peace of mind
from me.

You came—I know not whence you came—we met—'twas
in the dance.
There was honey in each word of yours, and glamour in each
glance ;
Though many were around thee then, I nothing saw but him,
Before whose brow of starry sheen fresh-fallen snow were
dim.

You're gone!—it was a weary night we parted at the burn ;
You swore by all the stars above, that you should soon return ;
That you would soon return, light love ! and I your bride
should be,
But backward will the burnie roll, ere you come back
to me !

They say, that soon a smiling dame, of lineage like to
thine,
Will take thee by the fickle-hand thy falsehood placed in
mine ;
The music and the rose-red wine to greet her will appear—
For wedding-song a sigh I'll heave—for bridal pledge, a
tear.

O would that thou had'st passed me by, in coldness or in
pride !
Nor wrought this deadly wrong to her, who on thy truth
relied :
The hunter's to the greenwood gone, his spear is in its rest,
But he'll not wound the trusting dove that shelters in his
breast.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

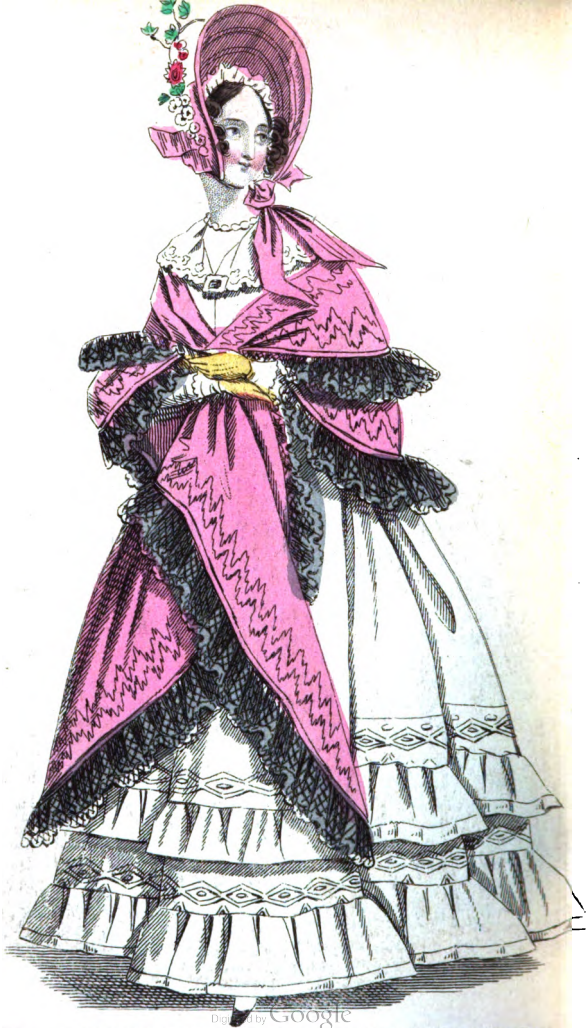
PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—India muslin robe, the border is trimmed with two flounces, surmounted by an embroidery in feather stitch. High *corsage* made close to the shape, and trimmed round the top with a fall of embroidery. Victoria sleeve Mantelet of pink *peu de soie*; it is of a novel form, and embroidered round the border in a light scroll pattern with black silk, and a full trimming of black real lace at the edge. Drawn bonnet of pink *peu de soie*. a round open brim of moderate size; the interior trimmed with *tulle* in the cap; style, a *gerbe* of flowers, and pink ribbons ornaments the crown.

EVENING DRESS.—Robe of pale blue Pekin; the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with an intermixture of blue ribbons and blond lace. The *corsage* made tight to the shape, and pointed, is also profusely trimmed with blond. Single *bouffant* sleeve, finished with a blond ruffle. The hair disposed in soft braids at the sides, and a low knot at the back of the head is ornamented with a wreath formed of intermingled *coques* of pink and blue ribbon, and a string of pearls; pearl necklace.

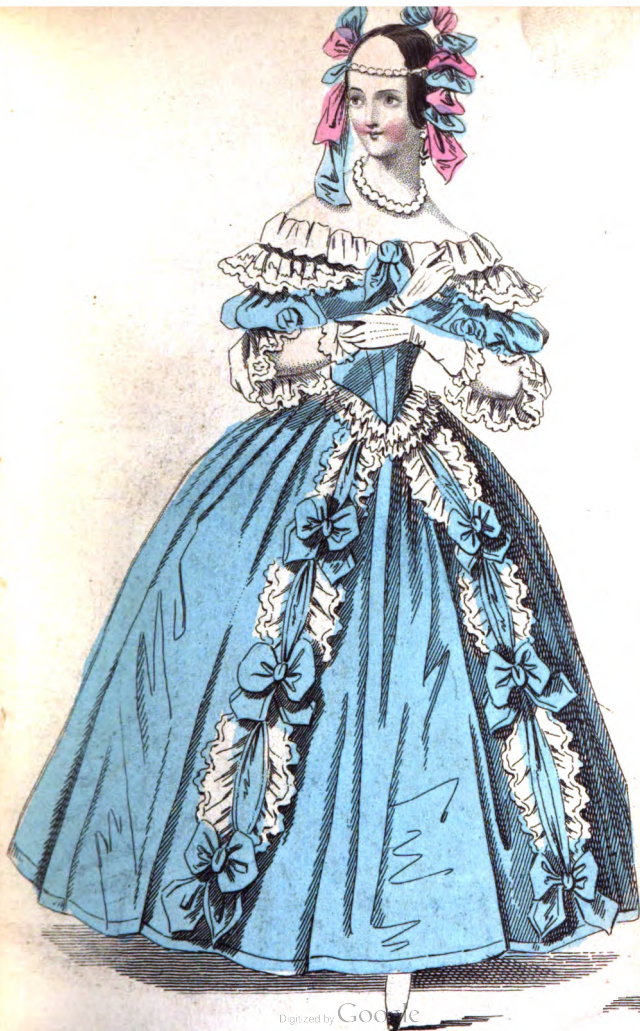
REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

This is one of the few months in the year in which Fashion appears for the moment to rest from her labours: it is as yet too early to bring forward the modes of spring, and too late to add any thing to those of winter; but, although this may be considered a general view of the case, it is not quite the fact, as our fair readers will see by the intelligence we are about to lay before them.

Out-door costume, if it does not yet exhibit novelty, shows at least, great variety; the rich but heavy mantle has disappeared, both in carriage and promenade dress; it is succeeded by mantelets, furred shawls, and cashmere ones of light spring patterns. Satin and velvet shawls trimmed with black lace, have also made their appearance, or rather we should say, their appearance; but the shawl that we may consider as a decided novelty, and one that we may venture to predict will remain in vogue during the early part of the summer, is composed of the finest cashmere of a neutral colour; it is square, of a large size, and embroidered round the border in detached bouquets of flowers in coloured chenille;



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LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.



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LONDON EVENING DRESS.

the border is rather round, and the colours very vivid ; the effect is strikingly elegant.

That delicate and ladylike fur, swansdown, begins to supersede all others in carriage-dress. We have seen several shawls, and shawl mantellets, trimmed with it ; some of the latter, which have really a claim to novelty, are made with a lappel, which forming a pelerine behind, opens *en cœur* on the bosom, and is very advantageous to the shape, swansdown is also in great favour for boas, though we still see a few sable ones.

Drawn bonnets are more in favour than they were last month ; the *ruches* of swansdown or marabouts, that were employed to trim the edge of the brims, have again given place to *tulle ruches*. Wadded bonnets appear to be quite laid aside. Although it is, as yet, too early to announce any spring head-dress as decidedly fashionable ; yet we may venture to say, that the bonnet we are about to describe, is very likely to become so ; it is composed of *pou de soie*, and must be of a light colour : those we have seen were either white or very pale rose ; the shape differs from those now worn, only by being a little smaller ; the crown is trimmed with a white lace drapery which entirely encircles it, and at the base of which is a wreath of white lilac, which meets on one side, under a tuft of lilac to correspond ; a cluster of daisies of the very smallest size, is placed in the interior of the brim over each temple. Hats do not present any great change, nor indeed could it be expected. The forms have not varied, but the trimmings are lighter than last month ; feathers are less in favour, and flowers more so. We see a great many hats trimmed with velvet flowers ; the most novel style is a sprig of either flowers or foliage, which is placed on the right side, and rising above the crown, droops over to the left. Wreaths of flowers continue to be the most fashionable trimming for the interior of the brims of hats ; but in some instances we see that it does not extend the whole length of the brim, but terminates on each side by a quilling of blond lace, or *tulle* ; in either case the trimming descends upon the cheeks as low as the chin, and is brought very forward ; this fashion, which is universally adopted, is in general an unbecoming one.

The materials of evening dress remain the same. Skirts are for the most part ornamented with flounces ; they are disposed either in two or three rows, or else arranged in dra-

pery. A good many robes, however, are made without flounces, and when that is the case, they are usually looped high on one side, in order to display the under-dress. The ornaments employed vary according to the material of the dress; those of crape or gauze are trimmed with bouquets of flowers, satins, damasks, &c. &c. are looped by ornaments composed of ribbons and blond lace, in some, instances a bouquet of marabouts, looped by an agraffe of jewellery is employed; this last style is particularly elegant. The *corsages* of dresses are cut still lower than they were in the early part of the season, and almost all square; they are a good deal ornamented, but except in the instance that we are about to describe, we do not perceive any very striking novelty. This new trimming is composed of three ribbons inserted in the shoulder-strap, and meeting in the centre of the breast; they are arranged in such a manner as to form a perfectly novel kind of drapery. We must observe that gold and silver blond lace is very much employed to ornament *corsages*; these laces, notwithstanding their extreme richness, are of singularly light and elegant patterns. Head-dresses of hair in evening-dress are arranged with much more simplicity than they have been for many seasons past. The hind hair is always arranged in a twisted knot, or one formed of platted braids, which is placed very low at the back of the head; the front hair is either dispersed in ringlets, or else in soft or open braids. But if the arrangement of *coiffures* is simple, the ornaments are sufficiently elaborate, and very various; black lace, flowers, velvet, jewellery, and gold ornaments, may any of them be employed, and two kinds are frequently united, as for instance, flowers or jewellery with black lace. A beautiful style of ornament for *coiffures en cheveux*, and one that is much in favour, is a wreath either of flower, ribbons, or jewellery, which crosses the summit of the head, and descends in a tuft on each side. The colours that will be in favour are the light shades of green and rose lilac, azure blue, straw colour, drab, and other neutral tints.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—*Pelisse* of French grey *pen de soie*. The *corsage* tight to the shape, and partially open on the



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PARIS EVENING DRESS.



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PARTS OF THE PROMENADE DRESS.

bosom. is trimmed round with a *bouillonnée*, formed by a rouleau of flame-coloured satin in the centre. This trimming descends down the front, and encircles the bottom of the skirt. *Manche à la Duchesse d'Orléans*, trimmed *en suite*. White satin hat, round brim of a moderate size, the crown rather high, but placed very far back : the crown is trimmed with white marabouts, and a knot of ribbon ; the interior of of the brim is trimmed with a wreath of flowers, from which a *gerbe* descends on each side.

EVENING DRESS.—Green velvet robe, lined with white satin, and worn over a white satin petticoat. The skirt is looped on one side by a knot of gold blond lace, which is formed by an agraffe of gold and coloured gems. Low *corsage* decorated with a pelerine fichu of gold blond lace ; short tight sleeves, finished with *manchettes en suite*. They are decorated, as is also the pelerine, with jewellery. Head-dress, an Egyptian turban bordered with gold blond lace.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

Easter Sunday, which this year falls late, has thrown our spring fashions somewhat in retard. Indeed, the number of public and private balls occupies the attention of our *élégantes* so much that they have little time to think of any thing but their ball dresses. However, we have it from good authority, that hats and bonnets will be smaller, and that some new materials will appear for both. It is also confidently said, that neither rice nor Italian straw will lose any thing of their vogue. Some spring shawls have already appeared ; they are cashmere, but of an excessively light texture, and of new and beautiful patterns. Next month we shall be able to enter more into detail on the subject of out-door dress, now let us take a glance at the toilettes in those superb re-unions, the splendour of which reminds us of the wonders of the Arabian Tales. Hold ! we must first see what is the most approved costumes for social parties.

The robes are of silks or satins of a very rich kind, but of quiet colours. The skirt as wide as usual, is trimmed with a single flounce, with a full heading, which is edged with very narrow *dentelle de soie*, the *corsage* made very high behind, and partially *en cœur* all down. The front is also edged with

blond lace, and forms in a slight degree a lappel. The sleeves are of the form styled *à la jardinière*. Caps are the favourite head-dresses with married ladies; for these parties, the prettiest are of *tul grec*, and of a very simple form, arranged in flat plaits on the forehead, and two *bouffants* on each side; a tuft of hortensia in each *bouffant*, and a wreath of the same flowers round the caul, are the ornaments employed to decorate these pretty little caps. If the *coiffure* is *en cheveux* it is often ornamented with black lace lappets intermingled with flowers; as, for instance, a sprig of roses attached on one side of the head by a knot of black lace, the ends of which fall upon the neck. Another favourite style of ornament is a knot of velvet with long floating ends; it is attached near the hind hair by two gold pins.

At the last court-ball, the robes of those ladies who danced were either of crape or *tulle*. Some of the prettiest were of citron-coloured crape, ornamented with bouquets of velvet flowers; yellow and brown intermingled, and the hair decorated with wreaths of the same flowers. A good many dresses, both of crape and *tulle*, had two skirts of the same; the one of the tunic form, the other as a robe. We may cite as an instance of this fashion, which was much admired, a dress of white *tulle*, the tunic skirt of which was trimmed with a wreath of silver flowers, the foliage being in different shades of green. Another double robe was of white gauze, trimmed with silver fringe, in such a manner as perfectly to mark the tunic. A robe of blue gauze, trimmed with flounces of the same material, had the same flounces and also the *manchettes*, which were likewise of gauze, bordered with broad *chefs-d'argent*; the effect of this trimming was strikingly elegant and original. Those ladies who did not dance were in brocades, or satins splendidly trimmed with gold or silver blond lace. The head-dresses were either toques or dress hats, many of them adorned with jewels. A great number of English ladies were present, and both in beauty and dress they were powerful rivals to the elite of the French ladies. The new spring colours are expected to be pea-green, emerald green, different shades of roses, lemon colour, lilac, both grey and red, *poussiere*, *écru*, pearl grey, cherry colour, and several fancy hues.



THE RESIDENCE OF THE AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

While in the zenith of his popularity, and towards the close of his life, Richardson, the celebrated novelist, resided in the house above represented, at Parson's green, near Hammersmith. The house has been pulled down some years, but it stood at the south-west corner, facing the road to London. The admirers of *Grandison*, *Clarissa*, and *Pamela*, will view with interest this relict of an author, whose admirers are always enthusiasts. Hence he dated many of his published letters, and here he entertained the most intellectual society of his time. Nothing could be more pleasant and cheerful than the site of the house—a pleasant green—handsome country houses, and a very cheerful road, were always present from his windows—while the gardens behind were open and spacious.

Richardson was a printer in a court in Fleet-street. His estimable character was thus drawn after his decease :—" He was a plain man, who seldom exhibited his talents in mixed company. He heard the sentiments of others with attention, but seldom gave his own ; rather desirous of gaining friendship by his modesty than his parts. Besides his being a great genius, he was truly a good man in all respects ; in his

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family, in commerce, in conversation, and in every instance of conduct. He was pious, virtuous, exemplary, benevolent, friendly, generous, and humane, to an uncommon degree; glad of every opportunity of doing good offices to his fellow-creatures in distress, and relieving many without their knowledge. His chief delight was doing good. He was highly revered and beloved by his domestics for his happy temper and discreet conduct. He had great tenderness towards his wife and children, and great condescension towards his servants. He was always very sedulous in business, and almost always employed in it; and dispatched a great deal by the prudence of his management. His turn of temper led him to improve his fortune with mechanical assiduity; and having no violent passion, nor any desire of being triflingly distinguished from others, he at last became rich, and left his family in easy independence; though his house and table, both in town and country, were ever open to his numerous friends."

BENHADAR.

BY J. K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH GIRL OF THE CORDILLERAS," "THE EVE OF ST. JOHN," &c.

A certain bashaw of Smyrna, being on his way to Constantinople, by order of the commander of the faithful, with his retinue of janissaries and servants mounted on fifty camels, arrived about noonday at a fine grove of oranges, in the midst of which a pure spring bubbled forth from beneath a rock, and wandered about like a snake in the grass, diffusing a richer tint of green wherever it passed. The camels hesitated, pricked their ears, and looked wistfully towards the gurgling waters and cooling fountains. "Halt here," said the bashaw to his troop, "and let us rest in this shade." The bashaw sat down on a rich cushion of silk, ordered his pipe to be brought, and, crossing his legs, directed his poet, or story-teller, to relate some tale to pass away the time. The poet bowed his head, and began as follows:—

A merchant of Balsora, who was called Benhadar, one day sat smoking his pipe under the shade of the pomegranates, in his garden, and amusing himself with summing up the items

of his wealth. "Let me see—I have fifty thousand piastres in merchandize with the caravan which will soon be here; I have twice that sum invested in my two ships coming from the Indies with rich spices and silks; I have eighty thousand owing to me by the great bashaw, Albacil: and my house and gardens are worth as much more. Truly Benhader, thou art rich; enjoy thyself and be happy." He was interrupted by a messenger, who came, in breathless haste, to inform him that the caravan, which was bringing his merchandize, had been overtaken by a whirlwind, and buried in the sands of the desert. Another came in equal haste, to say that his two ships had been wrecked on the isle of Serandib, where they were plundered by the natives, and their crews massacred. A third followed with the news that the great bashaw, Albacil, had fallen under the displeasure of the commander of the faithful, who had sent him the bowstring, and confiscated all his property. Here the Bashaw of Smyrna looked a little uneasy, but said nothing.

Benhadar, continued the story-teller, rolled himself in the dust in despair; he tore his head, and scattered his hair to the winds. "O Allah!" cried he, "what sort of a world is this, and what short-sighted mortals inhabit it! a moment ago, and I was happy in the imaginary possession of boundless wealth; now I am a beggar. I fancied myself rich, when I was not worth a piastre. Miserable,—miserable mortals, that we are! why cannot we know what will happen, as well as what hath happened in this world! had I known the former, I would neither have adventured my wealth to be sported with by the whirlwinds of the desert, nor the tempests of the ocean, nor, what is still more uncertain, by the freaks of fortune, who delights to pull down the pageants that she sets up. I that am a descendent of the prophet, and have the privilege of wearing a green turban, know no more of what shall take place the next moment than the camel that fears no God. Why is this, O Allah?"

"Who calls on Allah?" answered a voice that smote upon the heart of Benhadar, who gazed bewildered around.—"Who calls?" again repeated the voice. Benhadar looked towards the spot whence it seemed to come, and beheld what appeared a vast column of mist, gradually swelling into the outlines of a human figure of gigantic size. As he continued

to gaze in fixed and awful silence, it condensed by degrees into form, symmetry, and substance, brightening at the same time its dark dusky hue, till the whole face and feature shone with inconceivable brightness. With a look of mingled haughtiness and contemptuous pity, it cried out, in a voice that shook the inmost soul of Benhadar—

“Thou hast called on Allah—I am here to hear thee.—What wouldst thou, descendant of the prophet?”

“I was lamenting the wreck of my fortune,” at length replied the merchant, trembling, “and complaining to Allah that we mortals were not permitted to know the future, as well as the present and the past.”

“Well, and what if they did?” answered the genius, contemptuously.”

“They might then, peradventure, avoid the disappointment of their hopes, and be happy.”

“Thou thinkest so. Wouldst thou, O man, know the future as thou knowest the past? Reflect—for Allah has promised his prophet to grant one wish to all his posterity.—Tell me thine—but be careful; the gift will be irrevocable.”

The merchant did pause and reflect. I have it now in my power thought he, to receive back my treasures a hundred fold: but without the gift I covet, I may lose them again, as I have already done. By knowing what will happen I can at any time command wealth, as easily as I shall know how to preserve it.

“Hast thou decided?” said the genius.

“I have,” replied the merchant.

“Name thy wish—but again reflect.”

“I have made up my mind.”

“Name then thy wish; but again, and for the last time, reflect, for again I say the gift is irrevocable. What is it?”

“I wish to know all that will happen to myself and to the followers of the prophet, during my natural existence.”

“O rash, infatuated man!” cried the genius; “thou hast sealed thy doom on earth! I pity thee, but it is done. Look!” The genius then held an immense mirror, which seemed to reflect in its bosom a world like that which the merchant inhabited, teeming with every variety of occupation, and exhibiting in detached yet confused groups and compartments

all that is done and suffered by mortals. The merchant gazed and shuddered.

"All is so mingled and confused," at length he said in a low and quivering voice, "that I cannot comprehend the different parts, or select those that particularly refer to my own fate. Canst thou not separate them into distinct pictures?"

"I can," he replied. "Which wilt thou behold first,—the mutations of this world, or the vicissitudes of thy own life?"

"The mutations of the world," at length Benhadar replied, shrinking with a gathering horror from the withdrawing of that veil which was to disclose his future fate.

"Look?" cried the genius, in a withering voice, "behold, and weep, and tremble! What seest thou?"

The merchant gazed awhile, and answered, "I see a country laid waste with fire, and cities smoking in their ruins."

"Look again," said the genius, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I behold a city stormed by a vast army, bearing banners which I know not. I see them enter its gates, and now a gallant figure, wearing a crescented turban, sallies forth from a splendid palace to meet the assailants. See! now they encounter—they mix pell-mell in deadly conflict; beautiful women in the dress of my country, stand at the palace gates and windows, stretching forth their hands, and casting their eyes to heaven, as if to beseech its aid in behalf of the chosen people of Allah. See! now—now the crescent falls to the earth—the bearer of the sacred banner is slain—the gallant leader lies prostrate on the ground, bleeding and writhing in agonies; the soldiers of the prophet are mowed down like a harvest field; they falter—they turn their backs—they run. Of those bearing the cross, some engage in pursuit, others enter the palace. I hear the shrieks of the women, dragged forth into the streets by their long black hair. I see in the next moment the palace in flames—the crescent trampled in the dust, and the city a smoking ruin. My sword—my sword!" exclaimed Benhadar, carried away by the scene, "that I may revenge the wrongs of my countrymen and religion!"

"Look once again," said the genius.

Benhadar looked and saw a train of sorrowing men, women, and children, with turbaned heads, slowly marching down to the shores of a great sea, where lay at anchor a fleet of ships. As they proceeded, he could hear their sighs, sobbings, and groans of anguish, and see them looking back and clasping their hands in lingering despair, as they were driven by troops of armed soldiers, bearing the badge of the cross, and laughing exultingly at the woful scene before them. Arriving at the beach, they were pushed rudely into the boats that awaited them. He beheld two or three, as if in the mad anguish of the moment, plunge into the sea, and perish. He heard the name of Allah shouted by a thousand voices in accents of despair, as the miserable exiles were pushed up the sides of the ships. He saw the sails unfurled, the anchors weighed, and the pageant swiftly disappear, leaving the pure mirror without a single object represented in its vast surface.

"What is all this?" asked Benhadar.

"It is the history of thy countrymen in Spain," answered the genius. "The country thou sawest laid waste, is one that will be wrested from the dominion of Mahomet, by the Christian dogs, who have been for ages the slaves of the crescent; the city thou sawest stormed, sacked, and set on fire, is the capital of the caliphs of Spain; the figure which issued forth from the palace, and perished in its defence, is the caliph himself; the women, whose shrieks thou didst hear, and whose insults thou didst witness, were his wives, and the wives, sisters, and daughters, of the Abencerrages and the Zegris, the most illustrious of all thy countrymen settled in Spain."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the merchant. "But what is the meaning of the other pageant, and who are those sorrowful pilgrims I beheld embarking at the sea-side?"

"They are thy countrymen, the descendants of the mighty conquerors of Spain. After the destruction of their empire, they sought shelter in the recesses and impenetrable fastnesses of the mountains, where they were hunted like wild beasts, robbed like pilgrims in the claws of banditti, tortured for their faith, and treated like men who had forfeited the rights of nature and humanity, until at length the measure of oppression was completed by sending the wretched remnant, men,

women and children, to perish on the barren plains of Africa."

"And where was Allah—where was his prophet all this while?"

"Peace, mortal! 'twas his will," cried the genius, with a frown, and again presenting his vast mirror.

"Look again; and tell me what thou seest."

"I see vast cities and plains almost deserted, save here and there a pale staggering mortal, wandering about as if not knowing whither he is going; and now they fall to the ground, rolling about as if in the paroxysm of delirium; and now—now they stiffen and die, and their bodies become loathsome with bloches, and biles, and black malignant spots."

"Look again."

"I see in one house ten dead bodies, and not a soul alive near them. I see, in another, a miserable spotted leper, sitting like a malignant genius, contemplating with a grin of despair an audience of departed souls; all around him is nothing but death; yet he laughs,—while he is tearing his hair, and thrusting his hands into his corrupted flesh. A little further on is a man walking as if nothing was the matter with him; he staggers—he falls; he writhes in agonies, he stiffens—the angel of death has stricken him—he is dead! Close by, sits a woman, between an old man with a long white beard, and a little boy, apparently about six years old; they are both expiring. She first goes to one, and kisses and embraces him, and then she throws herself upon the bosom of the other. Now she puts her hand to their mouths—she places it on their hearts—she shrieks and falls insensibly on the body of the little boy—they are both dead. Further on I behold a mother lying dead, and an infant drawing poison from her bosom, while a wretched maniac, covered with ulcers, is laughing at it—but—" The heart of the merchant sickened, his eye grew dim, and he covered his face with his hands,—

"Spare me, O my genius, I cannot look that way any more."

"Thou hast wished, and it has been granted," replied the genius; "all must be shown, and all must be seen, ere my errand is done. What thou hast just contemplated is the plague, a scourge, which, before thou passest from this world, thou wilt behold, sweeping thy countrymen, and the followers

of thy prophet, from the face of the earth by thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions ! It will pass from plain to plain—from city to city—from nation to nation—over all the earth, which acknowledges the faith of thy prophet. It will desolate wherever it passes—the ties of kindred will be severed—the living will become the dead—populous cities will be peopled with hyenas, wolves, and foxes, and the fruitful fields grow up into thorns and briars, because there will be none left to say, this is my heritage, I will plant it with corn ; all will be dead that lived, and the tribes of the mountains shall become the heritors of the green pastures, because there is none else to inhabit them.”

“ And I shall live to see all this ? ” groaned Benhader.

“ All this, and more,” replied the genius. “ Look again.”

He looked, and saw the plains of Asia covered with a multitude of armed men, followed by crowds of women, marching over the fields, singing hallelujahs, trampling and consuming the fruits of the earth, sacking and setting fire to the cities, and smiting the turbaned heads wherever they met them. He beheld this mighty host, each one of whom bore a red cross on his garment, or his shield encountering the armies of the prophet, driving them before it with irresistible impetuosity, annihilating host after host of the soldiers of the crescent, and fattening the earth with the best blood of one half the world. He beheld famine and pestilence hovering over the progress of these conflicting powers, which was everywhere strewn with dying and dead ; and heard the wolves and vultures howling and screaming their bloody exultation, as they tore the quivering flesh, and lapped the yet smoking blood of heroes. Finally, he beheld the invaders of his country, the enemies of his religion, entering and sacking the capital of the empire ; tearing down the crescent, and substituting the cross, and the religion of his prophet giving place to that of the Nazarene.

“ Accursed mirror : ” he exclaimed, “ I will see no more ; ” and, in the rage which possessed him, he took up a stone, with an intention to break it in pieces.

“ Hold ! ” exclaimed the genius, in a voice of thunder,—“ fool ! dost thou think thou canst break the chain of fate with a pebble ? But I have shown thee what will happen to

the vast empire of Mahomet; I will now bring thee nearer thy home. Look !”

Benhadar shuddered, but was drawn by an irresistible impulse, and beheld with delight his native city of Balsora basking in the beams of a bright evening sun. Its beauteous bay was all one polished mirror, bright as burnished gold; a thousand little barques were flitting airily upon the smooth expanse; the city reared its minarets and spires as it sent forth the busy hum of a thousand careless voices, and a thousand careless happy people who were sporting in the streets, or on the sandy beach, or sat enjoying themselves at their doors.

“Happy scene!” cried Benhadar, “it almost makes amends for what I have just witnessed: it is my own Balsora.”

“Look again!” cried the genius, abruptly.

Benhadar looked, and lo! the whole scene was changed. He beheld the earth trembling as if with an ague, and the mighty gulph of Ormuz, concentrated in a single wave, rolling towards the shore in overwhelming fury. He heard a roaring and tremendous noise, as if of ten thousand chariot wheels rattling in his ear, and beheld the stately minarets waving to and fro like flexible reeds to the wind. In the next moment the inhabitants were seen rushing into the streets, shrieking and clasping their hands in agony. Fathers were seen leading their children by their hand, mothers pressing their infants to their bosom. Old age crawling forth with tottering steps and falling to the earth, overcome with weakness and terror, there to be trodden under foot by the frantic crowd. The merchant turned away in the bitterness of his heart, and when, on hearing a horrible crash, he looked once more, nor stately tower, nor towering minaret, nor swelling doom, was to be seen. In the midst of groans, and shrieks, and curses of despair, he beheld the houses splitting, and shivering and falling, to bury their former occupants in their ruins—some to be crushed to instant death, others to remain half buried, uttering their agonies in doleful groans, or piercing screams. In one place a vigorous youth was bearing away a decrepit old man upon his shoulders, when, scared by the crashing of a falling mosque, he dropped his burthen, and rushing wildly along, fell into a yawning chasm, that sud-

denly opened, and then closed upon him for ever, In another he beheld a woman standing rocking to and fro with the motion of the unsteady earth, over a pile of smoking ruins, clasping her hands, and moaning with bitter anguish, calling upon her husband and her children, who were never more to hear or answer her call. In a third, a faithful dog, unscared by the horrors around, was scratching in a pile of ruins, where his master was buried up to the chin, licking his face, and howling piteously at intervals.

"Spare me, spare me, O my genius," cried Benhadar ;
"let me see no more!"

(To be concluded.)

CAFFRE MARRIAGES.

When a female of respectable rank is to be married, an address is delivered to her by one of the elders of her clan before she leaves the home of her kindred, in which she is admonished to conduct herself as a prudent housewife, to be obedient to her husband, attentive to his aged parents, and careful of whatever is committed to her charge ; above all, to be meek and submissive when insulted, and "to remain silent even though called a witch." On arriving at the kraal of the bridegroom, she is conducted to a new hut, the young man dancing before her, and sweeping the ground with green boughs, as an intimation that she is expected to be always neat, clean and orderly in her household.

A WIFE.

When a man of sense comes to marry, it is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance ; it is a being who can counsel him, one who can reason and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate ; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joy, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is a woman who is fit for a mother and mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing-room, and attract the notice of the company ; but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to "train up a child in the way it should go."

THE VISON OF ST. PETER'S HILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARP OF INNISFAIL, ETC."

I saw no dooming star a' ove,
There is such happiness in love.— L. E. L.

Overhanging the romantic banks of the Meuse, and looking upon a champaign as well cultivated and as prettily studded with villages and steeples as eye need wish to gaze upon, is situated the wreck of a once powerful castle. The ruins are simple, and intrinsically possess little to arrest the attention; there is the crawling ivy for the bat to build his nest, and there is the mouldering aspect of decay, which preacheth to the wayfarer of the fragility of all that is human. Whatever man's hand doth erect must crumble into the dust from which it arose, and though long it may survive the architect who gave it existence, yet its final destiny must be equally perishable. In the exterior of this castle there is nothing more than serves to testify this moral to the traveller: its site is even limited, and as it stands on an isolated eminence, with the deep river flowing gently at its base, it once might have been the impregnable strong-hold of some lawless bandit or puissant baron. It lies about two miles distant from the city of Maestricht, whose turrets and spires have an imposing effect when seen from this hill: it looks over a sweeping extent of rich and fertile land, and on an elevation in the rear, appears an arsenal of artillery. The Meuse is a most picturesque stream: everywhere its banks seem formed to be the witnesses of love and peace; but in no place can it boast such a combination of graceful beauty as in the neighbourhood of Maestricht. Accordingly, the way from the city to the castle is uncommonly inviting: it lies along the waters, affording occasional glimpses of the country in perspective, and leading the walker by neat cottages, and through vine-sown gardens and bowery paths. Before gaining the castle, you arrive at a deserted chateau, looking more desolate even than the ruins which top it, but having the appearance of recent neglect. Attached to this place are several subterranean caverns, which are supposed to be objects of curiosity; and passing through a Gothic gateway, which opens into the garden that fronts the house, you may

either diverge to the entrance of one of these caves, or following the beaten tract, you may pursue your devious route, until a fatiguing ascent shall have conducted you to the acclivity, which is named "St. Peter's Hill," and on which stand the ruins to which I have made allusion.

Often and often, when the sun was sinking upon the reflective waters, and the blue, clear, continental sky, had donned the exquisite livery of evening, have I taken my solitary ramble by this placid river. The careless peasant girl would carol by, and the sound of music from the merry estaminet would greet the sluggish air, until, having cleared the ramparts, I gradually left the hum of people behind me; and as I advanced, solitude gathered more perceptibly about me. As I approached the old chateau, all concourse of mankind would entirely disappear, and with the exception of a menial driving his lazy donkey, with panniers of water, from the river to a farm-house near the castle, there would be nothing to intrude upon the most contemplative mood. I was fond of this walk, from its loneliness and romance, and not unfrequently have I allowed hour after hour to steal onward, while I rested on the top of that silent hill, admiring the prospect that lay before me, and luxuriating in all the extravagancies that the wildest fancy could represent. I was a stranger in the land, and the halls of my fathers had not seen me beneath their roof since I had first launched upon the world. Many endearing recollections would pass before me, and many dark bodings arise to disturb, and yet I loved to linger over the pleasantness of the former, even at the hazard of being exposed to the sadness of the latter.

It was one of these delicious evenings in autumn, when the spirit is induced to forget that it is of earth, and banqueting on the abundance and the glories of nature, it will seek its repose in the contemplation of nature's God; and, with a light and adoring heart, I set out to pursue my usual walk. I stood gazing on the mighty firmament, as the scattered stars began to sparkle on its floor, and watching the treckschuyt dragging its slow length quietly along the waters, from Liege, until, either subdued by bodily indisposition, or yielding to some strong somniferous inclination, drowsiness took possession of me; I sat upon the green turf, and instantly resigned myself to sleep. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, when

the god of dreams laying his wand upon my senses, compelled them into allegiance to his power. The days of chivalry presented themselves to mine eye: the tourney and the tilt bustled into ideal life; the baronial halls of knight-hood blazed before me, and there were banners floating and lances glistening; and like a last votary before those shrines where the demon of persecution hath been, I looked doubtfully around to discover if I were indeed breathing a real existence. It seemed that the castle by which I slept had been re-edified with all the circumstances of its pristine pomp about it: its "ruins hoar" laid aside their tattered garb for the splendid dress of architectural strength and grandeur, and the chieftain awakened from the slumber of the grave to the activity of the revel—had exchanged the shroud for the cuirass, and the tomb for the palace! It was, in sooth, a glorious pageant that offered itself to my view; the princely halls rang to the sound of merriment, and no lack was there of ladies' eyes, nor of harpers' notes, nor of minstrels' song. But among the festal crowd, which were passing in continued succession along the tapestried apartments, wherein I found myself, was one towards whom I felt an irresistible impulse bearing me on. She was habited in a robe of simple elegance, without any of that glaring, gaudy, and dazzling ornament with which the others were decorated: a necklace of great value hung round her beautiful neck; a most bewitching ankle sometimes showed itself from beneath her flowing garment; but a graceful veil hung over her features, as if she were anxious to allow the imagination of the spectator to supply graces where she was unwilling to disclose them. She did not mingle with her sister beauties, nor apparently did she vouchsafe attention to the flattering whispers of a gallant knight, who, for a short time, did homage at her side. On first beholding her, my curiosity was powerfully excited, and still I was ignorant of any cause why it should be so. However, following at a distance in her train, wherever she moved, I at length succeeded in being allowed to look into that face which hitherto had been concealed. Never shall I forget the feelings of that moment, when, like Alethe in the Epicurean, she raised up her veil: a flood of overpowering loveliness burst upon my visions, with the same maddening

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energy as, on a similar occasion, it had done on those of the disciple of Epicurius.

A brow like twilight's darkening line,
An eye, like morning's first sunshine,

lighting up the most seraphic symmetry and the most beaming perfection of feature that ever poet dreamed of or painter conceived, was more than I could gaze at, without kindling into warm and passionate idolatry. A new feeling seemed to glow within my heart, and in the intense worshipping of the moment I started to my feet and awoke—but not to escape from the influence of the ravishing illusion.

While I had been wandering through this fairy land, night had spread its grey mantle over the lonely castle, and although much I might have wished to linger round this haunted spot, prudential motives commanded me to retire towards the city. However the phantasies of my vision were not thus easily to be disposed of. The phantom of beauty still hovered before the mind's eye; "It was my dream by night, my thought by day," and weeks and months elapsed before I could succeed in banishing it from my imagination. My visits to St. Peter's Hill were constant, but the scene of that evening was not to be repeated; and, eventually, its recollection was also obliterated.

A year had worn away, and in the course of my peregrinations I found myself passing the winter at Frankfort-Sur-Mayne. Frankfort is a fine town, and any person who has entered it by water, from Mayence, will agree with me in pronouncing it to form a magnificent view, with its bridges and steeples peering from the distance, while the buildings on either side, constituting an apparent semicircle, look gaily down upon the river. Few continental towns offer a more central mart for business than Frankfort: its merchants are wealthy and independent, many of their habitations are palaces, the people are cheerful, hospitable, and cultivated, and some of the best German is spoken there. From these reasons I supposed that it would form agreeable winter-quarters; and, accordingly, landing my baggage at the *Hotel de Russie*, I settled myself down for the ensuing four months. Acquaintances were not long in being formed, and

my principal amusement was found in attendance on the Opera, where the orchestra is said to be one of the best in Germany. A favourite piece was to be performed, the subject borrowed from Scripture—"Joseph and his brethren,"—and the house was unusually crowded. I was in the *parterre*, and when the first act was over, instead of going out to secure some fresh air, turned round to admire the beauties, who graced the *premier rang*. Hardly, however, had I raised my glass to scrutinize them, than my attention was riveted by the same glowing features that had dazzled me in my vision on St. Peter's Hill: there they were, as animated, as pensive, and as radiant, but more real and voluptuous than my dream had painted them. Overwhelmed by the identity, my brain became confused, and before I could assure myself that there was no mistake, the curtain rose, and I was obliged to turn to the stage. When allowed an opportunity, my first impulse was to return to my examination; but when I looked again—*she* was not there.

I need not say what direction this discovery gave to my pursuits; every feeling was on the rack, every hope excited, and every passion called into play. My dream then was not a dream; it was not the visionary child of sleep, but something palpable, something living, something that was to become blended with my destinies. Hoping to learn something of the being who had thus been rendered familiar to me, I frequented all the public walks and amusements of Frankfort, but with equal ill-success. She was not to be found on the boulevards, nor in the churches, nor at any of the places where the inhabitants consort. There is a description of female club at Frankfort, which assembles during the winter months, and gives a ball every fortnight at the *Casino*, to which respectable strangers are admitted gratuitously. These balls I attended, but with continued want of fortune, until about five weeks after the rencontre at the theatre, when a German friend of mine came up and said that an English lady "*bien distinguée*," and of the most surpassing beauty, had just entered the room, and that, as he was acquainted with her, if I was disposed to dance, he would be happy to introduce me. A sudden hope flashed upon me, and I readily availed myself of his politeness. Accordingly, he conducted me into a room which lay outside that wherein we were, and

presented me to Mademoiselle ——. The drapery that hung over her exquisite figure, like that of the goddess of my dream, was elegant rather than splendid, and a veil was flung over her head and features. When my name had been mentioned, she gracefully withdrew the veil, permitting that long-sought for and most enchanting countenance to smile upon me; and as she gave me her hand, there was a tremor in it not inferior to that which I felt. We whirled through the maze of the waltz; and after a short time, she complained of fatigue, and requested that I would lead her to a chair. I presumed to take my place beside her, when I learned that she was the daughter of an English peer, who, from some cause or other, had become a voluntary exile from the land of his birth, of which she remembered little but the language.

She next said, that was not the first time when she had seen me: and she blushed and I started. However, in explanation, she said that having been at Maestricht, in the autumn, she visited St. Peter's Hill, in company with some of her family; that it was evening time, and that, while admiring the dilapidated castle, they intruded on my slumbers. The proof of part of a MS. poem, which had already been announced for publication, lay beside me; and as my name previously was not quite "unknown to fame," a peep into this stray sheet attached more interest to the sleeper than a mere stranger would have merited. This little anecdote, told in all the candour of maiden innocence, induced the relation of my dream; and while I recounted the tale, methought its lovely heroine blushed into a tenfold increase of beauty.

The next day saw me at the mansion of the Earl of—— to inquire how they felt after the exertion of the evening; for the same friend who had introduced me to the daughter repeated the kind office in regard to the father. The Lady Christina —— was burning with all the most exquisite poetry of feeling; her mind was the essence of the finest romance, and to the wild and fearless spirits of guileless youth she added all the enthusiasm and fervour of an impassioned Sappho. It is necessary to inform the reader that my visits were frequent, and their frequency soon assisted in rendering that destructive which had been incurable from the beginning. Oh! how can I look back to those days of intoxicating happi-

ness, and not bid adieu to hope and reason in contemplating the sad sequel ! If my heart should have become seared, and my affections withered, while yet "the laugh of youth adorns the cheek," and before

———"the raven locks that grace this head
Their blackest tinge for ever have shed."

I would ask, how could I have preserved them unblighted amid such a rotting pestilence ? A few hours told me that I loved : and a few weeks convinced me that I was beloved ! Time passed rapidly on ; I living in the presence of my diety, and she unthinkingly drinking at a fountain, whose waters might be the sweetest, or, perhaps, like the little brook in the Apocalypse, turned to gall after they had been tasted. During all this period, how well could I have said with that pretty poetess, L. E. L.

"Methinks might that sweet season last,
In which our first love-dream is past ;
Ere doubts and cares and jealous pain,
Are flaws in the heart's diamond-chain,
Men might forget to think on heaven,
And yet have their sweet sin forgiven !

Summer had begun to call the vineyard into red maturity, and the intreaties of Christina, united to mine, had prevailed on the Earl —— to say that our nuptials should be celebrated in Paris in the ensuing September. We both were young, and both anticipated the future with that prophetic assurance of uninterrupted happiness which young hearts are too often inclined to do. We departed from Frankfort, blessing it for the scenes which it had witnessed, and repaired to the banks of the Rhine. We visited St. Goar by moonlight, and we strayed over the ruins of Andernach, recounting each legend of the olden time, and marvelling at the deeds of modern prowess. We did homage to French valour at the tombs of Hoche and Moreau ; we gazed in admiration on the stupendous fortifications of Coblenz, and we envied the picturesque inhabitants of Bingen, their vine-clad hills and ocean river. We passed by the peaceful and lovely island of Nonenberg, left the panorama of the Seven Hills in dis-

appointment, and, for a second time, became domesticated at the uncomfortable hotel of the "Reineberg," at Cologne.

We had been journeying for a delightful fortnight on the Rhine, in all the luxury that our situation, with the fortuitous assistance which the scenery of those countries brought, could supply. The ladies of the party, however, had sustained some little fatigue from the constant motion to which they had been subjected; and, in consequence, we had resolved on remaining at Cologne for some days. Christina was in her usual high tone of spirits; and by the sweet moonlight, she would insist on promenading on the bridge of boats which stretched across the Rhine, immediately opposite the windows of the *Salle à manger* at the "Reineberg;" and there we would feel the fresh night-breeze fanning our temples, as we conjectured airy palaces for the disposal of the future.

It was after one of those walks, that she complained of not being in her accustomed good health; and in the morning her indisposition had so far increased, as to induce her not to leave her bed. It was, however, far from assuming a serious complexion; and, as her head was only slightly affected, we did not think it necessary to have recourse to medical advice. For three days the disorder seemed stationary; but, at length, suddenly became so violent, that the first opinion which Cologne could boast was found inefficacious. The physician pronounced her to be in a dangerous fever; and a few hours placed every thing beyond the reach of his skill. How can I sum up the detail? She, who had been all that makes life valuable, was cut off in the very blossoming of her hopes, and that form, which was such as might "fit a young divinity," was doomed to be served up as an early banquet for rottenness and corruption. Her obsequies were performed in the most simple manner; and her remains were laid in those striking cemeteries, outside Cologne, on the road leading to Aix-la-Chapelle. You remember them! never have I seen an abode of death where so much melancholy neatness and appealing care prevail; the little gilded crosses, the fresh chaplets, the flower wreaths, and the small plantations. As to my own feelings *they* require no explanation; it is enough to say that my heart has been left "alone in its remembering love."

Such was the tale recounted to me by an intimate friend, as, on the first of last October, we walked beneath the light of the stars, on the *Place Guillaume*, at Spa, in the Ardennes.

D. S. L.

TRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER; *Exemplified in Sketches of celebrated Women.*

NO. III.—MADAME DE SENETAIRE.

A noble-minded cultivated woman can seldom be placed in a situation where her talents and amiable qualities cannot keep pace with every exigency.

Madame de Senetaire, widow of the heroic Guy d'Exuperi, retired to the castle of Miramont, where she determined to pass the first year of mourning; but, superior to prudery, and sanctioned by the company of an aged lady, her aunt, she did not decline the visits of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. After some months were elapsed, many young cavaliers of the highest consideration for rank and martial glory paid a declared homage to her attractions. Several of them were with her in the balcony of her castle one day, when she saw Mentail, the king's lieutenant, at the head of some cavalry, dragging to prison a number of Hugonots. Madame de Senetaire shed tears, but soon recollected that shedding briny torrents would not avail the sufferers, and, turning to the preux cavaliers, said,

"You have many times complained, I give you no opportunity to prove your desire to serve me. If you are sincere, you will permit me to lead you to the deliverance of those victims. We, 'tis true, are Catholics, and they differ from us in religious tenets, but they are our fellow-beings. It is for us to consider what they suffer—not what they believe."

The nobles, thus called upon by beauty, never thought of deliberating. They were speedily armed; and the widow, equipped as an Amazon, was the first ready to mount her milk-white charger. A gold-bilted brand gleamed in the sun, waving her followers to spur their steeds against Mentail. His troops were dispersed, and the captive set free. Enraged that a woman should compel him to abandon his prey, Men-

tail collected two thousand men to besiege the castle of Miramont. He was again defeated. Henry the Third, incensed at the disgrace of his officer, sent a chosen band with orders to raze the castle of Miramont to the ground. This news spread through the province, where Madame de Senetaire was revered and beloved. The noblemen, gentlemen, and peasantry, confederated to assist her. Henry reflected with more coolness upon the hazard of embroiling his subjects for an unmanly triumph over a lovely woman, whose offence originated in humanity, the greatest charm of her sex. He withdrew his squadrons, and the lady remained unmolested

NO. IV.—MARGARET MONTROSE.

Among the Highland chiefs who zealously espoused the cause of royalty, during the period of the commonwealth of England was Douglas Montrose, a distant relation of the illustrious marquis of that name by the female side, the marquis's name being Graham.

Margaret was the favourite daughter of the Highlander ; and, from the earliest period of her life, he had trained her up so as ever to accustom her to fear God—to honour the king—and to love virtue. Thus instructed, Margaret at the age of eighteen, exhibited a fine portrait of native simplicity combined with strong powers of mind, and a degree of fortitude superior to the generality of her sex ; her grandfather was one of the most zealous preachers among the Presbyterians, and thundered out his anathemas against all who would not sign the solemn league and covenant. His son, Douglas, had been driven from the paternal mansion, on account of his avowed sentiments of loyalty.

A party of English troops, under the command of Colonel Seymour, in their march advanced to the residence of Douglas Montrose, her father, who was at that time a few miles distant ; her mother was recently deceased ; and, when the republicans invested the house, Margaret alone remained. The commander well knew the history of Douglas, and he had with him a Scotch minister who was the intimate friend of her father. It was therefore deemed expedient to exercise the greatest degree of clemency. Margaret, far from being terrified at the approach of this armed band, barricadoed as

well as she possibly could, the avenues of entrance, and presented herself at the window. At this time the Scotch minister mounted on a drum-head, and in a long harrangue, interlarded with numerous quotations from the Bible, conjured her to renounce her episcopalian heresy, and embrace the solemn league and covenant. Margaret, as soon as he had ended, opened the window, waved her handkerchief, and shouted, "Glory be to Montrose!" Colonel Seymour, astonished at the heroism and fascinated with the beauty of Margaret, solicited the minister once more to address her; adding, that if he did not succeed, he would not offer any violence, but would himself secure her obedience to the Kirk. The preacher then once more adjured her to submit to that authority which it was in vain for her further to oppose, and which it was diabolical infatuation in her, without any support, to pretend to counteract. Margaret, with a sneer of contempt, told the preacher to cease his canting nonsense, and again cried out "Montrose—Montrose—the glory of Scotland!" At this moment Colonel Seymour advanced, and bowing respectfully, requested Margaret to admit him to speak a few words with her. This was granted: Seymour was a young man of very dissolute habits, but with the exterior of great piety. "Miss Montrose," said the colonel, "you know with what authority I am invested; it is through my regard for you that your father's house has not been levelled with the ground, and your person violated. It is in your power now to avoid every danger. Hesitate not: one request I make, compliance with which ensures your safety, and that of all those appertaining to you."

"Captain," replied Margaret, "I will answer you in a few minutes: I wish to retire for that time." Upon her return, looking the captain full in the face, she said, "Wretch, what dost thou deserve for attempting to dishonour the daughter of Douglas Montrose? There is thy reward." Immediately she drew a loaded carbine from under her dress, and shot him through the head. Then rushing out of the door, she cried out, "Your captain is dead!" and, during the temporary confusion, made her escape to a neighbouring village, where she remained in disguise, unknown, until the period of King Charles the Second's restoration.

THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

BY MISS E. M. CHANDLER.

Why did ye wake me from my sleep? it was a dream of
b'iss!

And ye have torn me from that land, to pine again in
this.

Methought, beneath yon whispering trees, that I was laid to
rest,

The turf, with all its wither'd flowers, upon my cold heart
press'd.

My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—oh, would that
I might die,

So from my swelling pulse I could for ever cast them by!

And on, away o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit pass'd

Till 'neath my own banana-tree, I lighted down at last.

My cabin door, with all its flowers was still profusely gay,
As when I lightly sported there, in childhood's careless
day;

But trees, that then were sapling twigs, with broad and shaggy
bough,

Around the well-known threshold spread, a freshening cool-
ness now.

The birds, whose notes I used to hear, were shouting on the
earth,

As if to greet me back again, with their wild songs of mirth.

My own bright stream was at my feet, and how I laughed to
have

My burning lip, and cheek, and brow, in that delicious
wave.

My boy, my first-born babe, had died amid his early
hours,

And there we laid him to his sleep, among the clustering
flowers;

Yet lo! without my cottage door, he sported in his glee,

With her whose grave is far from his, beneath yon linden
tree.

I sprang to snatch them to my soul ; when, breathing out
my name,
To grasp my hand, and press my lips, a crowd of loved ones
came !

Wife, parents, children, kinsmen, friends ! the dear and lost
ones all,
With blessed words of welcome, came to greet me from my
thrall.

Forms, long unseen, were by my side ; and thrilling on my
ear,
Came cadences, from gentle tones, unheard for many a
year,
And on my cheek fond lips were press'd with true affection's
kiss—

And so ye waked me for my tears—but 'twas a dream of bliss !

UNDER THE ROSE.

"Hey, Rosa," exclaimed Emily Warton, as with a light heart, and a still lighter step, she bounded into the apartment wherein her sister was seated, pensively gazing upon an elegant Album, which lay open before her on a small rose-wood work-table,—“Hey, Rosa, why you look as melancholy this morning, as if some dreadful accident had befallen the family ; or, as if, like Juliet the second, you had been leaning against the cold balcony all night, listening to the love-lorn serenades of some hapless Romeo, and bitterly chiding your unfortunate stars for having conspired with your godfather in making you a Capulet ! Ha, ha, ha ! Upon my word, I cannot help laughing, you look so miserably woe-begone.”

"And you, Emily," replied the pensive Rosa, "seem so full of merriment, that I tremble for the reputation of our vestal choir to-night, and I would really advise you to exchange characters with Helen, and become Terpsichore ; for which, believe me, that laughing face of yours is much better adapted than for a priestess of Cybele."

"Do you *really* think so ?" archly inquired the smiling fair,—“and pray, would you have any great objection to

bear me company as Melpomene : for, as I'm your sister ; that fine tragic look of yours would appear to the best advantage shrouded in black ; especially as you would have to exhibit the deadly chalice in one hand, and a reeking dagger in the other. Moreover, *between* us, we might perhaps be able to persuade ' a certain young gentleman lately returned from his travels, to act the part of Garrick ; for 'twould be a pity, you know, to spoil so fine a picture for want of the remaining character. Shall I step and request his attendance here presently.—hey ? ”

“ As you please, Emily, only don't tease me with your arrangements, or introduce any young gentleman into my presence this morning.”

“ ‘ My arrangements ! ’ nay, surely this proposal for making muses of us all, originated with yourself. But come, let us to the Promenade, and settle the matter there to the tune of ‘ Blue Bonnets,’ or that eternal ‘ Montpellier Rondo ! ’ ”

“ I do not intend to go out at all to-day, not I,” replied Rosa, “ so you must e'en promenade alone, unless Helen or papa will consent to become your chaperon.

“ Not go out at all ! ” said the wonder-struck Emily ; “ why what, in good fortune's-name, can keep you moping here at home ? Surely there must be something very engaging in that Album of yours !—I pray let me see. So, a very pretty picture truly, well drawn, and well coloured, upon finely embossed paper, and—the leaf loose ! Why, how comes this ? Well, there, you may take your book again if you like. So, so, and here's no doubt some witty madrigal ; which since we are one of the Nine, we are, of course, duly entitled to peruse.—(*Reads.*)

A ROSE.

Doom'd to pass my days, love,
 Here in care and pain ;
 Must I never gaze, love,
 On your charms again ?
 Must I never more love,
 Cherish thoughts of thee ?—
 Dream of joys in store love,
 Pleasures yet to be ?

What though now you roam, love,
 'Neath unclouded skies,
 Careless of "sweet home," love,
 With its thousand ties :
 From this faithful heart, love,
 Though forgotten, ne'er,
 Shall your form depart love,
 Deep engraven there.

Hills may intervene, love,
 Each with Alpine brow,
 Ocean roll between, love,
 With unceasing flow ;
 Hills are not so high, love,
 Not so broad the sea,—
 But that thought will fly love,
 Over both to thee,

"So, then, this clears the mystery a little,—quite Albumatic, upon my word! Though our new Petrarch has evidently made a mistake in addressing his strain to 'a Rose,' for which I suppose we must read 'Rosa;' or perhaps he intended nothing more than that his wooing should be carried on—*under the rose!*"

"Sister," said the half-offended Rosa, "I consider you extremely rude, thus to take and read my papers, in opposition to my request; and I shall therefore be very glad if you would leave me to amuse myself alone."

"Very pretty amusement indeed, for a young lady already betrothed to a near relation."

"Me betrothed! Emily, how can you say so? But since you know this to be the case, may I take the liberty of inquiring to whom?"

"On certainly," replied the junior nymph, assuming an air of feigned importance; "I presume a certain young gentleman, who calls himself Cousin, and writes his name, Charles H. Gerard, 'expects shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss Warton,—daughter of Sir Robert Warton, baronet, of Warton-Hall, Somerset;'—which announcement is, as nearly as I can recollect, according to the most orthodox phraseology of the Morning Post!"

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"Well, this is news indeed," said Rosa, smiling at last, "seeing that the said Charles H. Gerard, hath, neither by word or look, hitherto given the said Miss Warton any reason whatever for supposing he ever intended to make her any proposals. But pray now finish the tale, and tell me where you got this information from?"

"That I will do most willingly, when you have told me who wrote you that doleful sonnet; you may rely upon my still keeping it—*under the rose*."

"Oh, doubtless; but I am not at liberty to give up all the names of my Album contributors."

"Neither am I to give up my authority," rejoined Emily, "*mais nous verrons*—There, that's Charles's knock! He is no doubt calling to enquire why we were not on the Promenade this morning, and will, I dare say, be duly ushered by papa, into your tragic presence."

"Fate forbid!" said Rosa Warton—"hasten you, Emily, and receive him—I cannot be seen to day—Say I am busy in preparing for the fancy ball."

"And for aught I know to the contrary, this may be the truth; though I strongly suspect there's more *under the rose* than hath met my eye."

"What an inquisitive girl that sister of mine is!" said our heroine, as the giddy but good natured Emily skipped out of the room to execute the commission just imposed upon her,—"and what an unfortunate thing, that these verses of poor Faulkner's should have fallen in her way at this juncture, when that spendthrift cousin of ours is laying seige to my little fortune, and when my father has been so bought over to his interest, that I feel convinced he will be deaf to any reasoning of mine against our union.—I scarcely know what step to take."

• • • • •

When evening arrived, and the party for the fancy ball had assembled in the drawing-room, Emily Warton surprised her friends by appearing before them dressed as the daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne; and never did the goddess Terpsichore find a fitter representative, or one who struck the chords of her lute with a lighter hand:—

"You see," said she, addressing Rosa, who was arrayed as a priestess of Cybele,—"I have followed your advice, and

have metamorphosed myself into a muse ; though I perceive you have not followed mine, by exchanging your vestalship for the pail of Melpomene. However, 'tis of no great consequence, since we both still belong to Grecian mythology. But pray what's the time ?—Are we not very late ?”

“ Not very,” replied Charles Gerard, who was seated hard by, “ though not a whit too soon, if we mean to dance at all to-night.”

Sir Robert now entered, with information that the carriage was waiting ; information which was gladly attended to by all, and by none more so than the goddess of music and dancing, and the fair priestess of Cybele—though for widely different reasons.

Without tarrying at all by the way, we will transport them at once to the ball-room, where the fairest of the fair, and the gayest of the gay, in well-timed movement, “ danced their many-twinkling feet.” The lively looks, and still more lively character of Emily, soon procured for her a partner ; while Rosa seemed, by her manner, rather anxious to remain a mere spectator. This, however, might not be ; and in obedience to her sire's command she was fain to accept of her cousin for the quadrille then forming ; at the close of which, her hand was solicited by a gentleman dressed like a bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest ; in whose company she strolled into the promenade room, and there appeared to forget alike the music, and the master of the ceremonies ! Another quadrille had been danced : but, intent upon the conversation of the gallant forester, Rosa Warton heeded not the influx of guests into the front saloon, until the goddess Terpsichore stole beside her, and waking her lute to a melancholy strain, accompanied it with her own sweet voice, singing,

“ Hills are not so high, love,
Not so broad the sea—
But that thought will fly love,
Over both to thee !”

“ Emily !” exclaimed the vestal, starting as from a reverie—“ where are papa and your cousin Charles ?”

“ Papa,” replied the muse of song, smiling archly, “ is in the card-room ; and as to Charles, I left him fighting his way to the tea-table, where I think we should likewise do well to

proceed—unless indeed this gentleman in the green jerkin hath any thing to say—*under the rose*."

"Pardon me, Miss Warton," said the person alluded to, "for having detained your sister, when she should have joined in the quadril."

"Oh, doubtless," replied Emily, "my sister thought it not becoming in a vestal to be seen quadrilling all night; and perchance she has been greatly amused with your tales of Robin Hood; for she is somewhat romantic at times."

For the remainder of the evening, Rosa and her light-hearted sister were engaged alternately with their cousin Charles and the gallant forester, alias Mr. George Faulkner, who having danced his last quadrille with the lively Terpsichore, was by her introduced to Sir Robert Warton, when, his rubber of whist being ending, the worthy baronet again made his appearance in the ball-room.

Next morning Mr. Faulkner, as in duty bound, called to enquire respecting the health of the Misses Warton, and after some time spent in discussing the weather question, the last evening's ball, and the "Poor Laws," with sundry other matters of infinite importance to all country gentlemen, he sat down to a game of chess, but was presently check-mated by Sir Robert, who was, in truth, a scientific player. Having thus broken through the ice of ceremony, his visits became frequent, and ere long he ventured to solicit in marriage the hand of Miss Warton; nor were his overtures, though he had every reason to expect they would have been, entirely rejected.

Three weeks had elapsed, and matrimonial arrangements were advancing fast to completion. Every room in the house, from the garret to the kitchen, bore evidence of approaching nuptials; and a very short time would now terminate the anxiety of all parties. The bridal eve hath indeed already arrived, and Miss Warton is again sitting in her own little apartment, pensive as when first introduced to the notice of our readers, and before her lies a letter but newly sealed, for lo! the taper is still burning beside it.

"Why, Rosa," said Sir Robert, who now entered unobserved, "you look as lamentable as though your lover had left you to run away with some pennyless girl to Gtreta

Green!—but I warrant you he's not such a fool; and no doubt he will be able to show sufficient cause for his tarrying a little beyond his time. Why, what's all this about?—a letter to G. J. Faulkner, Esq! Marry, very pretty goings on indeed, miss! And pray what have you to write to G. J. Faulkner, about?"

"That seems a strange question, sir," replied Rosa, "for my father to ask, on the eve of my marriage with that gentleman!"

"Your marriage with that gentleman, indeed! What, then you purpose becoming the wife of two husbands, hey? I wonder what your cousin will say to such an arrangement—ha! ha! ha!"

"And pray, sir, may I permitted to enquire what my cousin has to do in the matter; for I presume I am accountable for my conduct to him alone whom you have approved of for my husband, namely, Mr. George Faulkner!"

"How! I approved of Mr. Faulkner for *your* husband!" said Sir Robert, in a tone of mingled anger and surprise—"Why, girl, you must be mad to have dreamt such a thing, when Mr. Faulkner was paying court to Emily, by whom he was first introduced to me!"

"I never had the least reason, sir," meekly answered Miss Warton, "to suppose he ever paid court to my sister; and unless you are really joking with me, there must be some strange mistake in the matter."

"Joking! mistake!—why, girl do you suppose I am as mad as yourself? I tell you Charles Gerard is to be your husband, and no one else. But I'll soon set this business to rights: where's Emily?—joking indeed!"

So saying, Sir Robert abruptly made his exit, leaving his daughter not less perplexed than her father. But why protract our tale? The conclusion, no doubt has been anticipated by the reader. Rosa was determined;—her sister disavowed all intention to deceive: and as Sir Robert desired only the happiness of his child, he consented, after a short time, to the union of Rosa and Mr. Faulkner.

WEDDED LOVE.

BY JAMES NACK.

I may not call to grandeur's hall,
 The lady of my heart ;
 I have not power, or wealthy dower,
 My true love to impart :
 I bid her from a sphere to come
 That far is mine above,
 Yet shall not this impair the bliss,
 That hails our wedded love.

She will not grieve a home to leave
 Magnificent in pride,
 To share my lot in lowly cot,
 Obscurely there to hide ;
 Though desolate of every friend
 Save me and God above,
 Oh, ne'er shall this impair the bliss
 That hails our wedded love.

She has been nursed among the first
 And proudest of the land,
 Where from the head all danger fled,
 At Fortune's magic wand ;
 But ill my bower in stormy hour
 Can shield my gentle dove,
 Yet shall not this impair the bliss,
 That hails our wedded love.

I every day a tender lay,
 Will waken to her name,
 And every night to the throne of might,
 Shall kneel to bless the same
 For years and years, through smiles and tears,
 I'll prize her all above :
 And well shall this insure the bliss
 That hails our wedded love.



LONDON DINNER DRESS.



A FRAGMENT.

BY CHARLES MAY.

I saw him smile—but 'twas amid the storm
 Of Fortune, and the wreck of splendour when
 Gaunt Poverty uprear'd her giant form,
 And the vile calumny of worse than men
 Sought from its height a tow'ring soul to shake.
 He smil'd—but 'twas the struggle of a proud,
 A master spirit of the envious crowd,
 That every effort foil'd, a yielding sigh to wake.
 He wept—the mighty mind was humbled low—
 But, oh ! 'twas when the hand of Friendship rais'd
 The fallen fabric of his hopes. On woe,
 On blighted joys, the *Man* unnerv'd had gaz'd ;
 But when the sun-beams of fair Truth away
 Chas'd the dark mists of error, and again
 Exhorted him, o'erflowing Feeling then
 The softness of his soul compell'd him to betray.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS—*Pelisse* robe of apple green *gros de Naples*, the front of the skirt is ornamented with a trimming composed of rouleaus of the same colour interlaced in a very novel style ; this trimming is continued upon the *corsage*, but much smaller. The *corsage* is tight to the shape, and partially open in front, the sleeve disposed in bouillons of moderate size at the top, partially full in the centre, and fitting nearly close at the bottom, is also ornamented with rouleaus, collar, and cuffs of embroidered muslin. Bonnet of rose-coloured *pou de soie*, the edge of the brim is finished with a novel trimming of the same material : it is of moderate size and rather open ; the crown is placed far back, the trimming consists of ribbons to correspond, and a few flowers intermingled with blond lace in the interior of the brim.

DINNER DRESS.—Robe of evening lemon colour *pou de soie* ; the *corsage* is cut low, close to the shape, and slightly pointed ; it is partially covered by a *pelerine fichu de tulle*, trimmed with blond lace, which is ornamented with two knots of ribbon ; a third is placed at the bottom of the waist, which is finished also with a superb end and tassels. Skirt full ; sleeve terminated by a blond lace *manchette*. Turban com

posed of satin striped gauze, decorated on one side with gold ornaments.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

We hasten to present our fair readers with all the intelligence we have been able to obtain respecting the summer fashions, and we flatter ourselves that, notwithstanding they are this year more than usually in retard, we shall present them with some valuable intelligence. The small French cottage bonnets, so fashionable a few years ago, under the name of *bibi*, are revived; but we do not think they will be generally adopted. We can, however, assert with certainty, that they will be worn by some, though perhaps but few ladies of very high rank, for we have already seen some composed of *pou de soie*, and even of crape, that were remarkable for their elegant simplicity. The colour of these bonnets were citron, azure blue, lilac, and white. Some had the interior of the brim ornamented with cherry-coloured roses, citron acacia, or pale blue volulilis. Others were trimmed with *roses trémières*, persian lilac, or cherry-coloured velvet. Drawn bonnets are always adopted in complete *négligé*; they are composed of *pou de soie*, and we observe that white and pearl grey are the most in request. The brims are decidedly smaller, open over the forehead, but close at the sides, they are simply trimmed with ribbons on the crowns, and a good many are ornamented at the edge of the brim with a *tulle ruche*, and a quilling of *tulle* in the cap style next the face.

Half dress hats are this season very different in shape to what they were in the winter, very open just over the forehead, but small if we except the Italian straw hats, which are of moderate size. Although flowers are generally adopted, yet we see several hats, both of Italian and rice straw, trimmed with birds of Paradise, or ostrich feathers. Where flowers are employed, all those of the season are in request, particularly violets and lilies. They are not arranged as formerly, in bouquets, but disposed in palms, or *gerles*, or drooping on one side.

The most elegant novelty for carriage dress are the Constantine shawls, they are plain Cashmeres of various colours, of the very finest kind, finished with a beautiful fringe, which is surmounted by two or three *chefs d'er*. We need hardly ob-

serve that these are too elegant for the promenade, for which a variety of shawls have appeared. The most novel are those of a half transparent material, resembling *l'achemirienne*; it is also of various colours, with the borders either finished with fringe, or embroidered in very light patterns. Pelisse robes with *mantelets* of the same are very much in request in carriage dress. The most elegant as well as novel among them, are those of embroidered muslin, lined with coloured *gros de Naples* the embroidery encircles the border of the skirt and rises *en tablier* on the front of it. The *mantelet*, which is also embroidered round the border, is trimmed with lace; it descends in the rounded shawl form behind, is cut out very much at the sides, and terminates in points before. For ladies who do not choose to go to very great expense, a dress of this kind trimmed with *bouillons* instead of lace or embroidery, is extremely pretty, particularly if a coloured ribbon is passed through the *bouillons*.

Foulards, taffetas, and *Madras de soie* are very much in favour in morning dress, as are also some new kinds of *mousselin de laine*. Peignoirs and pelisse robes are both adopted in morning dress, but the latter are unquestionably the most in vogue for the moment, they are made to open on the side, and the *corsage* cut a little *en cœur*.

Striped and figured silks, *pou de soie*, and a variety of rich and beautiful materials have appeared for dinner dress; these robes are all made with the *corsage* half high, and either crossed or draped. The majority are trimmed with flounces, and when we add, that the width of the skirts is even augmented, we are sure our fair readers will agreed with us that these trimmings are sadly displaced: in effect nothing can be more disadvantageous for the generality of figures, but it is the fashion, and there is a spell in that word that reconciles one to any caprice of *la mode*. The long sleeves, the most generally adopted, are those *à la jardinière*, they are made now somewhat wider than they have been, and are varied a good deal at the lower part. Some are terminated by a narrow plait a *ruche*, a turned up cuff, or one of the busar kind, with a row of small gilt buttons. The upper part of the sleeve is ornamented with full bands of the material of the robe, placed very close to each other.

We may cite among the prettiest of the new evening head-

dresses, some small hats of rose, blue, or white crape, the crown is trimmed with marabouts, either white or panachés, placed on one side; or else a sprig of flowers of a very light kind, which droops gracefully. The interior of the brim is trimmed with a narrow *ruche* of tulle, or a deep blond, slightly gathered, which rises *en aurcole* round the face. Fashionable colours are green and grey of a great variety of shades, azure blue, straw colour, lilac, cherry, drab, and all the delicate shades of roses.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS EVENING DRESS.—Pink pekin robe, worn over a white satin petticoat: it is made to open down one side, but closed by *pieces* of ribbon and gold ornaments. *Low corsage* of the *demi cœur* form, and short tight sleeves, finished with blond lace *manchettes*. The *mantelet* is blond lace, and trimmed with the same. The hair, dressed in bands at the sides and a cluster of ringlets behind, is decorated with an intermixture of white blond and black velvet, and a golden arrow.

PARIS DINNER OR CARRIAGE DRESS.—Blue *gros de Naples* robe, trimmed with three flounces,; the upper one disposed in the tunic style. *Low corsage*, made with a falling lappel, trimmed *en suite*. Victoria sleeve. Rice straw hat, an *aurcole* brim, decorated with pink *tulle* and roses, and finished with a *niche* at the edge. The crown is trimmed with ribbon, terminated by rich tassels.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

The unusual coldness of the season has rendered the promenade of Longchamps much less brilliant than was expected; enough, however, of novelty has appeared there to enable us to present our fair readers with some very pretty models, and also to give them some valuable information for the beginning of the season.

A great number of summer shawls have appeared. Square ones of French cashmere, of a slight kind, but beautifully embroidered in detached bouquets of flowers, seem likely to be in request, but not so much so as China crape shawls; these





latter are indeed by far the most elegant of all the fancy shawls that have appeared for some years ; they are embroidered in novel and very striking patterns in silk of the same colour, but a shade deeper ; or else in coloured silks ; and they are the same on both sides. This style of work, which has totally superseded their being figured in the loom, renders them of course very expensive. We have seen some worked both in wreathes and detached sprigs of flowers most beautifully shaded ; these are not, however, so general as those worked in silk a little darker than the ground. *Mantelets* seem to be in equal favour with shawls, but very few of what may be called summer *mantelets* have yet appeared. Those of black and coloured silk, trimmed with black lace, are revived, white and coloured *pou de soie* ones, trimmed with swansdown, are also very generally adopted. Some few of white silk, embroidered in colours round the border, either in a wreath of flowers or foilage, or else in Egyptian patterns, have appeared at Longchamps, and also some of Organdy, embroidered in coloured worsteds, but we cannot yet say how far they are likely to be generally in favour.

The brims both of hats and bonnets have suffered a certain diminution ; we cannot indeed say that they are as yet very small, but there is reason to believe that they will be considerably diminished during the summer. An attempt is making to revive the *bibi*, so very fashionable some years ago, but it is not likely to succeed. Bonnets of the drawn kind retain their vogue, they begin again to be trimmed in the interior with *ruches* ; these latter are indeed so pretty and becoming an accessory, that it would be a pity to renounce it. Those bonnets that are not drawn are frequently trimmed with lace instead of ribbons or flowers ; this style of trimming, though very costly, is by no means elegant, but it may be rendered exceedingly so, by a slight intermixture of either flowers or ribbons. *Pou de soie* is the only material used for silk bonnets ; white, straw colour, and *ecru* are the hues adopted for *negligés*, and roses or blue for half-dress, but white is in favour for both. Sewed straw is also in request for bonnets, and some new kinds of fancy straw are spoken of as likely to be in favour, but none have yet appeared.

Italian and rice straw will enjoy this season, their usual vogue for hats, particularly the former ; but it will be less

generally adopted than the latter, because its extravagant price puts it out of the reach of ladies of moderate fortune. The change in the form of hats, though visible, is not very striking; the crown is placed rather far back, the brim still standing out from the face, but not near so much so as in the winter; is very shallow in front, comparatively ~~standing~~ ^{receding}, to what it has been, but wide and descending low at the sides. The most novel style of trimming for the interior of the brim, is a flower on one side, a ribbon twisted across the forehead, and some light *coques* of ribbon on the opposite side. This shape is adopted also for straw hats, and even for those of Italian straw, but as the latter are so exceedingly expensive, several have the brims turned up in folds behind, in order to save its being cut. Hats of Italian straw are usually trimmed either with ribbons figured in two colours, and a long ostrich feather, shaded to correspond, or a bouquet of ~~flowers~~ ^{flowers}. The early flowers of the season are employed for silk and rice straw hats, and we see some of the latter decorated with birds of Paradise. The ribbons for both are figured in small, but very rich patterns, some in two colours, others in a variety of rich and very vivid hues, among which we distinguish a great variety of shades of green. We may place in the first rank of the materials for *negligé*, the new *mousselines de laine*; but we must observe that it is with them, as with Italian straw hats, only those of the most expensive kind are considered fashionable, and they must also be of the patterns that have just appeared. Silks are also in favour for *negligés*, particularly foulards and pèkinets. Some of the most elegant of the half-dress materials are a mixture of silk and wool; they are not, however, likely to be so much in favour, at least during the early part of the season, as *pou de soie glace* or striped; or silks, either figured, flowered, shaded, or double sided. As to the forms of robes, there is as yet but little change, and we do not believe that much is expected. Pelisses made open in front, and worn over embroidered muslin dresses, are the most in favour for the promenade. Fashionable colours are those which we cited last month, with the addition of several new shades of green, and two or three fancy colours, which have a tendency to grey.



BENHADAR.

BY J. K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH GIRL OF THE CORDILLERAS," "THE EVE OF ST. JOHN," &c.

(Concluded from page 154.)

"Look again!" cried the genius, in a commanding voice.

He looked; the city disappeared, and in its place a black impenetrable mist obscured the whole scene. As it slowly passed away, Benhadar distinguished nothing but a dark sulphurous lake, over which the birds of prey were skimming and screaming, and darting downwards on the dead bodies floating on its surface. There was silence and death, where, not an hour before, all was life, hope, and hilarity. There was a dead sea in the place of a living world.

The merchant shuddered and bowed his head, and wept. "And is this all?" at length he cried; "is this the end of the most glorious of the works of man? Is it thus that my beautiful native city shall perish from the face of the earth, and be swallowed up in stinking waters? Is it thus that the friends of my youth, the companions of my manhood, are destined to be crushed in the falling ruins of their own man-

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sions, and buried in the waters of oblivion, or devoured by birds of prey? O Allah! why dost thou suffer this? Tell me, O terrible genius! why is all this permitted?"

"Peace!" cried the genius, in an awful voice; "permitted! it is ordered. Allah permits nothing; every thing that happens is by his express command. But I have only promised to show thee what is; thou art unworthy to know more."

"But my wife and children!" exclaimed Benhadar with a sudden recollection; "they, too, have perished!—let me go, let me go, and see what hath become of them!"

"Stop," cried the other; "what thou hast seen will happen when thou, and thy wife, and thy children, are far—far away. But for thy presumptuous wish thou wouldst never have witnessed this scene."

"Where shall we be?" answered the merchant, "and yet I beseech thee not to show me. I have seen enough and more than enough. Spare me the rest, and I will humble myself to the dust. I dare not see any more."

"It is too late—behold!"

The merchant looked, and it seemed to him that he saw his family happily engaged in domestic pleasures and pastimes,—his wife at her embroidery, his little daughter playing with a kitten, and his favourite boy eating sweetmeats, with a face overspread with laughing blushes of health. His heart expanded at the sight, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"Happy scene! happy mother! happy children! and still more happy father! I thank thee, O my genius! this sight repays me for all I have seen."

"Look again!"

The merchant looked, and saw a beautiful youth, whom he did not know, in the hands of a party of Turkish soldiers, who were tearing him away from the embraces of an aged woman, and the clings of a lovely girl, whose tears and shrieks mingled with those of the matron. The young man made no resistance; but silently and sullenly submitted to be carried off by the soldiers.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Benhadar.

"Be silent,—ask no questions, but observe;" replied the genius.

The scene, now represented in the mirror, was that of a field of battle. The cross waved high in the banners of one party; the crescent as proudly floated in those of the other. A dead and silent stillness, like that which precedes and follows death, reigned over both hosts, and stood marshalled in stiffened ranks, bristling with spears, and gorgeous with waving plumes of a thousand dies. On a sudden, the trumpets brayed, the cymbals clanged, the horses neighed, the dust rose in clouds, and the work of death began. Blood spirted from a thousand hearts, and groans broke from thousands of maimed wretches, trampled upon by friends and foes. All was horror, confusion, exultation, and dismay; and such scenes of carnage presented themselves in quick succession, that the merchant for a moment withdrew his eyes:—but it was only for a moment. A shout rent the skies, and again he turned towards the mirror. The crescent had stooped to the dust; the turbans of the faithful were flying in every direction across the field, the dark iron-cased Franks in their rear, and a youth was seen on a swift horse bearing away the standard of the prophet, on which the existence of the empire of the faithful is supposed to depend. He smoked athwart the plain, his horse flying like the wind, and raising a long cloud of dust behind him, while a single Frank, on a horse equally, nay, still more fleet, was following close in his rear, gaining at every leap. On a sudden, the bearer of the standard dexterously reined in his horse, wheeled him in an instant, fixed himself high and firm in the stirrup, and as the pursuing Frank glanced past him like lightning, unable to arrest his speed, dealt him a quick blow with his sabre, which made his head leap from his shoulders. Again the youth wheeled and fled across the plain, pursued by a body of four or five, bearing the sign of the cross, and shouting, “Deus vult! Deus vult!” in his rear. The horse of the bearer of the standard of the prophet now began to relax in his speed, and the others to gain upon him. They neared—they approached—they overtook him; and one of the pursuers struck a blow which lopped off the arm of the young Mussulman, and with it fell the standard. The youth turned to recover it, and with the sabre in his right hand, maintained a momentary fight, but was soon cut down by the Franks,

who, raising the sacred flag, with shouts of triumph, returned to the tent of the leader of the army of the cross

"He defended it bravely," at length exclaimed the merchant, who had watched the progress of the chase in breathless agitation. "Though he lost the standard, he yielded it only with his life, and the prophet will bless him."

As he again turned his eyes towards the mirror, the scene was entirely changed. A rich and gorgeous tent was seen, almost filled with bashaws, splendidly attired, and surrounded by bands of Turkish soldiers, apparently in great agitation. In the midst of the officers and bashaws, bound hand and foot, stood the youth who had defended the standard of the prophet, pale, silent, and stern. The sleeve of his jacket hung loosely down from his left shoulder, showing that no arm was there; his leg was bound up with ligaments, and across his high forehead was a broad red scar, that seemed scarcely healed up.

"Oh! how I am rejoiced," cried Benhadar; "doubtless he is brought into the sultan's tent to receive his reward."

"He is, indeed," answered the genius. "Listen!"

Benhadar listened, and heard the young man charged with cowardice, in delivering up the standard of the prophet, and thus endangering the existence of the empire of the faithful, by transgressing the law which ordains no Mussulman shall surrender it but with his life. "What hast thou to say?" cried the commander of the host of the faithful, to the young man.

"I surrendered it only with life," replied he calmly; "my life was at least suspended when they tore it from me."

"Thou sayest so—who else will answer for thee?" said he, looking round as if for an answer. No one answered.

"Thou art unfortunate, if thou sayest true: but the sacred standard was taken from thee, and thou art alive. Let the son of Benhadar, of Belsora, die!"

"Let the son of Benhadar die!" shouted the circle of bashaws.

"Let the son of Benhadar die!" shouted the multitude without the tent; and the bowsring was placed about his neck.

The merchant, on hearing this, started away as if possessed

by a frenzy, crying out, "Stop! stop! in the name of Allah and the prophet! I will answer for him—I saw him defend the sacred standard—I saw his arm drop with it to the ground, the hand still clenching it—I saw him fall, fighting, from his horse, and fighting as he fell—I saw him cut to pieces—I saw him—die!" faintly added the merchant, sinking down as the bowstring did its work, and the youth calmly, without a struggle, yielded his life.

Benhadar lay some time without sense or motion, and as he slowly revived, he cast a shuddering, avoiding look, towards the mirror, which again presented a pure and polished surface, without spot or blemish.

"'Twas but a dream!" sighed Benhadar.

"'Twas not a dream!" replied the genius. "Look again!"

The eyes of the merchant were directed by an irresistible power to the mirror.

On the margin of one of those rare springs, which, at long distances, gush forth in the desert, and under the shade of the trees, which never fail to mark the spot where these blessed fountains are found, sat a middle-aged matron, supporting the pale emaciated fainting form of an old one, who seemed gasping for breath. She was holding a cup of water to her lips, and seemed to be beseeching her to drink: but it was all in vain. The old woman turned away her head, then tried again, but it would not do:—the angel of death had smote her. Her head by degrees sunk down on her bosom; she tried to raise it; it fell again, and never rose more. A shriek from the other proclaimed that all was over.

The survivor sat for a while wringing her hands, and kissing the cold cheek of the dead; then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she started up, and proceeding a little distance into the grove, began to dig with her hands into the sands. Having scooped out a hole, she returned, and, lifting the dead body, carried and deposited it there; then lingering a few moments, and gazing upon the face of the departed, she filled up the grave, and sat down upon it, disconsolate. The night set in—the wind moaned across the desert—the quick lightnings leaped back and forth from cloud to cloud, and the thunders muttered at a long distance. As the hours advanced, the howling of wild beasts was heard to mingle with

the dread music of midnight, advancing nearer and nearer to the green oasis. A flash of lightning enabled Benhadar to see a tiger slowly creeping towards the spot where sat the disconsolate woman. His eyes shone like coals of fire, in anticipation of his approaching prey, and he licked his lips in savage gluttony. Taking advantage of the intervals of darkness between the flashes of lightning, he crawled nigher and nigher still; then crouching low, gathered his strength for a mortal leap.

At this moment loud shouts broke on the dead silence of the night. The tiger paused, looked round, apprehensively, then snuffed his prey, as if unwilling to leave it, and darted over the sands with the speed of a whirlwind. The shouts were repeated, nearer at hand, mingled with sounds of music, and in less than a quarter of an hour a troop of Arabs was seen approaching towards the spring.

"Allah be praised!" cried Benhadar; "the poor woman has escaped this time."

"Look to the end, before thou rejoicest," replied the genius: "Behold!"

Benhadar looked, and beheld a ship sailing pleasantly before the wind, with her sails set gallantly, and thought of his own vessels wrecked on the coast of Serandib. The deck was animated with busy figures passing to and fro; and, as he gazed more attentively, he could see a richly dressed woman under a canopy, on the quarter-deck, surrounded by female attendants. Benhadar suddenly exclaimed—

"Tell me, oh, my genius, do I not see the same woman, who sat on the grave at the spring in the desert?"

"The same," answered the genius. "She was rescued from the hands of the Arabs, and is the favourite wife of the Bashaw of Epirus, now on the way to his government."

As the genius spoke, Benhadar saw a vessel approaching at a distance, and at the same time an appearance of great commotion in the ship, on board of which was the bashaw and his train. The confusion increased as the other vessel approached, and a hail passed between them. The strange vessel then bore up right across the bow of the other, and, as if by accident, caught by her rigging. In an instant a hundred figures started up from the deck of the stranger, and rushed on board the bashaw's ship, sabre in hand, crying—

Down with the Mussulmans!—down with the enemies of the cross! A scene of bloody commotion ensued. “**Pirates! pirates!**” shouted the Mussulmans, and stood upon their defence, determined to sell every drop of blood at its full price. The bashaw, with his attendants, guarded the canopy under which sat the lady and her women, surrounding a little boy of four or five years old. Long and desperate was the conflict; but the pirates were three to one; and finally, the bashaw being cut down, the captain of his ship lying covered with wounds upon deck, and not a Mussulman left unhurt to defend the ship, all resistance ceased. A scene of plunder, outrage, lust, and pollution, then ensued, too horrible to describe, and only to be judged of by the shrieks, and groans, and supplications of the females, which rent the air. At length they were brought out from the pavilion.

“**They are Turkish women,**” said the leader of the pirates. “**We cannot sell them at home—we dare not let them go.**”

“**To the sea with them!**” shouted the crew.

They then tied them, one by one, in bags, and threw them overboard, leaving the bashaw’s wife to the last. She stood holding her little boy in her hand, and hovering over him with speechless anguish in her eye.

“**O part us not, I beseech you, if you are men! In the name of Allah, do not part a mother and her only child!**”

“**Fear not,**” replied the ruffian chief, “**you shall not be parted.**” She sunk on his knees, embraced his legs, kissed his feet, and thanked him in the name of the prophet, while he stood with a smile of bitter meaning, as he looked down on the bleeding body of the Bashaw of Epirus.

“**Your husband, too—’tis pity you should be separated,**” said he, making a sign to the surrounding miscreants. They brought a huge bag, into which they tossed the dead body; then seizing the boy, thrust him in after it, in spite of his screams and those of his mother. “**I offer you your choice,**” said the ruffian chief: “**wilt thou accompany thy husband and thy child?**”

She clasped her hands, looked up to heaven, crying, “**Allah! Allah!**” and then pausing a moment, exclaimed, in a firm unshaken voice,

“**I will! the daughter of Benhadar, of Balsora, will not desert her husband and her child! I am ready!**”

They thrust her into the sack, and Benhadar saw no more. A dimness came over his eyes—the sea seemed to turn upside down, and dance in the firmament, as he reeled and fell to the earth.

The wretched Benhadar lay some time insensible to the horrors of his future fate, until the voice of the genius awoke him to a recollection of his misery.

“Away!” cried he, in the madness of reckless despair; “away! thou art no messenger from Allah, but a demon in disguise! Begone, and leave me, minister of the powers of darkness!”

“Look again!” cried the genius.

Another look presented a rude rocky dell, overshadowed with trees, through which ran a foaming torrent, dashing tumultuously from ledge to ledge, and losing itself at length in a deep abyss. Seated on a moss-covered bank, as if enjoying the cool shade and the music of the waters, the merchant saw a person richly dressed, sparkling with chains of gold and dazzling jewels. At a little distance behind him, and hid from his view, lurked a ferocious figure, whose dress, manner, and look, distinctly indicated his intentions. From time to time he peered over the rock which intervened betwixt him and the figure on the mossy seat, like a watchful wary tiger, waiting a favourable moment to spring upon his prey. Presently, the sitting figure seemed overcome with lassitude; it gradually reclined upon the projecting side of the rock on which it sat, nodded backwards and forwards a few moments, then sunk its head on its crossing arms, and seemed to be asleep. At the same instant, the lurking villain, springing from his retreat, plunged a dagger in the heart of the sleeper, and, rifling all the chains and jewels, precipitately retreated into the recesses of the dell.

Benhadar shuddered; but, ere he had time to make any remarks, his attention was arrested by new objects. He beheld the same assassin revelling with the spoils of his crime, in the midst of a crew of bravos and lascivious women, whose looks and gestures too surely indicated the last stage of human depravity. Lascivious songs, mingled with cursings and blasphemings, and stories of horrible crimes that shocked humanity, arose from the polluted receptacle of murderers, and those who shared their spoils, and the whole scene was

such as makes the blood of innocence shudder and run cold. As the passions of the wretched actors become stimulated by maddening draughts of intoxication, their boisterous merriment gave place to violent contentions. The men unsheathed their daggers, while the women,—some stimulated their rage, and others clung, shrieking about them, essaying to hold their hands, or avert their mad indiscriminate blows. The scene became too horrible, and Benhadar turned his eyes away, sorrowing to think that such exhibitions formed a part of the drama of human life.

When he again turned his eye towards the mirror, it represented but a single solitary figure — a decrepid old man, bent almost to the earth, ragged and wretched, led by a little dog and a string. The haggardness of incurable misery was imprinted upon his cadaverous face; his tottering limbs wavered tremulously, as if on the point of surrendering the care-worn body to the dust from whence it came; and the staff on which he leaned rocked to and fro, like a reed trembling in the breeze. As he turned his face from time to time towards the heavens, the deep tenantless sockets proclaimed that his sight was as dark as his fate.—He was stone blind. Led by his dog, the aged beggar passed on from door to door, bending his body still lower than it was bent by poverty and years. He seemed to be asking charity; but his petitions were met with ridicule, scorn, abuse, and sometimes violence. At length, he was rudely thrust from the door of a house Benhadar recognised as having belonged to an old friend, and fell headlong into the street, from whence a stranger more good-natured raised him up, and sent him on his wretched pilgrimage again.

“Poor wretch!” exclaimed Benhadar feeling in his pocket, and pulling out a piaster; “Poor wretch! his course is almost run.”

“He has yet another scene to play,” replied the genius; “Behold!”

Benhadar looked, and saw the same miserable old man in a paroxysm of raving madness. He was tearing his tattered garments, and scattering his few white hairs to the wind, in howling fantastic exultation. He rolled himself upon the ground, alternately laughing and shrieking: he scattered the

sands on his bare head, and filled his mouth with the dust, as he buried his furrowed face in the earth. Then, as if inspired with new vigour, he started on his feet, and striking furiously about with his staff, at length dealt a blow which laid his dog dead at his feet, and essayed to pass forward on the way. In a few moments he missed his accustomed guide, and, passing his hand along the string till it reached the dog at the other end, he ascertained that he was dead. The conviction appeared to bring him back to himself a little while. He raised the poor animal in his arms, caressed, kissed, and mourned over it as over a lost child. The momentary energy of madness subsided into helpless imbecility, and death closed the scene. The old maniac and his dog lay by the side of each other.

"Miserable man!" exclaimed Benhadar, lost in the scene; "miserable man! but Allah be praised, his sufferings are at an end!"

"His sufferings are not at an end, they are just beginning," cried the genius. "Knowest thou that wretched old man?"

"Alas! no," replied the merchant, "how should I know him?"

"'Tis the same wretch thou sawest stab the sleeping stranger in the rocky dell; 'tis the same wretch thou didst behold revelling among robbers and lascivious women; and that wretch is Benhadar, of Balsora."

Benhadar stood for a while stiffened with horror, unable to withdraw his eyes from the wretched old beggar, whom he saw taken up rudely, thrown into a cart, and buried in the Potters'-field among outcasts. At length a thought seemed to strike him, and he exclaimed, exultingly,—

"Allah be praised! I know all this beforehand, and will take measures in time to avoid these calamities. Blessed are those who are wise in the future!"

"Presumptuous fool!" answered the genius: "dost thou believe that to escape from evil it is only necessary to foresee it?—dost thou think fate is a spaniel, to obey thy will, and crouch at thy bidding. Know, O wretched merchant! that thou hast gained by thy knowledge nothing but the misery of anticipating what thou canst not avoid. Allah has vouchsafed,

as the descendant of his prophet, to let thee see to what thou art doomed ; but not even for the prophet himself will he alter that doom."

As the genius uttered these terrible words, he disappeared, leaving the merchant in despair. He joined his family, and received their caresses in silent agony ; for he remembered the old woman of the desert, the adventure of the sacred standard, the scene of the pirates, and, last of all, the murderer—beggar—maniac. He wandered whole days in the solitudes of the tombs, without the city gates, whence he returned only to weep over his children. His wife tenderly inquired what was the matter with him, his children sought by a thousand caresses and tender assiduities to make him smile, and his friends condoled with him in his misfortunes. All availed nothing ; he could not endure the present for his anticipations of the future, and gradually sunk into the abyss of despair—enjoying nothing—hoping nothing.

One day, he sat in the same spot from which he had beheld the horrible scenes of his future state, recalling them, one by one, in sad succession to his shrinking memory,

"O Allah!" at length he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "why cannot I die? It is better to perish, than thus to live!"

"Who calls?" cried the same terrible voice he had heard in the same spot, at the same hour, exactly a year before. He looked, and saw the same majestic figure gradually evolving itself from the dark mist. "Who calls?"

"The most miserable of men," answered the merchant.

"What wantest thou, Benhadar?"

"To die."

"Art thou then tired of thy present existence?"

"No—but of the future. Take me, O Allah! from this miserable life!"

"Thy wish is granted," cried the genius: "Behold!"

Benhadar looked, and saw the angel of death approaching towards him, clothed in all his terrors. He shook his terrible dart, and held an empty hour-glass to show that his sand was run out. Lightning was in his bright sunken eye, that shone like a lamp in some dark recess, and his lip was curled in scorn of weak mortality. In his train followed the terrible ministers of his wrath—disease, writhing in agony,—remorse,

devouring his own heart,—despair, turning his dagger upon himself,—fever, counting his quickening pulses, and old age lagging in the rear, looking wistfully behind, as if meditating to skulk away, and suffer yet a little longer the lingering nothingness of a burthensome existence. The merchant covered his face to shut out these appalling spectres.

“Art thou ready?” cried the genius.

“Not yet—not yet,” replied Benhadar; “I wish to settle my affairs, to take leave of my wife and children, and to beseech the prophet to bless them.”

“It is too late now—death cannot wait thy time: at this moment millions of breathing mortals have their hours numbered—fate cannot stop for thee—prepare!”

The angel of death advanced towards the shrinking merchant, who essayed to fly, but was rivetted to the spot; each step he approached, the heart of the merchant beat weaker and weaker, and the intervals of breathing became lengthened;—his knees trembled—the cold clammy dews condensed upon his forehead in big round drops—his eyes grew dim—his breath was as if it came from some icy cavern—and, as the angel touched him with his dart, he sunk to the earth without sense or motion.

In this state he was carried into his house, and laid upon a couch, where he remained for some hours. At length he awoke to a perception of his present situation; but of the past, so far as it related to the genius, the pageantry of the vast mirror, and the visit of the angel of death, he remembered nothing:—all had faded from his memory as if it had never been. Benhadar rose from his couch, and whatever misfortunes afterwards befel him, they were not embittered by the horrors of anticipation.

“The moral of thy story is just,” said the Bashaw of Smyrna; “and yet I wish I knew what the commander of the faithful wants of me at Constantinople.” So saying, he mounted his camel, and proceeded on his journey at the head of his attendants.

J. K. P.

ON VIEWING THE DEAD BODY OF A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

There is a smile upon that cheek—
Those lips would seem almost to speak ;
Calm is that look, that brow is fair,
The flaxen ringlet wantons there !
And well those features sweet we trace,
Which hover on that angel face ;
He seems enwrapt in slumber deep—
Ah, Edwin ! 'tis thy long, last sleep !

The chill of death is on that cheek—
Those lips shall never silence break ;
No soul is in that cherub smile,
Illusive charm, and lovely guile !
The eye has shot its final spark,
The liquid, lustrous orb, is dark !
And swift must every feature fly
From the soft face of infancy !

And now—the kiss of agony,
“ Whose touch thrills with mortality,”
The Parents give—but who shall tell
The anguish of that fond farewell !
Yet, from the grave's mysterious night
That form again shall spring to light.
E'en now in yon eternal rest,
The unearthly mansion of the blest,
The uncloth'd Spirit joins the hymn
Swelling from burning seraphim :
And were our passport to the skies
As his—then speed each hour that flies,
And Earth, let each successive Sun
“ Swift rise—swift set—be bright, and done.”

THE CRUSADER.

The Christian forces had been lying before Antioch so long that the besiegers and the besieged were equally tired of a contest which brought advantage to neither. Their mutual wants led these fierce enemies to a better understanding than anything else could have done; and a truce was agreed upon, that the horrors of a continual and sanguinary warfare might at least have some respite. A treaty was made, and solemnly sworn to; religious ceremonies ratified the compact; and there was no doubt that its stipulations would be fulfilled just so long as it suited neither of the parties to violate them.

The gates of Antioch were at once thrown open, and an unrestricted intercourse took place between the army of the Christians and the defenders of Antioch. The leaders of the Croises wandered at will throughout the city, and their presence soon became so familiar as to excite scarcely any observation.

Among the boldest warriors in the field, and among the idlest saunterers when quiet times prevailed, was Sir Stephen Vermandois. By way of beguiling the heavy hours which the cessation of his ordinary military duties had thrown upon his hands, he amused himself by wandering, unattended, through the streets of Antioch. One evening he had been walking onward, opening his eyes, and wondering at every thing that came in his way, when he suddenly found himself in a quarter of the city much less populous than any he had before seen. The houses were surrounded by walls, and were less thickly placed than those in other parts of the city. There was a kind of privileged look about them, and Sir Stephen concluded, without hesitation, that they must be inhabited by the better order of the people of Antioch.

As he walked beside the garden walls of one of them, which appeared to be of great extent, he heard the voice of women; and, without being impertinent, he was willing enough to meet with some adventure which might vary the tediousness of his present life. He listened again; he was sure it was a woman's voice he heard; and, with the help of a palm tree, the tall branches of which afforded him the means of climbing, he was soon on the top of the wall. Below he



Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by J. Goodyear.

THE CRUSADER.

saw two females; one appeared, by her figure (for her face was obscured from view, owing to her position), to be quite young; the other had reached a more advanced period of life. That which astonished him the most was, to perceive that their dresses were of the European fashion. He looked again, and saw that the younger of the ladies was in tears, and that the other was consoling her. This was enough to reouse a less sensitive person than the Crusader. He descended the wall rapidly; and, approaching them, soon quieted the alarm which his sudden appearance had created, by explaining his name and rank, and offering his services to remove the cause of the lady's grief.

In some situations a few words suffice to inspire mutual confidence. The elder of the ladies explained to Sir Stephen that she was the attendant of the other, who was the daughter of Sir Baldwin de Courtenay, a celebrated leader, who had died soon after the first arrival of the Crusaders. He had, however, previously formed an union with an Armenian Christian, by whom he had the Lady Violetta. Soon after the birth of this child he had died, and the brother of his wife had taken charge of the poor lady and her infant. That infant had now ripened into womanhood, and her present grief was occasioned by her uncle's announcement that he had entered into a treaty of marriage for her with a leader of his own nation. This uncle was a man as well known to Sir Stephen as to all the other Christian leaders, and he had long been engaged in a traitorous correspondence with the besiegers. His name was Phirouz, and he was the head of the celebrated tribe of Benni Ferri, or the armour makers; he had great weight among the people of his own persuasion, of whom there were many in Antioch. By intrigue and rapacity he had collected immense possessions; and still, such was his avarice, that he left no means untried to increase his stores.

Sir Stephen was interested by the fate of the young lady. He already hated Phirouz, and he would have pitied any human being under the Armenian's control; but, when he saw how beautiful she was, and listened to the enchanting music of her voice, a softer sentiment prevailed, and he found that her form had made a deeper impression on him than any fair one had yet produced. As he was a man of few words

and great honesty, he soon told her so. It is hardly necessary in these days, when the science of making love is so matured that our readers know all about it quite as well as we do, to describe the course of Sir Stephen's declaration, or the Lady Violetta's blushes, and hesitations, and consent. The good Blanche, who, as all abigails in her place would be, was delighted at this occurrence, and at the prospect which it presented of getting free from the tyranny of Phirouz, did every thing in her power to encourage the lovers. They separated, with a promise on his part to renew his visit on the following evening. Several evenings passed in this manner, but not without Phirouz, whose servants were all spies upon each other, being apprized of the fact. One evening when the lovers were wandering through the luxuriant garden, Blanche remaining at a proper distance behind them, the head of the tribe of Benni made his appearance suddenly before them. Instead of reproaching Sir Stephen with having clandestinely entered his gardens, he professed the utmost delight at seeing him, and did not allude, unless when the curl on his lip betrayed the sarcasm which he dared not utter, to the manner of his introduction. This was by no means satisfactory to Sir Stephen. He knew that the Armenian must be displeased; and, although this did not disturb him a jot, he would not permit the appearance of a deception to remain. He told him, shortly, that his intention was to thwart the plans he had laid for marrying his niece, because she had never seen her intended husband—because she suspected he was a Jew, and because she had plighted her affections to him (Sir Stephen).

All this Phirouz listened to with unmoved gravity; he declined giving any reply to the Crusader's proposition as regarded his niece, because he said she could not yet know whether she loved him (the Lady Violetta's heart gave the lie to this); and he protested that he had no immediate intention of marrying her at all, and certainly none of marrying her against her inclination. Never was a speech which he who uttered, and they who heard it knew to be, from the beginning to the end, a falsehood, heard with more patience. After some further conversation Sir Stephen took his leave, with the understanding that his visits were to be as frequent as he chose, but not again over the garden wall.

Before parting, Violetta took an opportunity of assuring him, with great agitation, that she was sure her uncle had laid a plan for his destruction. There was something peculiar in his manner which they who were often with him always observed when one of his diabolical plans was on foot. She bade him be cautious, and promised that she would send a guide, on whom he might rely, to conduct him out of the city. He laughed at her fears, and bade her farewell.

Some few hundred paces from the house of Phirouz, he perceived a misshapen dwarf, who, approaching him, put into his hand a small casket, with a significant look. Sir Stephen opened it, and saw it was a portrait of Violetta. He concluded, therefore, this was the guide she had spoken of. He asked him if it were so; the poor wretch opened his mouth in a manner which convinced Sir Stephen that he had lost his tongue. At the same time he made a sign that the knight should go on, and he preceded him at a rapid pace. This was faster than Sir Stephen liked to walk, and he would fain have slackened his speed once or twice; but the gestures of the dwarf convinced him that there was some reason for his haste. It was now just nightfall when they reached a large Mosque. The dwarf looked anxiously at each pillar, as if expecting some one to start from them. He drew near the Crusader; and, by a sudden spring at his neck, brought him down on one knee. Before the knight could get his hand on his dagger he heard the twang of a cross-bow, and felt the quarrel whiz over his head. It occurred to him immediately that the dwarf had seen his danger, and had averted it; but, with the rapidity of lightning, he had disappeared. Sir Stephen saw his rush behind one of the large columns; he heard a struggle, and something fell heavily. The dwarf issued immediately from the pillar, holding a large poniard, from which the blood fell in large drops. He drew the knight a pace or two forward, and showed him, by one of the lamps, a man lying weltering in his blood. A significant glance at his poniard told that he had slain the fellow; and, as he pointed to the cross-bow, which had fallen from his hand, and to Phirouz' insignia embroidered on his vest, Sir Stephen guessed the reason. All this was the work of a moment; and the dwarf, without allowing Sir Stephen to stay,

hurried him onward to the gate, where his esquires and his horses were waiting for him.

Sir Stephen reached the camp, burning with indignation against Phirouz, who he did not doubt was the contriver of this attempt against his life; and resolved to go the next day into Antioch, and fetch the Lady Violetta away in spite of the Armenian.

The morrow, however, brought other employment for him. A messenger had arrived the day before, with information that a splendid present of a silk tent, from one of the friendly Saracen potentates to Godfrey of Boulogne, the Christian leader, was on its way, and a guard had been ordered out to meet it. This duty fell upon Sir Stephen; but, as there was not the slightest probability that the truce could be broken, no thought of danger occurred to him, and he prepared to set out, postponing till the next day, but not therefore relaxing in his intention of punishing the treachery of Phirouz. He had proceeded about half a league on his way to the point, at which he was to await the arrival of the Saracens, when, as he was riding slowly behind his troop, who were just entering a defile, his attention was arrested by something falling on his casque. He looked up, and saw upon one of the branches of a tree, which overhung the road, the dwarf who had saved him on the preceding evening from assassination. There was an expression of alarm and anxiety in his countenance as he threw down, upon the knight's saddle bow, a ~~rose~~ branch, from which the leaves had all been plucked, with a sprig of aconite twisted round it. Sir Stephen had lived long enough in the East to know that this was a signal of some danger at hand: he looked again, but the dwarf had disappeared. He had fifteen chosen men of his own troop with him, and he cared little for any danger he was likely to meet with; but even the caution which the dwarf's threat had at first inspired him with, was wholly removed, when he reached the appointed spot without accident. He halted his men, and awaited the coming of the Saracens. The sun was almost intolerably scorching, and the tired soldiers had dismounted and unbuckled their armour, and were talking beside the fountain. On a sudden a noise was heard, and, before half of them could leap on their horses, they were attacked by a large body of Saracens, issuing from the wood

at their backs. The Christians made such defence as they could, but it was in vain : if they had been prepared, they must have fallen under the onset of such numbers as now attacked them. Sir Stephen had dismounted, but had not divested himself of his armour. He performed prodigies of valour, and many of the Saracens fell beneath his ponderous mace. At length a bolt struck him, and he fell. The fight was immediately at an end ; the Christians, such of them as could, took to instant flight ; and the Saracens drew off without plundering the slain, as was their usual practice.

An hour had elapsed since the fight, and the Saracens had disappeared from the field, when the dwarf appeared, searching anxiously among the slain. At length he found the body of Sir Stephen, and having, with great difficulty, disencumbered it of the crowd of corpses around, he drew it out to another part of the plain, and placed it at the foot of a tree. He ascertained that life was not extinct, and proceeded to staunch the wounds, and to pour down the Crusader's throat a balsam which he drew from his vest. At length his cares were rewarded, and the knight opened his eyes. The dwarf made a sign to him to be silent ; and, placing him in as convenient a posture as was possible, he hastened across the plain.

The Lady Violetta knew Phirouz, who never forgave any one who thwarted his plans, and was convinced that he had resolved upon the king's death. The poor dumb creature, whom she had made use of to protect her lover from the attack of the assassin, had also enabled her to learn the nature of Phirouz' other plan. He had procured, by means of intrigue, that Sir Stephen should be sent to meet the escort, which he had made it believed would arrive a day earlier than he knew it could be at the appointed spot ; and had planned the attack upon him by a band of Saracens whom he held in pay. The attempt of the dwarf to apprise him is already known. When the Lady Violetta heard that Sir Stephen was gone forth, she knew there was little chance of his escaping the plot that had been laid for him ; and she preferred any danger to remaining longer under the control of Phirouz. It was not difficult to persuade Blanche to accompany her, and, conducted by the dwarf, they reached a chapel in the neighbourhood of the fatal spot. Here the

dwarf left them, until he had found Sir Stephen ; and, as soon as he had restored him to consciousness, he ran back to apprise them of his success, and seek the necessary succour.

With anxious and trembling steps the Lady Violetta hurried to the spot which the dwarf had pointed out, where a scene of horror and carnage met her eyes. At any other time such a sight would have made her blood curdle ; but such was now her eagerness to find Sir Stephen, that she scarcely observed it. Seated on the grass, and his back supported by the trunk of a tree, the exhausted Crusader reclined. His eyes were closed, and his relaxed limbs gave him all the appearance of being dead. In his right hand he held the miniature which Violetta had sent him ; and this proof of his affection, in the very moment of death, excited a violent passion of grief in the lady. Her feelings overpowered her, and she sank into Blanche's arms. Soon, however, recovering herself, she knelt by the side of the wounded knight, and watched, with the deepest anxiety, his slow and painful breathing, not daring to utter a word, which might rouse him, and perhaps add to the exhaustion under which he was suffering.

A very short time had elapsed before the dwarf returned. He had met upon the road some of Sir Stephen's troop, whom the news had reached, and who had come out to rescue their master's body ; for of saving his life they had no hope. A litter was quickly formed, and the knight was borne back to his quarters. The Lady Violetta, overcoming the timidity of her temper, demanded an interview with Godfrey of Boulogne, to whom she related her disastrous history, and who immediately granted her his protection. The knight's wounds were not dangerous, and he was soon able to claim his bride. The marriage festival was celebrated with great pomp, in the presence of the assembled army ; when, just as Sir Stephen was leading his bride from the altar, a blow was struck at him by an unknown man, who had mingled with the soldiers, and who had thus approached very near. But for the dwarf the blow would have taken place ; but he, catching the fellow's arm with one hand, held him by the throat with the other, until he was secured by the soldiers. He confessed that Phirouz was his employer ; and added, that he had sworn the death of Sir Stephen. This vow was ill kept, for

in the course of the following week an attack was made on Antioch ; Sir Stephen's soldiers remembering their master's obligations to Phirouz, directed their assault to the quarter in which he commanded ; and he was soon found and slain. Sir Stephen, tired of the crusade, carried his bride home to his domain, in the fruitful province of Burgundy ; where he lived for the rest of his days as happily, and as quietly, as the feudal institutions would permit.

THE DUTCH MAIDEN.

FROM THE DUTCH OF JOHN VAN HEEMSKERK.

Ah, lovely maiden ! why so long
Unkindly hast thou spurn'd my love ?
When shall my true, my mournful song,
So oft repeated, pity move ?

Seest thou yon glorious Rhine that flows,
Careering proudly, glittering bright ?
No wave that in the sunshine glows,
Once pass'd, again shall cheer my sight.

Ah ! so, believe me, life must fly ;
Ah ! so, believe me, beauty fade ;
Nor wealth, couldst thou rich hoards supply,
Time's rapid footstep o'er has stay'd.

Thy buoyant life, thy beauty, then,
Enjoy while they are surely thine ;
Wait not to call them back again,
Or o'er neglected hours repine.

Now, all around, love's purple light
Its bless'd enchantment strives to throw ;
Oh ! would'st thou linger till the night
Of death has shrouded all below.

TRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER;

Exemplified in Sketches of celebrated Women.

NO. V.—CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Had Charlotte Corday lived in the days of the Greek or Roman republics, the action which has given celebrity to her name would have elevated her memory to the highest rank of civic virtue. The Christian moralist judges of such deeds by a different standard. The meek spirit of the Saviour's religion raises its voice against murder of every denomination, leaving to Divine Providence the infliction of its will upon men like Marat, whom, for wise and inscrutable purposes, it sends, from time to time, as scourges upon the earth. In the present instance, Charlotte Corday anticipated the course of nature but a few weeks, perhaps only a few days; for Marat, when she killed him, was already stricken with mortal disease. Fully admitting, as I sincerely do, the Christian precept in its most comprehensive sense, I am bound to say, nevertheless, that Charlotte Corday's error arose from the noblest and most exalted feelings of the human heart; that she deliberately sacrificed her life to the purest love of her country, unsullied by private feelings of any kind: and that having expiated her error by a public execution, the motive by which she was actuated, and the lofty heroism she displayed, entitle her to the admiration of posterity.

Marie Adelaide Charlotte, daughter of Jean François Corday d'Armans, and Charlotte Godier, his wife, was born in 1768, at St. Saturnin, near Seez, in Normandy. Her family belonged to the Norman nobility, of which it was not one of the least ancient, and she was descended, on the female side, from the great Corneille. She was educated at the Abbey of the Holy Trinity at Caen, and from her earliest youth evinced superior intellectual endowments.

From a peculiar bent of mind very uncommon in females, especially at that period, Charlotte Corday devoted herself to the study of politics and the theory of government. Strongly tinctured with the philosophy of the last century, and deeply read in ancient history, she had formed notions of pure republicanism which she hoped to see realized in her own country. A friend at first to the revolution, she exulted

in the opening dawn of freedom ; but when she saw this dawn overcast by the want of energy of the Girondins, the mean and unprincipled conduct of the Feuillans, and the sanguinary ferocity of the Mountain party, she thought only of the means of averting the calamities which threatened again to enslave the French people.

On the overthrow of the Girondins and their expulsion from the Convention, Charlotte Corday was residing at Caen, with her relation Madame de Broteville. She had always been an enthusiastic admirer of the federal principles of this party, so eloquently developed in their writings, and had looked up to them as the saviours of France. She was therefore not prepared for the weakness, and even pusillanimity which they afterwards displayed.

The Girondist representatives sought refuge in the department of Calvados, where they called upon every patriot to take up arms in defence of freedom. On their approach to Caen, Charlotte Corday, at the head of the young girls of that city, bearing crowns and flowers, went out to meet them. The civic crown was presented to Lanjuinais, and Charlotte herself placed it upon his head, a circumstance which must constitute not the least interesting recollection of Lanjuinais' life.

Marat was, at this period, the ostensible chief of the Mountain party, and the most sanguinary of its members. He was a monster of hideous deformity both in mind and person ; his lank and distorted features covered with leprosy, and his vulgar and ferocious leer, were a true index of the passions which worked in his odious mind. A series of unparalleled atrocities had raised him to the highest power with his party ; and though he professed to be merely passive in the revolutionary government, his word was law with the Convention, and his fiat irrevocable. In every thing relating to the acquisition of wealth, he was incorruptible, and even gloried in his poverty. But the immense influence he had acquired turned his brain, and he gave full range to the evil propensities of his nature, now unchecked by any authority. He had formed principles of political faith in which, perhaps, he sincerely believed, but which were founded upon his inherent love of blood, and his hatred of every human being who evinced talents or virtue above his fellow-men. The

guillotine was not only the altar of the distorted thing he worshipped under the name of Liberty, but it was also the instrument of his pleasures: for his highest gratification was the writhings of the victim who fell under its axe. Even Robespierre attempted to check this unquenchable thirst of human blood, but in vain: opposition only excited Marat to greater atrocities. With rage depicted in his livid features, and with the howl of a demoniac, he would loudly declare that rivers of blood could alone purify the land, and must therefore flow. In his paper entitled "*L'Ami du Peuple*," he denounced all those whom he had doomed to death, and the guillotine spared none whom he designated.

Charlotte Corday having read his assertion in this journal, that three hundred thousand heads were requisite to consolidate the liberties of the French people, could not contain her feelings. Her cheeks flushed with indignation:

"What!" she exclaimed, "is there not in the whole country a man bold enough to kill this monster?"

Meanwhile, an insurrection against the ruling faction was in progress, and the exiled deputies had established a central assembly at Caen, to direct its operations. Charlotte Corday, accompanied by her father, regularly attended the sittings of this assembly, where her striking beauty rendered her the more remarkable, because, from the retired life she led, she was previously unknown to any of the members.

Though the eloquence of the Girondins was here powerfully displayed, their actions but little corresponded with it. A liberating army had been formed in the department, and placed under the command of General Felix Wimpfen. But neither this general nor the deputies took any measures worthy of the cause: their proceedings were spiritless and emasculate, and excited, without checking, the faction in power. Marat denounced the Girondins in his paper, and demanded their death as necessary for the safety of the republic.

Charlotte Corday was deeply afflicted at the nerveless measures of the expelled deputies, and imagining that, if she could succeed in destroying Marat, the fall of his party must necessarily ensue, she determined to offer up her own life for the good of her country. She accordingly called on Barbaroux, one of the Girondist leaders, with whom she was not personally acquainted, and requested a letter of introduction to M.

Duperret, a deputy favourable to the Girondins, and then at Paris. Having also requested Barbaroux to keep her secret, she wrote to her father, stating, that she had resolved to emigrate to England, and had set out privately for that country, where alone she could live in safety.

She arrived at Paris in the beginning of July 1793, and immediately called upon M. Duperet. But she found this deputy as devoid of energy as of talent, and therefore only made use of him to assist her in transacting some private business.

A day or two after her arrival, an incident occurred, which is worthy of a place here.

Being at the Tuileries, she seated herself upon a bench in the garden. A little boy, attracted no doubt by the smile with which she greeted him, enlisted her as a companion of his gambols. Encouraged by her caresses, he thrust his hand into her half-open pocket and drew forth a small pistol.

"What toy is this?" said he.

"It is a toy," Charlotte replied, "which may prove very useful in these times."

So saying, she quickly concealed the weapon, and looking round to see whether she was observed, immediately left the garden.

On the 11th of July, Charlotte Corday attended the sitting of the Convention, with a determination to shoot Marat in the midst of the assembly. But he was too ill to leave his house; and she had to listen to a long tirade against the Girondins, made by Cambon, in a report on the state of the country.

On the 12th, at nine o'clock in the evening, she called on M. Prud'homme, a historian of considerable talent and strict veracity, with whose writings on the revolution she had been much struck.

"No one properly understands the state of France," said she, with the accent of true patriotism; "your writings alone have made impression upon me, and that is the reason why I have called upon you. Freedom, as you understand it, is for all conditions and opinions. You feel, in a word, that you have a country. All the other writers on the events of the day are partial, and full of empty declamation; they are wholly guided by factions, or, what is worse, by coteries."

M. Prud'homme says that, in this interview, Charlotte Corday appeared to him a woman of most elevated mind and striking talent.

The day after this visit, she went to the Palais Royal and bought a sharp-pointed carving-knife, with a black sheath.

On her return to the hotel in which she lived—Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Augustins—she made her preparations for the deed she intended to commit next day. Having put her papers in order, she placed a certificate of her baptism in a red pocket-book, in order to take it with her, and thus establish her identity. This she did because she had resolved to make no attempt to escape, and was therefore certain she should leave Marat's house for the conciergerie, preparatory to her appearing before the revolutionary tribunal.

Next morning, the 14th, taking with her the knife she had purchased, and her red pocket-book, she proceeded to Marat's residence, at No. 18, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. The representative was ill, and could not be seen, and Charlotte's entreaties for admittance on the most urgent business were unavailing. She therefore withdrew, and wrote the following note, which she herself delivered to Marat's servant:—

“CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVE,

“I am just arrived from Caen. Your well-known patriotism leads me to presume that you will be glad to be made acquainted with what is passing in that part of the republic. I will call on you again in the course of the day; have the goodness to give orders that I may be admitted, and grant me a few minutes' conversation. I have important secrets to reveal to you.

“CHARLOTTE CORDAY.”

At seven o'clock in the evening she returned, and reached Marat's antechamber; but the woman who waited upon him refused to admit her to the monster's presence. Marat, however, who was in a bath in the next room, hearing the voice of a young girl, and little thinking she had come to deprive him of life, ordered that she should be shown in. Charlotte seated herself by the side of the bath. The conversation ran upon the disturbances in the department of Calvados, and Charlotte, fixing her eyes upon Marat's countenance as if to scrutinize his most secret thoughts, pronounced the names of several of the Girondist deputies.

"They shall soon be arrested," he cried with a howl of rage, "and executed the same day."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when Charlotte's knife was buried in his bosom.

"Help!" he cried, "help! I am murdered." He died immediately.

Charlotte might have escaped, but she had no such intention. She had undertaken what she conceived a meritorious action, and was resolved to stay and ascertain whether her aim had been sure. In a short time, the screams of Marat's servant brought a crowd of people into the room. Some of them beat and ill-used her, but, the Members of the Section having arrived, she placed herself under their protection. They were all struck with her extraordinary beauty, as well as with the calm and lofty heroism that beamed from her countenance. Accustomed as they were to the shedding of human blood, they could not behold unmoved this beautiful girl, who had not yet reached her twenty-fifth year, standing before them with unblenching eye, but with modest dignity, awaiting their fiat of death for a deed which she imagined would save her country from destruction. At length Danton arrived, and treated her with the most debasing indignity, to which she only opposed silent contempt. She was then dragged into the street, placed in a coach, and Drouet was directed to conduct her to the conciergerie. On her way thither, she was attacked by the infuriated multitude. Here for the first time she evinced symptoms of alarm. The possibility of being torn to pieces in the streets, and her mutilated limbs dragged through the kennel and made a sport of by the ferocious rabble, had never before occurred to her imagination. The thought now struck her with dismay, and aroused all her feelings of female delicacy. The firmness of Drouet, however, saved her, and she thanked him warmly.

"Not that I feared to die," she said; "but it was repugnant to my woman's nature to be torn to pieces before every body."

Whilst she was at the conciergerie, a great many persons obtained leave to see her, and all felt the most enthusiastic admiration on beholding a young creature of surpassing loveliness, with endowments that did honour to her sex, and a loftiness of heroism to which few of the stronger sex have

attained, who had deliberately executed that which no man in the country had resolution to attempt, though the whole nation wished it, and calmly given up her life for the public weal.

Charlotte's examination before the revolutionary tribunal is remarkable for the dignified simplicity of her answers. I shall only mention one, which deserves to be handed down to posterity.

"Accused," said the President, "how happened it that thou couldst reach the heart at the very first blow? Hadst thou been practising beforehand?"

Charlotte cast an indescribable look at the questioner.

"Indignation had roused my heart," she replied, "and it showed me the way to his."

When sentence of death was passed on her, and all her property declared forfeited to the state, she turned to her counsel, M. Chauveau Lagarde:

"I cannot, sir, sufficiently thank you," she said, "for the noble and delicate manner in which you have defended me; and I will at once give you a proof of my gratitude. I have now nothing in the world, and I bequeath to you the few debts I have contracted in my prison. Pray discharge them for me."

When the executioner came to make preparations for her execution, she entreated him not to cut off her hair.

"It shall not be in your way," she said; and taking her stay-lace she tied her thick and beautiful hair on the top of her head, so as not to impede the stroke of the axe.

In her last moments, she refused the assistance of a priest; and upon this is founded a charge of her being an infidel. But there is nothing to justify so foul a blot upon her memory. Charlotte Corday had opened her mind, erroneously perhaps, to freedom of thought in religion as well as in politics. Deeply read in the philosophic writings of the day, she had formed her own notions of faith. She certainly rejected the communion of the Roman Church; and it may be asked whether the conduct of the hierarchy of France before the revolution was calculated to convince her that she was in error? But because she refused the aid of man as a mediator between her and God, is it just to infer that she rejected her Creator? Certainly not. A mind like hers was incapable

of existing without religion ; and the very action she committed may justify the inference that she anticipated the contemplation, from other than earthly realms, of the happiness of her rescued country.

As the cart in which she was seated proceeded towards the place of execution, a crowd of wretches in the street, ever ready to insult the unfortunate, and glut their eyes with the sight of blood, called out :

“ To the guillotine with her !”

“ I am on my way thither,” she mildly replied, turning towards them.

She was a striking figure as she sat in the cart. The extraordinary beauty of her features, and the mildness of her look, strangely contrasted with the murderer’s red garment which she wore. She smiled at the spectators whenever she perceived marks of sympathy rather than of curiosity, and this smile gave a truly *Raphaëlic* expression to her countenance. Adam Lux, a deputy of Mayence, having met the cart, shortly after it left the *conciergerie*, gazed with wonder at this beautiful apparition—for he had never before seen Charlotte—and a passion, as singular as it was deep, immediately took possession of his mind.

“ Oh !” cried he, “ this woman is surely greater than Brutus !”

Anxious once more to behold her, he ran at full speed towards the *Palais Royal*, which he reached before the cart arrived in front of it. Another look which he cast upon Charlotte Corday completely unsettled his reason. The world to him had suddenly become a void, and he resolved to quit it. Rushing like a madman to his own house, he wrote a letter to the revolutionary tribunal, in which he repeated the words he had already uttered at the sight of Charlotte Corday, and concluded by asking to be condemned to death, in order that he might join her in a better world. His request was granted; and he was executed soon after. Before he died, he begged the executioner to bind him with the very cords that had before encircled the delicate limbs of Charlotte upon the same scaffold, and his head fell as he was pronouncing her name.

Charlotte Corday, wholly absorbed by the solemnity of her

last moments, had not perceived the effect she had produced upon Adam Lux, and died in ignorance of it. Having reached the foot of the guillotine, she ascended the platform with a firm step, but with the greatest modesty of demeanour. "Her countenance," says an eye-witness, "evinced only the calmness of a soul at peace with itself."

The executioner having removed the handkerchief which covered her shoulders and bosom, her face and neck became suffused with a deep blush. Death had no terrors for her, but her innate feelings of modesty were deeply wounded at being thus exposed to public gaze. Her being fastened to the fatal plank seemed a relief to her, and she eagerly rushed to death as a refuge against this violation of female delicacy.

When her head fell, the executioner took it up and bestowed a buffet upon one of the cheeks. The eyes which were already closed, again opened and cast a look of indignation upon the brute, as if consciousness had survived the separation of the head from the body. This fact, extraordinary as it may seem, has been averred by thousands of eye-witnesses; it has been accounted for in various ways, and no one has ever questioned its truth.

Before Charlotte Corday was taken to execution, she wrote a letter to her father, entreating his pardon for having, without his permission, disposed of the life she owed him. Here the lofty-minded heroine again became the meek and submissive daughter, as, upon the scaffold, the energetic and daring woman was nothing but a modest and gentle girl.

The Mountain party, furious at the loss of their leader, attempted to vituperate the memory of Charlotte Corday, by attributing to her motives much less pure and praiseworthy than those which really led to the commission of the deed for which she suffered. They asserted that she was actuated by revenge for the death of a man named Belzunce, who was her lover, and had been executed at Caen upon the denunciation of Marat. But Charlotte Corday was totally unacquainted with Belzunce; she had never even seen him. More than that, she was never known to have an attachment of the heart. Her thoughts and feelings were wholly engrossed by the state of her country, and her mind had no leisure for

the contemplation of connubial happiness. Her life was therefore offered up in the purest spirit of patriotism, unmixed with any worldly passion.

M. Prud'homme relates, that, on the very day of Marat's death, M. Piot, a teacher of the Italian language, called upon him. This gentleman had just left Marat, with whom he had been conversing on the state of the country. The representative, in reply to some observation made by M. Piot, had uttered these remarkable words:—

"They who govern are a pack of fools. France must have a chief; but to reach this point, blood must be shed, not *drop by drop*, but *in torrents*."

"Marat," added M. Piot to M. Prud'homme, "was in his bath and very ill. This man cannot live a month longer."

When M. Piot was informed that Marat had been murdered, an hour after he had made this communication to M. Prud'homme, he was stricken with a sort of palsy, and would probably have died of fright, had not M. Prud'homme promised not to divulge this singular coincidence.

To the eternal disgrace of the French nation, no monument has been raised to the memory of Charlotte Corday, nor is it even known where her remains were deposited; and yet, in the noble motive of her conduct, and the immense and generous sacrifice she made of herself, when in the enjoyment of every thing that could make life valuable, she has an eternal claim upon the gratitude of her country.—

Madame Junot.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

First love is a pretty romance,
 Though not quite so lasting as reckon'd;
 For when one awakes from its trance,
 There's a great stock of bliss in the *second*.
 And e'en should the second subside,
 A *lover* can never despair;
 For the world is uncommonly wide,
 And the women—uncommonly fair.
 Then poets their rapture may tell,
 Who never were put to the test,—
 A first love is all very well,
 But, believe me, the *last love's* the best.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

Our thoughts thread strange labyrinths, windings intricate, and mazes unknown even to the will. They are indeed the only free denizens that roam unchecked down the dark slopings which lead to the untrodden avenues of the past. They alone dare to climb the cloud-clothed battlements that look over the dim distance of the future ; they see the mist, the dense gathering, the faint gold-bursting that announces sunshine, or the blackness that heralds the thunder-storm. Restless when the body sleeps, they wing away through the pale star-light of memory ; they traverse dreary shores, wildernesses, desolate and wild places, peopled with the distorted shadows of wilder realities. When awake, like restive steeds, they start aside at objects that rear up on every hand, and bound away over immeasurable plains, sweeping earth, air, and sky, and even daring to heed the vapoury track over which time has hurried.

We find monitors in every thing around us. The slow-pacing silvery cloud, as it glides, spirit-like, over the blue fields of heaven, brings before our eyes the white-robed idol of our youth, and we sigh to see it vanish like the object we adored. The murmuring river, sweeping along in liquid music between its willow-waving bank, rolls away like our cherished hopes, and is lost amid the forgetfulness of the ocean. Even music is heard with a sigh ; though it awakens the echo of the eternal hills, it dies heavily upon the heart, like the sweet voices that have for ever faded away from our hearth. The dancing leaf falls on our foot-path, and its green beauty is soon worn away, like the happiness of childhood. Flowers wither, and friends grow cold. The hope of spring too soon bursts into the reality of summer ; then comes the staid autumn, solemnly demure, and her heavy eyes are fixed upon the darkness of winter. Still there are patches of sunlight in our path—tiny glades, which no gloomy umbrage overhangs—spots in the unfathomable dreariness of the forest, where we may sit down for a moment and smile ere we resume our journey through the deep solitudes.

I was born at the foot of the green hills. The silence of woods and the overhanging of antique boughs were but a little distance from my home. The song of the cuckoo often

rang above my roof-tree. Meadows, rainbow-coloured with flowers, spread out near my dwelling. The silver Trent wound along past my door. The crown rose of the whole wreath has not to me charm enough to inspire a sonnet. But last spring, heavy with care, bowing beneath the cypress, which now binds the poet's brow in place of the laurel, I emerged from the dusty din of the metropolis, and wandered among these few green fields which yet spread like solitary oases around its environs. Many a dreary day had glided by, bearing its leading links along, since I had seen a budding hawthorn. Oh! how sweetly came the fragrance of that morning air! The birds that sang around me felt not a greater thrill of delight than that which gushed silently from my heart; I gazed upon the clear sky, and the young green that carpeted the earth; and wondered how, amid so much beauty and brightness, sorrow dared to set her bleeding feet on such a lovely world.

Wandering along by an old hedge, stunted and ivied, (just such a hedge as the blackbird would select, in a more retired place, to build its firm nest,) I discovered a wild violet. By a mossy bank it grew; the dead leaves lay around it, solitary, and blue, and beautiful; not another companion near it, it stood alone amidst the bursting of young leaves and the decay of the old ones. I sat down beside it. A little brook gurgled at my feet—a low, faint melody, just audible—not the glad singing of the hill-brook, but a mournful murmur—a sound that well accords with my solitary violet. Had there been a bed of those lovely flowers, I should have wished for the singing voice of a river, all silver and sunshine; but the brook had a low sound, and there was but one violet. I sat in silence, and gazed upon it; I wondered if the deep alleys in Somerbywood yet contained those sweet flowers.

A solitary flower, a sweet violet, how small a key opens the door of memory! how, the veil rolled from the face of time, the grey, the forgotten years moved before me! I became a youth;—Park—house—fields—rose upon my sight; a lovely girl hung upon my arm—she bore a basket; now her face was hidden by the stem of a mighty tree, again her white kirtle faintly glanced between the thick underwood, as she

flew from my sight in search of violets; anon she emerged from behind the broom-covered bank, then stood like an angel of light between me and the sky. And then I closed the leaves on Comus, and we listened in the old wood for another voice,

“To smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiled.”

And trees started into enchanters, and spirits sung in the brook. We saw their long hair wave in the water-flags. Then we grew bold, and threaded “lanes and alleys green.” Then I stole away, not far, just so far as to see her lovely figure hurrying to and fro, and calling upon my name; then she sat down in despair on the green moss, her white drapery

“Made sunshine in a shady place,”

and I thought of Una. A knot of wild lilies of the valley shot up beside her, like a milk white lamb. Then I stole gently up to her—“How could you leave me?” I looked on her sweet face, on her gentle eyes, as they were uplifted in kind reproach, just reaching the margin of tears, and my heart reproached me, and I wondered how I could leave her for a moment; then I bound our violets in little bundles, and she soon forgave me: oh, I could have hid myself behind the trees again, to be so sweetly forgiven. But she left me—Death stole her—how I have hated him ever since! And the dead leaves that were strewn around my lonely violet, seem neat emblems for a thing so lovely—for then I thought of her. No, those bright leaves that glittered round the stalk of my little flower, were not so sunny as her silken locks; nay, the blue of her eye would shame the flower’s radiance, and her lips are so exquisite! and to die so young! and with her heart filled with love! Oh! I would sooner that spring had withered its flowers for ever. The sweetest violet that ever bloomed withered when she died—the woods will never bear such another?

A little flower had assumed the reins of my thoughts;—how feeble a charioteer can drive the fancy. Within one short hour I had visited the old forest of Sherwood. Robin Hood, in his garb of Lincoln green, followed by his many outlaws, had swept before me. The bugle had sounded through the glimmering glades, and rude drinking horns seen

waved to and fro by powerful arms, keeping chorus to the loud "Derry Down" that rang beneath the greenwood tree.

The dark groves of Newstead had again risen before the Arcady of England, where the mighty-minded Byron had so often trod. Again I traversed those violet-scattered solitudes, again paced the long oaken galleries of that ancient abbey, lifted his scull-cap to my lips, rugged with the dregs of the blood-red wine, seeing the smooth lakes on whose surface he loved to ride, or within their sullen depths to plunge. The ruined window, with its eternal ivy; the old fountain, with its quaint imagery, the solemn cloisters, the rusted armour, the satyrs, partly covered with the green moss—his impressive portrait above the wide fire-place—had all risen before me as distinctly as when I first saw them.

That simple violet brought the velvet valley of Sneinton before my mind's eye,—the rocky hermitage, the flowery banks, on which I loved to sit and angle in the sunrise of morning, or the grey twilight of eve. The finny tribe had but few charms for me, unless it was to see them leap up and scatter the loosened silver spray of the river, like fairy stars in the sunshine, then glide away beneath the clear water. The dreaming trees, the distant hills basking in their variegated beauty, the rustling of slender flags, the ring and falling of the water-lilies, the breeze sweeping across the long grass, the tall willows bending to their own shadows in the river, the slow clouds mirrored below—all these were sights and sounds that accorded well with my varying moods. Then those dead leaves so closely surrounding an object of beauty; oh, how like past pleasures they seemed—the dark night closing upon a sunny day, the grave surmounting a flower-bed, the bier placed in a ball-room, the funeral-bell knelling homeward the wedding party, the slow muffled footsteps of death stealing noiselessly behind us.

What changes had taken place since I last saw a violet. Could I forget the dark room, the narrow window on which the sunbeams beat not, lest they should become prisoners. Hope had whispered me away from my green hills; Ambition had allured me from my quiet woods; and they had all forsaken me—even Patience grew weary with long watching, and bent over the pale paper her paler cheek. But Memory went not away: she still recognised the blue sky and the

bright sunshine, and sighed when she thought on such mornings. How fair the primroses grew in Clifton grove ; what a gushing song there was then in the green woods ; how the sunshine slept upon the river ; how the happy breezes were laden with the perfume of violets. Then rose the blossoming hawthorn, the hill-side white with daisies, the golden glow of king-cups, the gaudy beds of crocuses ;—all these still existed. And even their light hearts and merry voices were ringing through the haunts of the Dove—Dryads fair as those which peopled the forests of poetry. Perchance they were singing the songs which I had woven in my happier days.

And could they think of me ? wish me seated on the well known bark, beneath the old oak ? There was pleasure in the thought—the dingy couch, the torn dictionary, the neglected candle, that had burnt down unwatched in the moments of wandering thought ; the expiring fire, with its dying embers ; the low-chilly feeling that follows a sleepless night ; the pile of paper, showing confusedly its rows of scribbled lines ; voices in the streets ; the sun struggling through a murky atmosphere ;—form gloomy contrasts to the little window in which the woodbine peeped. When free from care and refreshed with slumber, the lark awoke us with its song, when the woods emerged from their misty canopy, and the early breeze brushed the gentle dew from the leaves ; when contentment smoothed our pillow, and the white wings of peace wafted us into slumber ; when we heard not a mournful sound in the brook, and sorrow came not at the sight of the first violet.

ON A PICTURE OF JANUARY AND MAY.

January and May can ne'er be allied,
And youth to old age should never be tied ;
For though it may add to our wealth, yet be sure
That it brings with it cares that 'tis hard to endure.
Love's a blessing beyond all that poets can say,
When true Love lights his torch to show us the way ;
But when Love turns aside, and Mammon steps in,
Love and Pleasure give way then to sorrow and sin.
Then ne'er let affections be bartered or sold
For the mere sake of splendour, of pomp, and of gold.

J. R.



W. F. Widdowson, A.R.A. del.

A. W. Warren, sculp.

JANUARY AND MAY.



HERNE'S OAK.

This venerable old tree, which, till early in the present century, stood near the kennel for the royal harriers, in the south-eastern part of Windsor Little Park, was drawn by a Mr. Anderson, a few years before it was cut down; and has been immortalized by Shakspeare, and known by the appellation of Herne's Oak.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Page recounts the traditionary story of Herne in these lines:—

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Some time a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still of midnight,
Walk round about an *Oak*, with ragged horns;
L. 38. 1.

T

And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle,
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shake a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

The traditional account is, that Herne was a keeper of the forest, in the time of Elizabeth, and having committed some offences which would have occasioned a dismissal from his office, took the desperate resolution to hang himself upon this oak. The credulity of the times may be supposed to have encouraged the story that his ghost haunted the spot; and consequently rendered it a fit scene of action to expose the cowardice of the lascivious knight.

The people of Windsor show their respect for this celebrated tree by the estimation in which they hold the little articles of furniture and ornament that have been formed from its remains.

THE GRAVE OF ABELARD AND ELOISA.

There are few lovers of poetry who have not read Pope's tender epistle from *Eloisa to Abelard*. The following extract forms the subject of the accompanying illustration, and delineates two lovers sympathising together over the grave of the ill-fated pair:—

“ ——— When fate shall thy fair fame destroy
 That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round !
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine !
 May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
 If ever chance two wandering lovers brings,
 To Paracletes' white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
Oh ! may we never love as these have lov'd !
 From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,



THE GRAVE OF ABBELARD AND ELOISA.

Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n."

CALAMITIES OF ROYALTY.

As the convulsions of nature are produced in mountainous regions, and the fury of the tempest sweeps over the heights, so are eminent stations in society exposed to perils and wrecks, which, to a reflecting mind, ought to render them objects of anxiety and apprehension rather than of desire and pursuit. It is well observed, that Fortune never appears in a more extravagant humour than when she reduces monarchs to mendicants. Half a century ago, or thereabouts, it was not imagined that our own times would have to record many such instances. After having contemplated *kings* raised into *divinities*, we see them now depressed as *beggars*. Our own times, in two opposite senses, may be emphatically distinguished as the *age of kings*.

In Voltaire's *Candide*, or the Optimist, there is an admirable satirical stroke. Eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and some of them with not sufficient money to pay for a scurvy dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be *eight monarchs* in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns! What added to this exquisite satire was, that there were eight living monarchs at that moment wanderers upon the earth!

Adelaide, the widow of Lothario, King of Italy, one of the most beautiful women of her age, was besieged in Pavia by Berenger, who resolved to constrain her to marry his son, after Pavia was taken: she escaped from her prison with her almoner. The Archbishop of Reggio had offered her an asylum; to reach which, she and her almoner travelled on foot through the country by night, concealing herself in the day-time among the corn, while the almoner begged for alms and food through the villages.

The emperor, Henry the Fourth, after having been deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry the Fifth, escaped from prison. Poor, vagrant, and without aid, he entreated the Bishop of Spire to grant him a lay prebend in his church.

"I have studied," said he, "and learned to sing, and may therefore be of some service to you." The request was denied, and he died miserably and obscurely, at Leige, after having drawn the attention of Europe to his victories and his grandeur!

Mary de Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis the Thirteenth, mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and Regent of France, frequently wanted the necessaries of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intrigues of Richlieu compelled her to exile herself, and live an unhappy fugitive. Her petition exists, with this supplicatory opening: "*Supplie Marie Reine de France et de Navarre, disant, que depuis le 23 Fevrier elle aurait été arrêtée prisonniere au chateau de Compiègne, sans être ni accusée ni soupçonnée.*" &c.

Lilly, the astrologer, in his "*Life and Death of King Charles the First,*" presents us with a melancholy picture of this unfortunate monarch. He has also described the person of the old queen-mother of France:—

"In the month of August, 1641, I beheld the old queen-mother of France departing from London, in the company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from my eyes, and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepid, poor queen, ready for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world left her but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe; wife to the greatest king that ever lived in France; mother unto one king, and unto two queens."

In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio, King of Portugal: his body is interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart deposited at the Ave Maria. Nothing on earth could compel this prince to renounce his crown. He passed over to England, and Elizabeth assisted him with troops; but, at length, he died in France, in great poverty. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing, which is indeed rare: in all his miseries he had a servant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only desired to participate in his misfortunes, and to soften his miseries; and, for the recompense of his services, all he wished was, to be buried at the feet of

his dear master. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raised an altar, was Don Diego Bothei, one of the greatest lords of the court of Portugal, and who drew his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

Hume furnishes us with an anecdote of singular royal distress. He informs us that the queen of England, with her son Charles, had "a moderate pension assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her credit ran so low, that one morning, when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her, she informed him, that her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, was obliged to lie a-bed for the want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was reduced, in the midst of Paris, a Queen of England, and a daughter of Henry IV. of France!" We find another proof of her excessive poverty. Salmasius, after publishing his celebrated political book, in favour of Charles II. the *Defensio Regia*, was much blamed by a friend, for not having sent a copy to the widowed queen of Charles, who, he writes, though poor, would yet have paid the bearer.

The daughter of James the First, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her husband crowned, was reduced to the utmost distress, and wandered frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

A strange anecdote is related of Charles the Seventh of France: our Henry the Fifth had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said, that having told a shoemaker, after he had just tried on a pair of boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feeling that he refused his majesty the boots! "It is for this reason," says Comines, "I praise those princes who are on good terms with the lowest of their people; for they know not at what hour they may want them." Many monarchs, at this day, have probably experienced, more than once, the truth of the reflection of Comines.

It may be added here, that, in all conquered countries, some descendants of royalty have been found among the dregs of the populace. An Irish prince has been discovered in the person of a miserable peasant; and in Mexico, its faithful historian, Clavigero, notices, that he has known a locksmith, who was a descendant of its ancient kings; and a tailor, the representative of one of its noblest families.

Among other remarkable instances of royal infelicity, the

following is deserving of record :—Lady Frances Brandon was the daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by his consort, Mary, daughter of King Henry the Seventh, and widow of the great and good Louis XIII. King of France. Lady Frances married Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, created afterwards Duke of Suffolk, and by this nobleman she was the mother of Lady Jane, Lady Catharine, and Lady Mary Grey. After the violent death of the duke, the duchess dowager, unmindful of her royal descent, married a private gentleman, Mr. Adrian Stokes ; after which, history informs us, she was so piteously reduced, that she was obliged to lie in the porch of a church all night, for want of the means to procure herself a better lodging. The duke, her first husband, with her daughter Lady Jane, and her husband Lord Guildford Dudley, were executed on the same day. Her second daughter, Lady Catherine, was first married to Henry Lord Herbert, (son of William, Earl of Pembroke,) from whom she was divorced. She then married Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford ; but this last marriage being without the license of the arbitrary Elizabeth, they were both imprisoned in the Tower, in separate apartments.

COSTUME OF FORMER DAYS.

During the long and eventful reign of Henry the Eighth, female dress, it appears, as well as religion, underwent an incipient reform. The dress of females of rank at this period, was restrained by limitations of a nature somewhat similar to those which restricted the absurdities of male attire, and was less extravagant. The gown, composed of silk or velvet, was shortened or lengthened according to the rank of the wearer. The countess was obliged by the rules of etiquette to have a train both behind and before, which she hung upon her arm, or fastened upon her girdle ; the baroness, and all under her degree, were prohibited from assuming that badge of distinction. The matron was distinguished from the unmarried woman, by the different mode of their head attire : the hood of the former had recently been superseded by a coil or close bonnet, of which the pictures of Holbein give a representation ; while the youthful and the single, with characteristic simplicity, wore the hair braided with knots of ribbon.

The materials of the dresses at this period were costly ; and

were sometimes enriched by embroidery, and by the addition of precious stones. Such was the demand for cloths of gold and silver, for velvets and damasks, that three or four thousand pieces were in one year imported from Italy. The number may appear trifling at the present day, when such materials of dress are not confined to any particular class or rank of persons; but may be worn by all who can afford to purchase them; but in those times of aristocratic pride, persons of inferior rank were obliged to adhere to a simple and serviceable garment, made of woollen or of hempen cloth, somewhat resembling the Saxon tunic; and from this picturesque mantle or gown, the frock of the waggoner, still in use in most of the counties of England, is supposed to have been derived.

Henry the Eighth placed so much importance upon dress, that during his reign the wardrobes of the nobility increased to many times their former value, while his own exceeded in costliness that of any preceding monarch. The manifest advantages resulting to trade, as well as a taste for ostentatious display, may have been the motive for the encouragement which this monarch bestowed upon those who, in this respect, did most honour to his court; and, in an age when the distinctions of mental superiority were less understood or acknowledged than at present, it is not surprising that external advantages should have been held in undue estimation.

The dress of the nobility during the reigns of Richard and Henry VII. was grotesque and fantastical, such as renders it difficult at first to distinguish the sex. Over the breeches was worn a petticoat; the doublet was laced, like stays of a pregnant woman, across a stomacher; and a gown or mantle with wide sleeves descended over the doublet and petticoat down to the ankles. Commoners were satisfied, instead of a gown, with a frock or tunic, shaped like a shirt, gathered at the middle, and fastened round the loins by a girdle, from which a short dagger was generally suspended. But the petticoat was rejected after the accession of Henry VIII. when the trauses or light breeches, that displayed the minute symmetry of the limbs, were revived, and the length of the doublet and mantle diminished.

The fashions which the great have discarded are often retained by the lower orders, and the form of the tunic, a

Saxon garment, may still be discovered in the waggoner's frock ; of the trause, and perhaps of the petticoat, in the different trowsers that are worn by seamen.

These habits were again diversified by minute decorations and changes of fashion : from an opinion that corpulence contributes to dignity, the doublet was puckered, stuffed, and distended around the body ; the sleeves were swelled into large ruffs, and the breeches bolstered about the hips ; but how are we to describe an artificial protuberance, gross and indecent in the age of Henry VIII. if we judge from his and the portraits of others, a familiar appurtenance to the dress of the sovereign, the knight, and the mechanic, at a future period retained in comedy as a favourite theme of licentious merriment ! The doublet and breeches were sometimes slashed, and with the addition of a short cloak, to which a stiffened cap was peculiar, resembled the national dress of the Spaniards. The doublet is now transformed into a waistcoat, and the cloak or mantle, to which the sleeves of the doublet were transferred, has been converted gradually into a modern coat ; but the dress of the age was justly censured as inconvenient and clumsy. "Men servants," to whom the fashions had descended with the clothes of their masters, "have suche pleytes," says Fitzherberts, "upon theyr brestes, and ruffes upon theyr sleeves above theyr elbowes, that yf their mayster or theym selfe hadde never so greatte neede, they coulde not shoote one shote to hurte theyr enemyes till they had caste of theyr coats, or cut of theyr sleeves." The dress of the peasantry was similiar, but more convenient, consisting generally of trunk hose and a doublet of coarse and durable fustian.

The materials employed in dress were rich and expensive ; cloth of gold, furs, silks, and velvet profusely embroidered. The habits of Henry VIII. and his queen, in their procession to the tower previous to their coronation, are described by Hall, an historian delighting in shows and spectacles. "His grace wared in his uppermost apparell a robe of crimson velvet, furred with armyns ; his jacket or cote of raised gold ; the placard embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeraudes, greafe pearles, and other riche stones ! a greate baudouke about his necke of large balasses. The quene was apparellled in white satyn embroidered, her haire hangyng down to her

backe, of a very great length, bewteful and goodly to behold, and on her hedde a coronall, set with many riche orient stones."

The attire of females was becoming and decent, similar in its fashion to their present dress, but less subject to change and caprice. The large and fantastic head-dresses of the former age were superseded by coifs and velvet bonnets, beneath which the matron gathered her locks into tuffs or *tussocks*; but the virgin's head was uncovered, and her hair braided and fastened with ribbons. Among gentlemen long hair was fashionable through Europe, till the Emperor Charles, during a voyage, devoted his locks for his health or safety; and in England, Henry, a tyrant even in taste, gave efficacy to the fashion by a peremptory order for his attendants and courtiers to *poll their heads*. The same spirit induced him, probably by sumptuary laws, to regulate the dress of his subjects. Cloth of gold or tissue was reserved for the dukes and marquesses; if of a purple colour, for the royal family. Silks and velvets were restricted to commoners of wealth or distinction; but embroidery was interdicted from all beneath the degree of an earl. Cuffs for the sleeves, and bands and ruffs for the neck, were the invention of this period; but felt hats were of earlier origin; and were still coarser and cheaper than caps or bonnets. Pockets, a convenience known to the ancients, are perhaps the latest real improvement in dress; but instead of pockets, a loose pouch seems to have been sometimes suspended from the girdle.

The Scottish was apparently the same with the English dress, the bonnet excepted, peculiar both in its colour and form. The masks and trains and superfluous finery of female apparel, had been uniformly prohibited; but fashion is superior to human laws, and we learn from the satirical invectives of poets, that the ladies still persisted in retaining their fancy and muzzling their faces.

ECONOMY OF TIME.

Queen Elizabeth set an example to her subjects, which it would be well had they universally followed. Her Majesty, except when engaged by public or domestic affairs, and the exercises necessary for the preservation of her health and spirits, was always employed either in reading or writing, in translating from other authors, or in compositions of her own.

WHERE ARE THEY.

BY J. A. SHEA.

Where are they, where are they,
 Whom, when o'er the seas we pass'd,
 We had hop'd to meet to-day
 Where we lov'd and left them last?
 Flowers and breezes, rocks and rills,
 Echoes of the mountain way,
 Tell us, from your home of hills,
 Where are they, where are they?
 Where are they?
 Wailing echoes! ye return
 The question back again to me,
 Ye *too* seem our friends to mourn,
 As those we ne'er again may see.
 Then seek your caves, and sleep ye on,
 Till other friends, now far away,
 Shall ask ye, when we *too* are gone,
 Where are they, where are they?
 Where are they?

UNPUBLISHED POETRY BY JOHN KEATS.

FROM A MS. "JOURNAL OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES."

There is one person whom I am bound to mention with especial emphasis for the delight he made me experience in an acquaintance, which, I hope, I may be permitted to call a friendship.

I had ceased to be astonished at the multitudes of fine minds and at the remarkable courtliness of manners, I had so often met with in those regions which we are taught by the caricaturists in travel-books and plays, to regard as demi-savage, when a new wonder came upon me. I had been introduced to a gentleman by the name of Keats. He was mentioned to me as a merchant of Louisville, thriving and much respected; a resident there for many years, and by birth an Englishman. Mr. Keats called upon me. I was at his house. I have attended few parties in better taste. It is rare to find cordiality and unpretending elegance more at-

tractively blended than in the parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Keats.

There was no ostentation of literature, no attempt at conversational parade about Mr. Keats; he was manly, but modest; and rather disclaimed the least pretension to any regard, excepting as a mere man of business, and a person deeply devoted to the best interests of his adopted country. It was not until sometime that I discovered, and that from a third person, that he was the brother of John Keats, the Poet of England; and when I conversed with him upon the subject, I found him ardently attached to the memory of the gifted but ill-starred enthusiast, of whose relationship the Mr. Keats of Louisville, both in taste and talent, seems entirely worthy.

How fortunate it is that these new cities of our Western country, should have been favoured, among their earliest inhabitants, with persons of high endowments, and capable of giving the best tone to manners as well as to mind!

I do not know when I have enjoyed a greater treat than I did one evening at the house of Mr. George Keats, when he indulged me with a glance at the private correspondence, including much of unpublished poetry of his distinguished brother. Nothing which has yet appeared from the pen of John Keats can give any idea of his genius, and the gentleness and the affectionate earnestness of his feelings, in the least comparable with the testimonials afforded by these manuscripts. Mr. George Keats was pleased with my plan of the *Belles-Lettres Journal of the Two Hemispheres*; he exerted himself strenuously to seek patrons for me; and he promised that he would still further promote my views, by enabling me to enrich my work with portions of the invaluable papers of which I speak. He has left me, in my Album, a very precious remembrancer, in an inscription of his own, conveying some of these same unpublished treasures of his brother's poetry. The first of them which I shall transcribe, cannot be read without emotion by any one who recollects that it was to the unkindness of the awarders of literary fame in England, that the untimely death of the author has been ascribed: that he burst a blood-vessel on reading a savage attack on his '*Endymion*' in the *London Quarterly Review*, and died at Rome of a decline produced in consequence.

Even Byron, who had taken some prejudice against him ; confessed, after the decease of poor Keats, that he had done him injustice, and added, " He is a loss to our literature ; his fragment of ' Hyperion ' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus." But I must not forget the sonnet, here it is :—

Fame, like a wayward girl will still be coy
 To those who woo her with too slavish knees,
 But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
 And dotes the more upon a heart at ease.
 She is a gipsy—will not speak to those,
 Who have not learnt to be content without her ;
 A jilt, whose ear was never whispered close,
 Who think they scandal her who talk about her ;
 A very gipsy is she, Nilus born,
 Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar.
 Ye love-sick bards, repay her scorn for scorn,
 Ye love-lorn artists, madmen that ye are,
 Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
 Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

Mr. Keats copied for me another unpublished sonnet by his brother ; which, in the letter containing it, is preceded by the following beautiful note :—

" The fifth Canto of Dante pleases me more and more ; it is that one in which he meets with Paulo and Francesca. I had passed many days in rather a low state of mind, and in the midst of them, I dreamt of being in that region of Hell. The dream was one of the most delightful enjoyments I ever had in my life. I floated about the whirling atmosphere as it is described, with a beautiful figure, to whose lips mine were joined, as it seemed, for an age ; and in the midst of all this cold and darkness, I was warm ;—even flowery tree-tops sprung up, and we rested on them, sometimes with the lightness of a cloud, till the wind blew us away again. I tried a Sonnet upon it. There are fourteen lines, but nothing, to what I felt in it. O ! that I could dream it every night ! "

As Hermes once took to his feathers light
 When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
 So, on a delphic reed my idle spright,
 So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft

The dragon world of all its hundred eyes ;
 And seeing it asleep, it fled away :
 Not to pure Ida, with its snow-cold skies,
 Nor unto Tempé, where Jove griev'd that day,
 But to that second circle of sad hell,
 Where, in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
 Of rain and hailstones, lovers need not tell
 Their sorrows.—Pale were the sweet lips I saw
 Pale were the lips I kissed, and fair the form
 I floated with about that melancholy storm.

The two gems I have here preserved, and all the others I saw, seem to have been brought out without an effort ; as if in the rapid scribbling of a letter, the writer's mind had unconsciously and involuntarily flowed into poetry ; and then he would rein back his powers, and proceed with the ordinary jog trot of this working day world—not in the least aware that he had just given forth treasures which might last as long as "his land's language."

I have a specimen of one of these unpremeditated effusions, in the handwriting of John Keats, just scribbled as if playing with his pen, in lines sometimes crooked, sometimes straight, and sometimes with a row of words blurred out with his finger, before the ink was dry. There is no title given to the scrap, no explanation of its bearing. I have not his printed poems by me, but I do not remember any such lines among them. His brother gave them to me as unpublished ; and although they were merely preserved as a literary curiosity, they will afford pleasure for their wild beauty.

Hither, hither, love—

'Tis a shady mead—

Hither, hither, love !

Let us feed and feed !

Hither, hither, sweet—

'Tis a cowslip bed—

Hither, hither sweet !

'Tis with dew bespread !

Hither, hither, dear,

By the breath of life,

Hither, hither, dear !—

Be the summer's wife !

Though one moment's pleasure
In one moment flies—
Though the passion's treasure
In one moment dies ;—

Yet it has not passed—
Think how near, how near !—
And while it doth last,
Think how dear, how dear !

Hither, hither, hither—
Love this boon has sent—
If I die and wither
I shall die content !

The most precious to me, however, of all these treasures is the one which I found Mr. George Keats the most reluctant to yield, merely because it related to himself, and he always appeared to me as if really distressed even at the possibility that he might be suspected of any ambition, beyond that of a merchant and useful private gentleman. Nevertheless, the verses in question ought not to be lost. They seem to me the most striking, perhaps, among all the productions of their extraordinary author. To us, who know how much in poetry we have to be proud of, it may excite astonishment that so well stored a mind as that of John Keats should not have counted among its sources of delight, some knowledge of what rare morceaux our bards have occasionally sent forth to the world ; but the truth is, America has been much better known to England within these last four or five years, than she was at the time when John Keats wrote. Hence we may account for his not being aware that we had ever possessed a poet ; and for his revelling in the dream that the son of his own brother might become the first poet of the land which that beloved brother had adopted as his own. It is obvious that the verses were given without premeditation and on the spur of the moment. They run on, in the letter, after a remark in these words :—

“ If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet. I have a great mind to make a

prophecy, and they say prophecies work out their own fulfilment."

'Tis the witching time of night :
 Orbed is the moon, and bright—
 And the stars, they glisten, glisten,
 Seeming with bright eyes to listen
 For what listen they ?
 For a song and for a charm,
 See, they glisten in alarm,
 And the moon is waxing warm,
 To hear what I shall say.

Moon, keep wide thy golden ears—
 Hearken, stars—and hearken, spheres,—
 Hearken, thou eternal sky !
 I sing an infant's lullaby,
 A pretty lullaby !
 Listen, listen, listen, listen,
 Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
 And hear my lullaby !
 Though the rushes that will make
 Its cradle, still are in the lake ;
 Though the linen then that will be
 Its swathe, is on the cotton tree ;
 Though the woollen that will keep
 It warm, is on the silly sheep—
 Listen, starlight ! listen, listen —
 Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,
 And hear my lullaby !

Child, I see thee—Child, I've found thee
 Midst of the quiet all around thee—
 Child, I see thee—Child, I spy thee,
 And thy mother sweet, is nigh thee—
 Child, I know thee. Child no more
 But a poet evermore.

See, see—the lyre, the lyre
 In a flame of fire
 Upon the little cradle's top
 Flaring, flaring, flaring
 Past the eye-sight's bearing !

Awake it from its sleep
 And see if it can keep
 Its eyes upon the blaze !
 Amaze, amaze !
 It stares, it stares, it stares,
 It dares what no one dares,—
 It lifts its little hand into the flame
 Unharm'd, and on the strings
 Paddles a little tune, and sings
 With dumb endeavor sweetly,
 Bard art thou completely !—

Little Child

O' the western wild
 Bard art thou completely !—
 Sweetly with dumb endeavor
 A Poet now or never

Little Child

O' the western wild
 A Poet now or never.

H. P.

DEATH OF OPHELIA.

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
 Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
 There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
 Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes ;
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indu'd
 Unto that element : but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death. *Hamlet.*



R. Westall. R.A.

R. Sherratt.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE Ghibellines.

A Fragment of a Tuscan Tale.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

"His name's Gonzago.—The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian."

Ten thousand lights burned throughout the Alberoni palace, and all the nobility of Florence flocked to the bridal of its wealthy lord. It was a fair sight to see the stately mirrors which spread their shining surfaces between pillars of polished marble reflecting the gay assemblage, that, radiant with jewels, promenaded the saloon, or wreathed the dance to the witching music of the most skilful minstrels in all Tuscany. Every lattice was open, and the eye, far as it could reach, wandered through illuminated gardens, tenanted by gay groups, where the flush of the roses, the silver stars of the jessamine, the crimson, purple, orange, and blue of the variegated parterre were revealed as if the brightest blaze of day flashed upon their silken leaves. Amid all this pomp of beauty and splendour the bride moved along, surpassing all that was fair and resplendent around her by the exceeding loveliness of a face and form to which every eye and every heart paid involuntary homage. At her side appeared the exulting bridegroom, to whom, however, more it should seem through diffidence than aversion, her eyes were never raised; for though Count Alberoni had advanced beyond the middle age of life, yet he still retained the majestic port and commanding lineaments for which he had been distinguished in early youth; his riches rendered him all potent in Florence, and none dared dispute with him the possession of its fairest flower. Intoxicated with the pleasures offered at the banquet and the ball, whatever of envy or of jealousy might have been hidden in the bosoms of the guests while contemplating the treasure which the triumphant Alberoni had snatched from contending suitors, it was concealed, and the most cheerful hilarity prevailed. Yet, amid the general expression of happiness, there were two persons who, attracting notice by the meanness of their attire, and the melancholy gloom upon their countenances, seemed to be out of place in so stately and so joyous an assembly. They were brother and sister,

the descendants of Ghibellines who had died in exile, and distant relations of the Count, who though not choosing to regard them as his heirs, had, when the abolition of a severe law enabled the proscribed faction to return to Florence, accorded them shelter and protection. Meanly clad in vestments of coarse serge, there were yet no cavaliers who fluttered in silk and velvet who could compare in personal beauty with Francesco Gonzago; and the bride alone, of all the beauties who shone in gold and silver, appeared superior in feminine charms to the lovely Beatrice, notwithstanding that her cumbrous robe of grey stuff obscured the delicate proportions of her sylph-like form. Buoyant in spirit, and animated by the scene before her, occasionally a gleam of sunshine would irradiate her brow as she gazed upon the sparkling throng who formed the brilliant pageant which so much delighted her; but as she turned to express her feelings to her brother, his pale pensive features and the recollection of the intense anguish which wrung his heart, subdued her gaiety, the smile passed away from her lip, the rose deserted her cheek, and she stood by his side sad and sorrowful as some monumental statue. Many persons grieved at the depressed fortunes of the once powerful Gonzagos, but there were others who sneered at their present degradation, enjoying the cruel mockery with which Alberoni had forced the man who had cherished hopes of succeeding as heir-at-law to his immense estates, to witness the downfall of those flattering expectations. Few and slight were the salutations which passed between the dejected pair and the more illustrious guests; but as the bride made the circuit of the apartments, she paused when approaching her husband's neglected relatives, and raising eyes swimming with drops of sympathy, greeted them with unaffected tenderness. Francesco was unprepared for the gentle kindness of her address; his stern heart melted, his proud glance suddenly changed to one of gracious courtesy; he gazed upon her as upon some angelic being sent down from heaven to soothe and gladden his perturbed soul: and henceforward he saw nothing in the glare, and the crowd, and the splendour around him, save the sweet face and the delicate form of the Countess Alberoni; his charmed eyes followed her from place to place, and so entirely was he en-

grieved by one object, that he did not perceive that the attention of Beatrice was almost wholly occupied by a young and sprightly cavalier, who pursued her like a shadow, pouring tender tales in a not unwilling ear. Group by group the guests retired from the festive scene, and the mad brother and sister, scarcely able to define the new feelings which sprung up in the heart of each, quitted the magnificent palace to seek their forlorn abode. A pavilion, nearly in ruins, was the sole shelter which the proud lord of Alberoni afforded to the only surviving branches of his family, when returning to their native city they found their patrimonial estates confiscated, and themselves dependent upon the niggard bounty of a cold and selfish relative. Slowly recovering from a severe wound which he had received in the wars of Lombardy, and disgusted with the ingratitude of the prince he served, the ill-starred Francesco was at first rejoiced to obtain any refuge from the storms of a tempestuous world ; and the unceasing efforts of his young and affectionate sister to reconcile him to a bitter lot were not wholly unavailing. Summer had spread her richest treasures upon the lap of Nature ; and the fairy hands of Beatrice transformed the bare walls of the dilapidated edifice which they inhabited into bowers of luxuriant foliage ; the most delicious fruit also, the spontaneous product of the garden, cooled at some crystal fount and heaped with flowers, tempted her brother's languid appetite ; and, waking the soft notes of her lute, she soothed his desponding spirit with music's gentlest sound. Fondly trusting that Francesco might be won to prize the simple enjoyments of which fortune could not despoil him, and to find his dearest happiness in an approving conscience, the light-hearted girl indulged in delusive hopes of future felicity. But these expectations were soon damped : as Francesco's health returned he became restless and melancholy ; he saw no prospect of arriving at distinction by his talents, or by his sword ; peace reigned throughout the Tuscan states, and the jealousy of the government of all who bore the mark of Ghibelline extraction, forbade the chance of successful exertion and honourable reward : his days were spent in moody abstraction, his nights in feverish dreams ; his misfortunes, his accomplishments, and his virtues failed to excite affection in the breast of his kinsman, who,

jealous of the youth and personal attractions of the man apparently destined to be his heir, grew uneasy at the thought of benefitting a person he had learned to hate; and suddenly resolving to cut off at once the presumptuous expectations which the luckless exile might have cherished, exerted the influence procured by his wealth to form an alliance with the most peerless beauty which the city boasted. A new source of anguish added to the misery already sustained by the wretched Gonzago; his arm was paralyzed by the utter hopelessness of any attempt to emerge from the obscurity to which fate had condemned him; he brooded over the dismal futurity which opened before him; and, as a solace to these gloomy meditations, suffered his imagination to dwell upon the charms and graces of the lovely Giacinta, his kinsman's gentle bride. He saw her sometimes flitting through the myrtle groves which skirted the neighbouring palace; and when night favoured his concealment, he would approach the marble porticos to catch the sound of her voice as, accompanied by a lute, she wasted its melody upon the silent stars. Beatrice, in the mean time, experienced only in the pale brow and haggard form of her brother an alloy to her happiness. Alessandro, the young heir of the Orsini family, had abandoned the gay revels of Florence to share the solitude of the despised Ghibellines; and although there seemed to be little chance of ultimate triumph over the obstacles which opposed themselves to an alliance between the prosperous scion of a noble house and the unportioned orphan of a banished man, yet hope preponderated over fear, and, blessed by her enchanting smiles, the lover indulged in delightful anticipations.

* * * * *

Again was the Alberoni palace illumined by innumerable tapers; again were the glittering saloons filled with all the noble population of Florence. A second nuptial feast, more splendid and joyous than the first, was celebrated: again Giacinta, lovelier than ever, shone as the bride, and by her side a cavalier appeared, whose summer of life was better adapted to match with her tender years than the mature age of her late husband had been.

The Count Alberoni Gonzago was dead; and Francesco succeeding to his wealth, had obtained the hand of his

widow. Beatrice, also a bride, followed in the train of the Countess, but followed more like a mourner at some funeral solemnity than as the newly wedded consort of the husband of her choice. Francesco all smiles and triumph, as he stood with the fairest hand in Florence hanging on his arm, proudly greeting the guests who crowded to pay him homage, turned frequently, and cast looks of piercing examination and reproach upon his pale and trembling sister, and, as if fascinated by his glance, she would rally her failing spirits and smile languidly upon the bridegroom, who bent over her enamoured; and then, as if beguiled from some painful contemplation by the sweet accents of the man she loved, she became calm, and her quivering features resumed their wonted placidity. But these moments of tranquillity were of short duration; she started at every shadow; the flash of one of the jewels which brodered her satin robe would cause a fit of trembling; and at length, when seated at the banquet opposite her brother and his bride, a richly clad domestic offered wine in a golden goblet; for a moment she held it to her lips, and then dashed it away, exclaiming—"It is poison! Hide me,—save me. I see it everywhere: in these green leaves from whence it was distilled.—Oh! Francesco, Francesco, let us be poor and happy!" The guests shrunk aghast from the speaker, who, falling from her seat, expired in convulsions.

The power conferred by Gonzago's immense riches silenced the whispered murmurs of the assembly. No man rose to higher eminence in the state than the idolized husband of the beautiful Giacinta; but a dark cloud hung upon his house, his children were all cut off in their infancy, and, after a few brief years of outward felicity, struck from his horse by the fragment of a building which fell upon him as he rode in pomp through the city, he received a mortal wound, surviving the accident only long enough to unburthen his soul to his confessor.

His dying words were addressed to Alessandro, from whom since the hour of his nuptials he had been estranged; pressing his hand, he exclaimed—"She was innocent! she heard not of the murder until it had been accomplished."

A LESSON TO LEARN.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is kindness and good will towards those who have wantonly insulted us. We can bear an injury with Christian fortitude, or philosophical patience; but insult rouses our pride, and we burn inwardly for retaliation. Here it is that the Christian shows the spirit of his Divine Master ;—here is the trial of his profession.

THE BLEEDING HEART.

BY A YOUNG WEST INDIAN.

Oh, take again the flower you gave,
 There seems a spell of witchery in it,
 For all my thoughts are like the grave
 While gazing on its leaves this minute ;—
 To know from whom the flow'et came,
 And keep the busy thoughts apart,
 Can ne'er be while it has the name,
 The thrilling name—"the Bleeding Heart."

The sun hath look'd upon its leaves,
 The blasting winds have breath'd upon it,
 And now it droops like one that grieves,
 Silent, when thoughtless eyes are on it ;—
 Oh, take it ! and let not the dew
 The emblem of its tears impart,
 To be thus torn from where it grew,
 The wither'd and the Bleeding Heart !*

O ! TELL ME NOT OF EASTERN LAND.

O ! tell me not of Eastern land,
 Where Gunga's waters flow,
 And flowery fields, and verdant plains,
 Were never robed in snow.
 The grandeur of our ancient woods,
 And rushing streams, may vie
 With aught that meets the gaze of man
 Beneath an Indian sky.

* The bleeding heart is a flower of the Arum kind, and is common in West India gardens ; it derives its name from the form and colour of its leaf.



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LONDON DINNER DRESS.



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PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

O ! tell me not of hidden wealth
 In famed Golconda's mine,
 Though pure and bright the crystal gems
 That in its bosom shine ;—
 One kindly glance from those we love,
 Who were our early choice,
 Hath far more pow'r to glad the breast,
 And bid the heart rejoice.

O ! tell me not of the Theban stone,
 That hail'd the rising sun ;
 And breath'd a sigh for parting day,
 When sunlight hours were run—
 Tho' Memnon's voice were musical,
 More grateful is the tone
 Of that, whose trembling, silv'ry note,
 Doth welcome us alone.

E.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

DINNER DRESS.—Robe of *pou de soie chiné* ; the skirt is trimmed with a flounce, arranged somewhat in the tunic style ; the *corsage* forming a *cœur* on the breast, and displaying the *chemisette*, is lightly draped at the sides. *Manche à volans*, the upper flounce is reversed. Ponceau velvet toque, trimmed under the brim with a light wreath of white flowers, terminated by a moss rose ; the crown is profusely trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Printed muslin robe of one of the new patterns ; the skirt is trimmed with a single deep flounce. A shawl *corsage*, the pelerine is edged with a double flounce ; it is partially open on the bosom, where it is attached by a breast knot of pink ribbon. *Ceinture* with floating ends *en suite*. Victoria sleeve. The bonnet is a *demi libi* of Italian straw ; the interior of the brim is trimmed on one side with three roses placed *en garlande* ; the crown is trimmed with straw-coloured ribbons, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, which droop on the neck.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

Summer, though tardy in its approaches, is come at last ; and we hasten to lay before our fair readers all the

information which we have been carefully collecting during the last month, respecting the summer fashions, beginning with what is at this moment of no small importance, the choice of materials for robes. First, then, we must observe that *mousselines de laine* of extreme fineness, and of a slighter texture than any that have appeared before this summer, will probably keep their ground during the whole of it; they are of small patterns, the ground either white or of some very light shade of grey or drab; the patterns for undress are of very quiet colours, for half-dress they are of more striking hues, as pink, green, lilac, &c. &c., but the colours are not glaring, and they are mingled very tastefully and with excellent effect. White muslins, both *jaconot* and clear, are also greatly in vogue; but still we must observe that silks, as yet, if not in a decided majority, are at least nearly equal in number to all the other materials put together. Thus we see, both for carriage and public promenade dress, that *pelisse robes* of *pou de soie* or *gros de Naples* are very much in request, and several are ornamented with fancy silk trimming. As to the forms of these dresses, we do not find that they have varied much, but the manner in which they are trimmed gives them an air of novelty. Several are ornamented with *brandebourgs*, which attach the skirt down one side, or else figure *en tablier*; in either case the sleeves, which are demi large, are ornamented with *brandebourgs*; another kind of fancy trimming, and in our opinion the prettiest is what is called *effilé*; it is a soft silk fringe, narrow and very light; it is very much employed to border the flounces for sleeves, and also for the fronts of *pelisse robes*.

Shawls of Grenadine silk net, which appeared last year for the first time, are now revived, and seem likely to be very much in favour; as they are made by the hand, their price is high; this circumstance, and the beauty of the trimming, a lace of the same material, will prevent their being common: they are always of a very large size, but being made with the corners rounded, they may be worn either as shawls, or draped round the figure in the scarf style. Several *mantelets* of clear muslin have appeared;

they are rounded behind, and very deep, with long and rather wide scarf ends; a second fall, which forms points in front, serves as a pelerine, a broad hem encircles the *mantelet*, and a coloured ribbon is run through it, a row of lace set on very full is attached to the edge of the hem, and a light embroidery surmounts it. We need hardly observe that these *mantelets* are calculated only for carriage or public promenade dress; their effect is exceedingly light and elegant.

Since the appearance of our last number, the size of hats and bonnets appears to have been fixed for the season. Their dimensions are at present moderate; the brims of both are round, and the crowns placed very backward. We have seen recently some bonnets of rice straw, some trimmed with flowers, others with branches of fruit blossoms, but the most elegant are decidedly those that have both the crown and the interior of the brim trimmed with bouquets of rose-buds disposed *en gule*. Drawn bonnets of *pou de soie* trimmed with *ruches* of the same material round the edge of the brim, are also in favour. Crape bonnets begin to be very general in carriage dress, particularly those of crape *bouillonné*, the shape is sustained by very light wires; those of rose colour, azure blue, and white are most numerous. They are trimmed with various kinds of roses, sprigs of lilac, honey-suckle, and the flowers of the double-blossomed peach. We close our catalogue of bonnets with what is certainly the most novel, and perhaps the prettiest among them; we allude to a bonnet recently introduced, composed of a mixture of lace and ribbon, and trimmed with shaded *jollets*; they are placed *en bouquet* on one side of the crown, and droop upon the brim; the effect of the head dress is altogether light, novel, and graceful.

Italian straw still bears the bell for hats; the majority are worn without the brims being cut, they are turned up in three plaits at the back of the crown, descending but very moderately in the form of a curtain; some are trimmed either with a branch of fruit blossoms, or a sprig of flowers attached by a blond lace lappet arranged in a knot, the ends of which float upon the brim. Others are trimmed with ribbon only, disposed round the crown in a wreath of a very novel form; but generally speaking, *marabouts* and ostrich feathers

are the ornaments most in request both for Italian and rice straw hats. Those of crape are decorated either with shaded marabouts, or with flowers.

Ribbons this year surpass both for beauty and richness any that have appeared for several seasons past ; all are of a rich texture, but we may cite as peculiarly beautiful, those that have the centre of the ribbon plain, and the sides either figured in striking patterns, or else damasked or shaded ; others with a dead ground strewed with half-lozenges of satin ; then come those figured in relief upon a grey or brown ground. There are several also with the edges strewed with spots, which are beautifully shaded. Another and very novel sort have the patterns composed of satin rings, interlaced upon a dead ground.

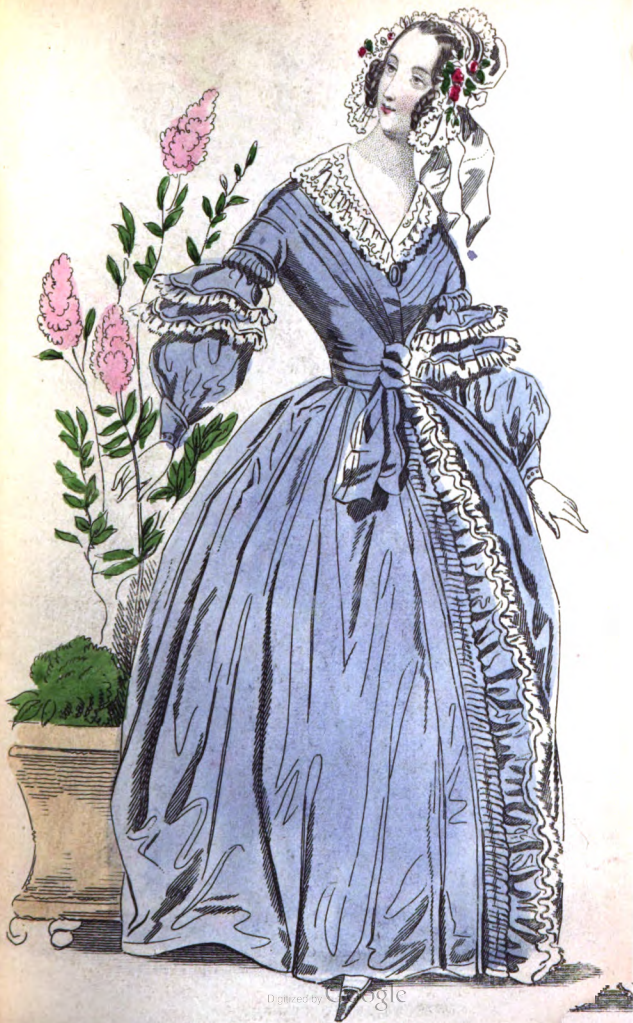
Clear muslin begins to be in favour in evening dress ; we have recently seen some lined with pink gauze, and trimmed with two flounces, with broad hems and pink ribbons ran through them, the top flounce partially covered the other, and was headed by *bouillon* through which a pink ribbon was passed. The short sleeves were entirely covered with *bouillons* to correspond, and terminated by a double *manchette*, similar to the flounce.

The only novelty in head-dresses, is a pretty little simple cap ; we can describe it only as a kind of half caul thrown very back upon the head, and ornamented in front with two half wreaths of light flowers descending the whole length of the cheeks, and drooping on the neck. Fashionable colours are all of a light kind, and principally new shades of green, grey, drab, blue, straw colour, and a variety of shades of rose.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

MORNING CONCERT DRESS.—*Pelisse* robe of Organdy, lined with pink *gros de Naples* ; the *corsage*, partially open on the bosom, is trimmed with a pelerine, which forms a heart, and is bordered by a *bouillon*, through which pink ribbon is run : a double *bouillon*, placed *en bras*, decorates the front of the skirt, and is trimmed down the centre with knots of ribbon ; the breast knot corresponds. The upper part of the sleeve, made tight to the arm, is decorated with





bouillons nearly to the elbow; from thence it is full to the cuff. Drawn bonnet of pink *pou de soie*; the interior of the brim is trimmed in the cap stile, but in a very light manner, with blond and flowers; a light *ruche* of blond finishes the brim, and the crown is decorated with knots of ribbon intermixed with blond.

HOME DRESS.—Robe of lilac *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* in crossed drapery; the sleeve is moderately full, except just below the shoulder, where it is trimmed with a novel kind of trimming, and two flounces; the latter are edged with white soft silk fringe. A single flounce, with a trimming corresponding with that on the sleeve, descends from the waist down one side of the skirt. *Ceinture* arranged in *coques* and short ends. Lace collar. The cap is a *bonnet à la fermière* of tulle, trimmed with white ribbons and moss roses.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

The loveliest month in the year at length shines out in all its splendour, and our *élégantes* hasten to enjoy it in the delightful walks of the *Bois de Boulogne*. Nothing is more elegant for these morning promenades than a half-dress *redingote* of *gros de Naples* of one light colour only, as azure blue, pea green, or lilac; or else quadrilled in white, and one of the above mentioned colours. The most fashionable form is a *corsage* turning over *en schall*, with a lapel trimmed with a double flounce, one half of which is much deeper than the other, a row of this trimming goes down the front of the skirt. The sleeves are always demi-large, and those that are full from the elbow to the wrist, are in a decided majority. Robes of plain, printed, or worked muslin, are equally in favour. The first are trimmed either with an embroidered flounce, or one cut out in different ways round the edge; the printed muslins of small and light patterns; we may cite in particular one of a very novel kind, which is already very fashionable, the pattern which is very light, is grey upon a white ground, but the ground can hardly be seen, the materials are striped from distance to distance with stripes *satinees*, on which are very light patterns. There are also a good many muslins spotted in a shower of hail pattern; those with blue or green spots are the most fashionable. Where the robe is muslin, a mantelet of silk, particularly

changeable silk trimmed with black lace, is very frequently adopted, or else a white silk *mantelet* or shawl embroidered in coloured silks. The new hats and bonnets are generally speaking, the most becoming we have had for several seasons, particularly the *demi-libi*. This elegant little hat first appeared in Italian straw, the brim is moderately wide, descends very low upon the cheeks, and is turned up behind: the crown is of moderate height. The hat of which we are speaking, the first of the kind that appeared, is trimmed with ribbon of a perfectly novel description; it appears like straw coloured lace of the most elegant and exquisitely fine kind, it is perfectly supple and transparent, but yet very rich. It is arranged round the crown of the hat in such a manner as to form a cockscomb in front, and twisted on one side round a sprig of roses. A knot of ribbon is placed very low on the other side, the ends of which droop on the shoulder; floating *brides* complete the trimming. Drawn bonnets are a good deal in favour, but the casings must be large and very distant from one another. White *pou de soie*, or else the same material in light colours glazed with white, is the silk most in favour for these bonnets, a few nevertheless have been made of silk shaded in stripes, but they do not appear likely to take.

Summer silks and muslins are the materials in favour for evening dress; we may cite as *tris distingué*, some robes of *Pekin pompadour* of a white ground strewn with small roses beautifully shaded. Others of foulards on *écru*, or pearl grey grounds strewn with small ponceau, or rose coloured patterns. A tight *corsage* and short sleeves trimmed with a mantilla, and *manchettes* of English point lace. Some Organdy robes that have been much-admired, were trimmed with flounces either cut at the edge in very deep *dents de loup*, or else finished with three very narrow tucks, to the edge of which a row of narrow lace is set on plain.

The hair continues to be dressed very low in evening costume; several of these *coiffures* are ornamented with knots of ribbon attached on each side, and with the ends floating over the neck and shoulders. Fashionable colours are *vert chou*, *vert des Indes*, and other shades of green, *bleu Hilene*, *mais*, and various shades of rose, yellow, and grey.

LADIES POCKET Magazine.



POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM

1838. — PART 2.

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JOSEPH ROBINS.

25, 1. St. Bridge Street, LONDON.

TO
MISS ELIZA LESLIE,
(OF PHILADELPHIA)

WHOSE VIVID AND FAITHFUL DELINEATIONS OF AMERICAN
MANNERS AND CHARACTER, AS POURTRAYED IN
“ PENCIL SKETCHES,”

AND VARIOUS OTHER WORKS, HAVE RENDERED HER NAME SO
DESERVEDLY POPULAR

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC,

This Volume is Inscribed,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM,

BY HER OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOSEPH ROBINS.

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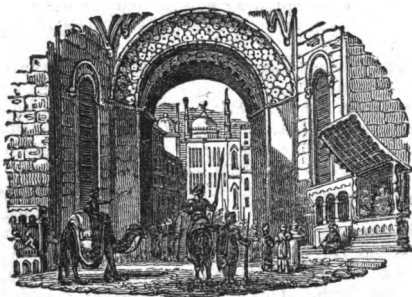
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THE LADIES' POCKET MAGAZINE.



(General Character of the Entrance to Saracen Cities.

DAMASCUS.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

This city of Damascus was built, peopled, and numbered among the first civilized settlements of the world, soon after the epoch of the deluge, the earliest period of which we possess any history, and at least 3000 years before London existed as a city, or even England was known, but as an island inhabited by barbarians. The distance between these cities is now, however, immense; London being as much above Damascus in whatever can indicate superior knowledge, superior comfort, and all that can endear and embellish life, as Damascus is to the meanest kraal or village of the African Hottentots. Yet the natural situation of the latter has greater advantages than that of the former; its climate, soil, and water are favourable to the richest productions of the earth; and even in a commercial point of view, its central situation in the heart of Syria, with India, Persia, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Arabia, all accessible by land, and the whole range of the Mediterranean open to any

of the ports within less than a hundred miles on the coast, would be a source of great wealth to an active and enterprising people. What, then, has been the leading causes of the immense difference between the wealth and intelligence of London and those of Damascus? is a question that naturally forces itself on an inquiring mind; and the answer necessarily is—"Education and Freedom," the two main springs of good government.

During an evening party I was intreated, by several of the individuals composing it, for written charms against poverty, sickness, danger, &c. At first I endeavoured to persuade the applicants that no human being possessed the power to compose such charms, however impostors may pretend, from interested motives, to propagate a belief in their efficacy; and that a very strong proof in support of their being false and delusive was to be gathered from the fact, that the venders of such charms, to save others from misfortune, were not able to protect themselves from the evils inseparable from humanity, but were equally liable, with all other men, to sickness, misfortune, and death. This argument, however, convincing as it would have been to most minds, had no effect whatever on theirs, and I was somewhat surprised to find it combated by an example from sacred history; one of the parties observing that the same objection had been raised, but without foundation, against the divinity of Christ, when those who mocked him exclaimed, "He saved others: himself he cannot save." It was vain to attempt conviction on minds entrenched behind such a position; and, therefore, to satisfy the increasing importunity of those who now believed, from my very scruples and reluctance, that I really *had* the power, but was indisposed to exercise it for their benefit, I wrote on slips of paper various unmeaning characters, which were taken as favours, and construed into talismans of a general, rather than a particular nature, from my declining to assign to them any specific virtue. The occurrence of such a scene as this among the Mahommedans of the Nile, or the barbarians of Nubia, or the savages of Africa, would not have been surprising; but here, as I had been forced, by what I had seen, to estimate the state of civilization among the Arab Christians of these parts, I had not before supposed it to be so low as this incident evidently showed it to be.

THE TROUBADOUR.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

The cloudless splendour of the setting sun shone broadly and brightly upon the dark blue waters of the Rhine, and fell in shadowy beams of gold upon the romantic objects that diversify the banks of that majestic river. Volumes might be written in praise of the enchanting sublimity of these favoured spots, but to attempt the description of one feature only is all that now falls to our share.

Seated upon the brow of a stupendous cliff, whose jutting sides, clothed with verdant foliage, rose proudly from the foaming waves beneath, was the castle of —, a feudal fortress, which, erected as a stronghold in the earlier periods of history, bore the venerable traces of decay, mingled with the more ruthless violence of warfare. Partially surrounded by a high and massy wall, flanked by enormous bastions, and protected by a *fosse* of considerable depth, the building, boldly defined upon the horizon, reared its lone towers above the vine-clad steeps around it, and grey and time-worn as the rock upon which it stood, appeared like a monument of forgotten days, to challenge the admiration of every passing eye. A serpentine path, entangled with luxuriant eglantine, hawthorn, and hazel, and, in many places, overhung with moss-crowned cliffs of lime-stone, wound its way from the portcullis to the rugged base of the ascent, where a variety of fragrant shrubs and blossoms bloomed upon the hoary crag, and scattered sweetness upon the air. Bosky glades and dells, interspersed with corn-fields and vineyards, groves and bowers, beautiful as the fabled regions of fairy-land, and apparently crowding together as they receded from view, and faded into the delicious azure and amethyst of the distance, assist the outlines of our sketch; while here and there an ivied tower, or mouldering hermitage, a lowly roof, or convent spire, invest the whole with the winning and hallowed attributes of social and religious existence. And now to paint the animated portion of the picture. Leaning against a projecting eminence, so situated as to command a perfect view of the castle, was an individual habited in minstrel's attire. With a countenance full of fire and sweetness, yet strongly tinged with melancholy, an eye

irradiated with the light of genius, and a lip that might have been aptly presumed to breathe forth the witchery of song, he possessed a figure of slender and elegant proportion, not unbecomingly displayed by the picturesque character of his garb. A broad hat, somewhat resembling that of the palmer, defended his head, and was slouched over a forehead the natural freshness of which, somewhat tarnished by the sun, was furthermore shaded by a profusion of ebon tresses; a dark-green cloak, furred round the neck with the skin of the grey squirrel, and fastened by a silver clasp, hung carelessly from his shoulders, and, opening in front, showed the close body dress which completed his costume. The appearance and attitude of the stranger testified travel and fatigue; but in the deep and earnest expression of his face—in the rapid changes of his colour, the quick curving of his mouth, and the penetrating glance of his falcon eye, as he fixed his gaze upon the fortress, and beheld battlement and barbican blazing in the beams of the sun, much of lofty enterprise and restlessness of spirit might be discerned.

"In good sooth it is a fair and lovely land," soliloquized the minstrel, casting his eyes over the scenery around him; "and, methinks, it were no trying matter to muse away life in a solitude like this, and happily too. Grand, and wild, and beautiful—what more could poet's heart desire? and what more than the breath of the blue heavens, the swelling of the pure waters, and the fair fruit and foliage of the glad earth, with the pleasant song of birds, and the still sweeter voice of kindred—what more than these should man seek after? And yet," continued he, breaking into a new strain, and speaking with a prouder tone, "there is something more that is dear to the soul of man. Ambition with its brilliant dreams—conquest with its bewildering charms—glory, immortal glory, preparing the path of the hero, and wreathing his foulchion with unfading laurels—a far-stretched sovereignty—a crown and sceptre, or—" and his brow deepened, and his voice fell—"chains, a prison, and a stranger's grave."

With these words he remained for a few seconds as if absorbed in reflection, then springing hastily from his passive posture, he snatched up the harp that lay beside him,

and, humming a light madrigal, struck into the leafy and devious pathway that directed to the castle.

We will here change the scene, and introduce the reader to an apartment in the fortress which we have pointed out as the object of the minstrel's attention. Composed of massy stone, roughly hewn in blocks, and rudely cemented, the walls of the room seemed, from the loop-holes with which they were pierced, to be of uncommon thickness: the finer craft of the artizan had evidently been but sparingly employed in their decoration, but the taste or courtesy of the present proprietor had partly hung them with tapestry, which, rent in divers places, and ill-fitted to the space it was destined to disguise, betrayed the unsightly masonry beneath. In the centre of the room was placed a heavy oaken table, covered by a crimson cloth, and upon this, half filled with muscadine, stood a silver flagon, richly embossed, together with a drinking cup of the same costly metal: close by the table was a chair of oak, curiously carved in the fashion of the times; and a sort of niche in the wall was occupied by a sculptured desk, on which were seen an Italian crucifix of ivory, and a small illuminated breviary, thickly studded with bosses of gold. In the corner of the room was thrown a hood of mail, with a long cloak of serge, and a broad-leaved hat, bearing on its brim the emblematic cockle-shell of the pilgrim. Cut in the upper part of the walls, long and narrow loop-holes, secured by strong stanchions of iron, admitted light and air, and afforded a bird's-eye prospect of the country. A glimpse of the deep blue sky, the silver edge of a departing cloud, and the bright verdure of an ivy-branch that trembled in the breeze, and shot its leaves across the embrasure, with a vivid beam of splendour that played horizontally into the apartment, were all that was visible to its solitary inmate, as haughtily he raised his head, and bent his eye upon the outlet that carried his survey beyond the bounds of his confinement. The prisoner was in the meridian of life; a figure tall, muscular, and well-set; a complexion tanned by the sun, and long exposure to the injuries of the weather, yet still retaining much of its original fairness; features frank, open, and characteristic; a brow shadowed by thick, golden hair; and a light, blue, sparkling eye, like the lion's in its fury;

with a lip whose scornful curve seemed fit to smile defiance upon the world, constituted the personal appearance of the captive. A suit of linked mail, worn and battered, protected the body, and the knightly chain suspended from his neck, with the spur that clanked upon his armed heel, as he strode impatiently across his chamber, proved that the captive was one of consideration. The uncurbed nature of his contemplations was written upon his mien; every look, every action bespoke the ferment of a spirit chafed almost to madness by the servile limits to which it was circumscribed. Abruptly stopping in the midst of his apartment, he threw a piercing glance upon the sky, whose declining lustre fell obliquely upon his covered head, and illumined his countenance with amber light—a bird fluttered across the window, and the ivy shook beneath its wings; while at this trivial incident the whole face of the prisoner became dyed with crimson. He fiercely knit his brows, and biting his nether lip until the red blood started at the pressure, dashed his clenched hand upon the table, and cried, “Now, by God’s mercy, ’tis foul shame that the very birds of the air frolic upon the breeze unbidden and unrestrained, while we lie like a felon in some donjon-keep! The base-born serf and peasant churl may hie them to their labour, their pastime, and repose, no tongue to bar, no hand to stay their steps; while the soldier of the cross, the terror of the infidel, aye, the anointed of the Lord, treacherously dragged before a petty league of vassals, is thrown into the fell precincts of an unheeded prison. France mocks at our captivity, our brother riots, like a luxurious craven, in our possessions, while our royal mother weeps with our loving subjects for the desertion of her son, and the cause of Christendom sinks and languishes for its champion. May the foul fiend rive thee, Leopold, for this inglorious deed; and by my holidame and our blessed rood, an’ ever I find my way back to bonny England, I will repay thee, uncourteous prince!”

While yet he spake the tones of a harp broke upon the stillness of the hour, and a few chords, struck by a bold, sweet, and masterly hand, arrested the attention of the captive. The fingers of the performer strayed, loosely, among the strings, and, with touches of infinite feeling, ran through the prelude of a celebrated Provençal air. *Cœur de-*

Lion seemed rivetted to the ground ; his bitter complainings sank into utter silence, and, presently, a voice of rare melody sang, with the most exquisite taste and sentiment, the first stanza of a song that almost electrified the monarch with surprise. Seizing a harp which lay nearly concealed amidst the rushes on the floor, Richard swept his hand across the chords, and, in a rude and hurried style, took up the burden of the piece. Sinews fitter to grasp the sword, or battle-axe, now gave pliancy to the chords, and, with a flashing eye, the martial minstrel quickly paused, in breathless expectation of the succeeding moment. Nor was his expectation disappointed : the strain was instantaneously renewed. Lightly and rapturously the hand of the unseen musician sported upon the instrument, now dashing amidst the strings, and arousing the proud notes of triumph and inspiration ; then gliding into a soft and plaintive measure ; again floating over them as if every tone fell from the burning touch of ecstasy ; and, at last, dying away in a cadence of the most entrancing harmony.

Half subdued by his emotions, Richard mounted to the lattice, and, forcing aside the ivy, endeavoured to obtain a glimpse of the minstrel.

"Blondel ! my poor Blondel !" exclaimed he, straining his voice to the utmost, and inclining his eyes towards the spot from whence the music had issued in quest of the harper.

Who did he behold ? Blondel ? Yes, the faithful Blondel, who, unwearied in attachment, in fidelity and solicitude, had wandered over Germany in search of his beloved, his lost, and his regretted master. Joy, love, and veneration were depicted on his aspect, as, unbonnetted, he bent his knee to the imprisoned monarch ; then precipitately rising, and placing one hand upon his lips, in token of caution and secrecy, he pointed with the other to the west, and signified, by tokens, his intention to proceed direct to England, make known his successful pilgrimage to the queen dowager, and secure the liberation of his monarch.

Taking from his fore-finger a signet-ring, adorned with a superb ruby, Cour-de-Lion attached it to the massive chain of gold that depended from his neck, and flung it, with well-imagined aim, towards the feet of the minstrel. Blondel

snatched it from the turf, and pressing it to his lips, concealed it in his bosom as a test of his veracity, then swiftly disappeared, his heart beating with mingled loyalty and affection.

On the 3d of May, 1194, the good city of London presented a busy, a gladsome, and a tumultuous scene: the pride of merry England, the scourge of the Paynim land, and the chivalrous defender of the cross, the gallant and lion-hearted Richard, returned in triumph to his throne and subjects. Mounted on a stately charger, the monarch—for whose ransom history records that churches and monasteries, in the fervour of their zeal, melted down their plate, while prelates and nobles volunteered a fourth of their yearly income, and the parochial clergy contributed a tenth of their tithes—the monarch, thus passionately beloved, rode through the ranks of his devoted people, and with kingly condescension acknowledged the enthusiastic greetings that rent the very welkin with their noise. The appearance which he made that day was not only adapted to the occasion, but also to the martial spirit of the warrior. His figure was encased in a suit of mail, little remarkable for ornament, but of well-tryed temper; and, in lieu of being protected by casque and vizor, his head was covered with a richly embroidered barret-cap of velvet, bearing a plume of feathers, fastened in an aigrette of diamonds. Over his armour he wore a scarf of azure, twisted with silver, and a chain, set with jewels of price, glittered upon his breast, while his sword, of the true Damascus, was decorated upon the hilt with that delicate species of carving in which the Italian artificers excelled. Reining in the fiery steed which he bestrode, he bowed frankly and frequently to the assembled multitude that pressed about him, at times chiding the efforts of his followers to ward off their intrusion. Upon a milk-white palfrey, whose housings and footcloth were profusely encrusted with precious stones, Queen Eleanor occupied a place upon the right of her heroic son: her apparel was gorgeous to excess, and, as with singular dexterity, she managed the animal upon which she was seated, she softened the native haughtiness of her brow, and sweetly, yet proudly, bent her regal head to the acclamations of the

throng. Upon the left of Richard, in his episcopal vestments, rode the chief justiciary, Walter Archbishop of Rouen, and near him were Geoffrey of York, Robert Earl of Leicester, William Marechal Earl of Strigul, Hugh Bar-dolf, and others of illustrious name and prowess. Nor must Blondel be forgotten, who, honoured amidst the titled group, shared in the exultation which he had promoted as a poor and wandering troubadour, and read in every face the approbation of his zeal. A long and sumptuous train of knights and nobles attended on their sovereign, and gleaming harness and helmets, jewelled bonnets and white plumes, with blazoned surcoats and banners, and the gaudy caparison of war steeds, contrasted with the more sober attire of the trusty citizens. There were the blast of trumpets, and the clash of arms, the neighing of horses, and the ringing of metalled hoofs, confused with the deafening shouts of the multitude; there were the strong full voices of men, and the soft sweet accents of women, blended with the lisping tones of infancy, as all, animated by a kindred feeling, hailed their adored monarch on his release; stern brows, and bright eyes, unbent and beamed upon the king, and many a fair cheek deepened into the damask rose as the quick glance of majesty fell upon its retiring beauty, as the ardent beams of the sun upon the lily of the vale. Flowers were strewn upon his path, perfumes scattered in the air, and coins of silver thrown in handfuls to the populace, while itinerant minstrels sang the praises of the lion-heart at every pause in the procession, and received from the transports of the crowd ample and weighty memorials of their satisfaction.

To describe the splendour of the scene is impossible in the limits to which we are confined; suffice it then to say, that London poured forth its wealth and its magnificence, and that the flower and chivalry of the English court that day mustered around their king. We will here lay down the pen with briefly stating, that the German nobles, viewing the splendour of the rejoicings, declared that, "had their master been aware of the resources of the English, they would not so easily have ransomed their sovereign."

C—r.

ST. MARK'S EVE.*

A NORTHUMBRIAN LEGEND.

They told her, on this mystic eve,
 How many a maid was wont to weave
 A wreath of every fairest flower,
 Cull'd at the dewy evening hour;
 And, lit by day's last lingering smile,
 To leave it in the ruined aisle
 Of the lone abbey: who would dare,
 At midnight hour, to seek it there,
 Should see the bridal train sweep by,
 And all love's shadowy pageantry;
 The future bridegroom and his bride
 (Her shadowy likeness) by his side;
 As many bride's maids should be seen,
 As future months should intervene
 Before the wedding-day; for she,
 Ere the twelvemonth, a bride should be.

But then, again, there ran a tale
 Of fun'ral rites and corpses pale,
 Of sable bier, and drooping pall,
 And broken, blighted coronal.
 Woe to the hapless maid, whose eye
 Might meet these omens;—she should die.

The tear half brighten'd Eveline's eye,
 She scarce suppressed the rising sigh,
 But a deep blush her cheek o'erspread,
 "Yes, I will go," the bright smile said
 That ting'd her lip
 and whisperingly
 The breeze of night came floating by,

* It is still a popular superstition in some parts of Northumberland, that if a maiden leave a garland in the church aisle on St. Mark's Eve, and fetch it away at midnight, she will see a bridal procession; the bride and bridegroom, the shadowy likeness of herself and destined husband, followed by as many bride's maids as months will pass before the wedding-day, which will assuredly happen within the year. Or she may behold funeral rites, and in that case she will be buried before the following St. Mark's Eve.—*Hone*.

When Eveline crossed the lonely vale,
Lit by the glow-worm's taper, pale.
Her bounding step so light, so fleet,
Scarce gemm'd with dew her flying feet.
But fearfully she look'd around,
And started at each passing sound :
From the far village, e'en the breeze
That played among the rustling trees,
Or murmur of the crystal rill,
That rippled down the neighb'ring hill,
(Familiar sounds, from childhood dear,)
Now urg'd her flight with wings of fear.
At length she stopt, and gazed awhile
Upon the venerable pile,
That dim in shadowy beauty lay,
Lit by the soft and struggling ray
Of the cloud-captured moon, no light
But her's illumed the brow of night ;
Save where the murky clouds were rent
That veiled the starry firmament,
And the pale scattered gems of night
Peep'd forth with dim and broken light.
Beside a cypress tree, whose gloom
O'er-canopied a stately tomb
Of richest marble, fearfully
Still Eveline lingered ;—suddenly,
Upon her startled ear, there fell
The deep tones of the abbey bell,
Which, from its ivy-mantled tower,
Toll'd forth the solemn, midnight hour :
Each stroke, that seemed the knell of death,
Blanched Eveline's cheek, and stopt her breath ;
Shot like an ice-bolt to her heart,
And froze her powerless to start.
It ceas'd ; she breath'd ; the blood again
Mantled her cheek and throb'd each vein :
She strove to nerve her trembling heart,
Too prone to act the woman's part.
One moment more,—the porch is past—
She stands within the aisle at last ;

The silent mansions of the dead
Re-echoed to her hurried tread ;
No sounds disturbed the silent night,
And the few scatter'd rays of light
But served to show the deeper gloom
That reigned within this living tomb.
But far the envious clouds were driven,
That veiled the bright expanse of heaven ;
And from her throne the queen of night
Diffused her broad, unbroken light ;
Her bright, far-searching beams illumed
The long-drawn aisle, and fretted dome,
And arch, with carving richly wrought,
And the tall graceful column ; aught
That envious darkness had concealed
The soft and silvery light revealed.
But chief its trembling radiance shone
A gothic oriel full upon ;
An arch of curious architrave
Was tripled over it, and gave
A sombre sadness to its light ;
Its panes were diamonded, and dight
Innum'rously with splendid dyes
And quaintly blazoned heraldries.
An altar rose the arch beneath,
And on it lay the mystic wreath,
And Eveline's self was kneeling there :
'Scaped from her hat of straw, her hair
Fell richly o'er the snowy breast,
On which her clasped hands were prest,
As though to still its throb ; her eye
Of wandered round her fearfully.
Perchance 'twas night-wind's dewy sigh
Seal'd with a popied kiss her eye ;
For 'neath its silken fringed lid
It droop'd ; her cheek reclined, half hid
'Mid auburn ringlets ; slumber stole
Resistless o'er her wearied soul ;
Slumber, whose dreamy influence brought
(So Fancy feign'd) her waking thought.

She heard wherein the cloisters meet,
 The light approach of maiden feet,
 She heard where rose the bridal song
 Floating the lengthened aisles along :
 The strain approached near and more near,
 With choral swell, full, soft, and clear,
 At length those accents met her ear.—

BRIDAL SONG.

Twine myrtle with the evergreen,
 Raise we now the bridal song,
 While echoes thus the strain prolong
 To Reuben and fair Eveline.
 Thus we strew thy path with flowers,
 Earnest of the future hours ;
 Love's snowy myrtle-buds hang o'er you,
 And youth's bright evergreens before you ;
 While our blooming wreaths surround,
 Let the choral strain resound ;
 And whispering echoes chaunt between
 To Reuben and fair Eveline.

At once the maiden train divide—
 She saw her lover, and for bride
 A second self stood by his side,
 Encircled in her Reuben's arms,
 Who hung enamour'd o'er her charms.
 " 'Tis he, 'tis he ! " the slumberer cries,
 And dreaming still, essayed to rise.
 The effort her light slumbers broke,
 And with a starting sigh she woke.
 She threw a timid glance around,
 She was alone, nor sight, nor sound
 Disturb'd the death-like stillness round.
 " And is it but a dream ! "—she sighed,
 An answering sigh to her's replied.
 An arm was round her slender waist,
 A hand the blooming chaplet placed
 On her loose tresses ; whisperingly
 A voice said, " Eveline, 'tis I."

L. 38. l.

c

She turned, and Reuben stood before her,
His longing arms extended o'er her ;
She sank upon her lover's breast,
He whispered, as her lip he press'd,
" 'Tis ours, my Eveline, to achieve
The visions of this mystic eve."

E. M. S.

A LEGEND OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

On the declaration of war with Russia made by the Turks in 1786, Baron Bulhakoff, the Russian minister, despite his representation that the imprisonment of the Muscovite ambassadors on such occasions had been abolished by treaty, was, nevertheless, sent to the Seven Towers by order of Codza Youssouf Pasha, the grand vizier, with the assurance that treaties were very good things in time of peace, but mere waste paper in the event of war. The discomfited ambassador was, however, treated with great civility, and was even permitted to select such members of the legation as he desired should bear him company during his captivity ; strict orders being given to the commandant of the castle to accede to every request of the prisoner which did not tend to compromise his safety ; and upon his complaining of the accommodations of the tower, he was moreover permitted to erect a kiosk on the walls of the fortress, whence he had a magnificent view of the Sea of Marmora and its glittering islands, and to construct a spacious and handsome apartment within the tower itself.

The commandant was lodged beneath the same roof as his prisoner. He had an only daughter, so young, and so lovely that she might have taken her stand between the two hours who wait at the portal of Paradise to beckon the faithful across its threshold, without seeming less beautiful than they. Fifteen springs had with their delicate breathings opened the petals of the roses since the birth of Rechedi Hanoum, and she had far out-bloomed the brightest blossoms of the fairest of seasons. Her voice, when it was poured forth in song, came through the lattices of her casement like the tones of a distant mandolin sweeping over the waters of the

still sea—when you looked upon her, it was as though you looked upon a rose ; and when you listened, you seemed to listen to the nightingale.

Rechedi Hanoum had never yet poured the scented sherbet in the garden of flowers. Her young heart was as free as the breeze that came to her brow from the blue bosom of the Propontis ; and when she heard that a Muscovite Giaour was about to become an inmate of the Tower, she only trembled, for she knew that he was an enemy of her country.

Terror was, however, soon succeeded by curiosity. Only a few weeks after the compulsory domestication of the ambassador at the Seven Towers, his kiosk was completed, and from her closed casements the young Hanoum could see all that passed in the vast apartment of the prisoner.

Her first glance at the dreaded infidel was transient ; but soon she took another, and a longer look ; and curiosity was, in its turn, succeeded by sympathy. The Russian prisoner was the handsomest man on whom her eyes had ever rested, and it was not thus that she had pictured to herself the dreaded Muscovite. He was unhappy, too ; for in his solitary moments he paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps, like one who is grappling with some painful memory,—and at times sat sadly, with his head pillowed on his hand, and his fingers wreathed amid the wavy hair which encircled his brow, looking so mournful, and, above all, so fascinating, that the fair Rechedi at last began to weep as she clung to her lattice, with her gaze riveted upon him ; and to find more happiness in those tears than in all the simple pleasures that had hitherto formed the charm of her existence.

Little did the young Hanoum suspect that she loved the Giaour. She never dreamed of passion ; but, with all the generous anxiety of innocence, unconscious that a warmer feeling than that of mere pity urged her to the effort, she began to muse upon the means of diminishing the irksomeness of a captivity which she was incapable of terminating. The first, the most natural impulse, led her to sweep her hands across the chords of her zebeck ; and, as she remarked the start of agreeable surprise with which the sound was greeted by the courtly prisoner, her young heart bounded with joy, and the wild song gushed forth with a sweetness which chained the attention of the captive, and afforded to the de-

lighted girl the opportunity of a long, long look, that more than repaid her for her minstrelsy.

During the evening, she watched to ascertain whether a repetition of her song would be expected—and she did not watch in vain ; for more than once the Russian noble leant from his casement, and seemed to listen ; but he came not there alone ; one of his companions in captivity was beside him ; and Rechedi Hanoum, although she guessed not wherefore, had suddenly become jealous of her minstrelsy, and would not exhibit it before a third person.

On the morrow, an equally graceful and equally successful effort whiled the prisoner a time from his sorrows. A cluster of roses, woven together with a tress of bright dark hair, was flung from the casement of the young beauty, at a moment when the back of the stranger was turned towards her. It fell at his feet and was secured and pressed to his lips with a respectful courtesy, that quickened the pulse of the donor ; but not a glimpse of the fair girl accompanied the gift ; and it seemed as though the Baron had suspected wherefore—for ere long he was alone in his apartment ; and, when he had dismissed his attendants, he once more advanced to the window, and glanced anxiously towards the jealous lattices by which it was overlooked.

There was a slight motion perceptible behind the screen ; a white hand waved a greeting ; and the imprisoned noble bent forward to obtain a nearer view of its fair owner. For a moment Rechedi Hanoum stood motionless, terrified at the excess of her own temerity ; but there was a more powerful feeling at heart than fear ; and, in the next, she forced away her prison-bars for an instant, and, with the tell-tale hand pressed upon her bosom, stood revealed to her enaptured neighbour.

From that day the beauty allowed herself to betray to the captive her interest in his sorrows—she did more : she admitted that she shared them ; and ere long there was not an hour throughout the day in which the thoughts of Rechedi Hanoum were not dwelling on the handsome prisoner.

Thus were things situated during two long years, when the death of the reigning sultan, at the termination of that period, induced the ambassadors of England and France to demand from his successor, Selim the Third, the liberty of the Rus-

sian minister. The request was refused, for the war was not yet terminated; and the new sovereign required no better pretext for disregarding the representations of the European ambassadors, than the continuation of hostilities between the two countries. But Selim had other and more secret reasons for thus peremptorily negating their prayer; and it will be seen in the suite, that they did not arise from personal dislike to the captive Muscovite.

Like Haroun Alraschid, of Arabian memory, the new sultan, during the first weeks of his reign, amused himself by nocturnal wanderings about the streets of the city in disguise, attended by the subsequently famous Hussein, his first and favourite body-page; and, immediately that he had refused compliance with the demand of the ambassadors, he resolved on paying an *incognito* visit to his prisoner at the Seven Towers. As soon as twilight had fallen, like a mantle, over the golden glories of Stamboul, he accordingly set forth; and, having discovered himself to the commandant, and enjoined him to secrecy, he entered the ante-chamber of the baron, where he found one of his suite, to whom he expressed his desire to have an interview with the captive ambassador.

The individual to whom the sultan had addressed himself recognised him at once; but, without betraying that he did so, contented himself with expressing his regret that he was unable to comply with the request of his visiter, the orders of the sultan being peremptory that the baron should hold no intercourse with any one beyond the walls of the fortress.

On receiving this answer, Selim replied, gaily, that the sultan need never be informed of the circumstance; and that, being a near relation of the commandant, and having obtained his permission to have a few minutes' conversation with the prisoner, he trusted that he should not encounter any obstacle, either on the part of the baron himself, or on that of his friends.

The dragoman, with affected reluctance, quitted the room, to ascertain, as he asserted, the determination of his excellency, but, in reality, to inform him of the imperial masquerade; and in five minutes more, the disguised sultan and his favourite were ushered into the apartment of the ambassador.

After some inconsequent conversation, Selim inquired how the baron had contrived to divert the weary hours of his captivity; and was answered, that he had endeavoured to lighten them by books, and by gazing out upon the Sea of Marmora from his kiosk. Bulhakoff sighed as he made the reply, and remembered how much more they had been brightened by the affection of the fair Rechedi Hanoum; and he almost felt as though he were an ingrate, that he did not add her smiles and her solicitude to the list of his prison-blessings.

"The same volume and the same kiosk cannot please for ever," said the sultan, with a smile; "and you would not, doubtless, be sorry to exchange your books for the conversation of your fellow-men, nor your view of the blue Propontis for one more novel. A prison is but a prison at the best, even though you may be locked up with all the courtesy in the world. But your captivity is not likely to endure much longer. Shekiour Allah!—Praise be to God!—I am intimately acquainted with the sultan's favourite; and I know that, had not the meddling ministers of England and France sought to drive the new sovereign into an act of justice, which he had resolved to perform from inclination, you would have been, ere this, at liberty. Do not, therefore, be induced to lend yourself or your countenance to any intrigue that they may make to liberate you, and which will only tend to exasperate his highness; but wait patiently for another month, and at its expiration you will be set free, and restored to your country."

"I trust that you may prove a true prophet," said the baron; and his visitors shortly afterward departed.

The days wore on; the month was almost at an end, and yet the captive noble had never ventured to breathe to the fair girl who loved him the probability of his liberation. He shrank from the task almost with trembling, for he felt that even to him the parting would be a bitter one—even to him, although he was about to recover liberty, and country, and friends. What, then, would it be to her—to his "caged bird," as he had often fondly called her, who knew no joy save in his presence—no liberty save that of loving him? As the twilight fell sadly over the sea, and the tall trees of the prison garden grew dark and gloomy in the sinking light,

he remembered how ardently they had both watched for that still hour, soon to be one of tenfold bitterness to the forsaken Rechedi Hanoum; and there were moments in which he almost wished that she had never loved him.

But the hour of trial came at last. Selim had redeemed his word, and Bulhakoff was free. His companions in captivity would fain have quitted the fortress within the hour; but the liberated prisoner lingered. He gave no reason for his delay—he offered no explanation of his motives; he simply announced his resolution not to quit the tower until the morrow; and then he shut himself into his chamber, and passed there some of the most bitter hours of his captivity.

Once more twilight lay long upon the waters; the time of the tryst was come—the last which the beautiful young Hanoum was ever to keep with her lover. She had long forgotten the possibility of his liberation; and when she stole from her chamber to the shadow of the tall cypresses that had so often witnessed their meeting, her heart bounded like her step. But no fond smile welcomed her coming—no reproach, more dear than praise, murmured against her tardiness. Bulhakoff was leaning his head against the tree beside which he stood, and the young beauty had clasped within her own the chill and listless hand that hung at his side, ere, with a painful start, he awakened from his reverie.

The interview was short; but brief as was its duration, it had taught the wretched girl that for her there was no future save one of misery. She *could* not weep, for the drops of anguish would have dimmed the image of him whom she had loved, and was about to lose. She made no reply to the withering tidings he had brought, for what had words to do with such a grief as hers? She was like one who dreamt a fearful dream; and when she turned away to regain her chamber, she walked with a firm step, for her heart was broken; and she had nothing now left to do but to veil from her lover the extent of her own anguish, lest she should add to the bitterness of his.

The morrow came. The baron turned a long, soul-centred look toward the lattices of his young love, and quitted her for ever; and, ere many weeks were spent, the same group of cypresses which had overshadowed the trysting-place of Rechedi Hanoum gloomed above her grave.

A GLANCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Here it is that God and man, nature and art, have placed, or created in concert, a landscape that has nothing like it in this planet of our's. I uttered an involuntary cry, and obliterated for ever from my mind the Bay of Naples with all its enchantments. To compare anything with such a concentration of loveliness and magnificence is to insult creation.

A few paces distant on the left frowned the walls, supporting the circular terraces that bound the spacious garden of the grand seraglio, separated from the sea by a narrow flagged footway, continually washed by the perpetual current of the Bosphorus, in little blue rippling waters, like the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. The terraces, which rise in insensible slopes to the Sultan's palace, whose gilded domes are discernable through the gigantic heads of palm-trees and cypresses, are themselves planted with similar trees, whose huge trunks tower above the walls, while the branches, scorning the boundaries of the gardens, overhang the sea with thick canopies of foliage, and shadow the caiques. Our rowers suspended their oars occasionally under their shade. Here and there these groups of trees are broken by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilt and sculptured gates opening upon the sea; or batteries of copper and bronze cannon, of antique and uncouth forms. The grated windows of these maritime palaces overlook the sea, and glimpses may now and then be caught of the lustres and gilt ceilings of the apartments, sparkling through the Venetian blind; while at every step elegant Moorish fountains, springing from the seraglio walls, fell murmuring from the heights of the gardens into marble conches, from which the passers by may quench their thirst. A few Turkish soldiers lie stretched at their ease beside these fountains, while numbers of masterless dogs are wandering along the quay, and some of them sleeping in the embrasures. As the boat advanced along these walls, the prospect expanded before us; we neared the Asiatic coast, and the eye began to trace the mouth of the Bosphorus between a line of sombre hills and an opposite range, which appeared to be painted in all the tints of the rainbow. Here we again rested—the smiling coast of Asia, only about a

mile distant, was sketched to our right, its broad and high hills standing forward in relief, crowned with black forests of sharp-pointed trees; the champaign was fringed with trees and studded with red-painted houses, the perpendicular sides of the ravines, tapestried with verdant plants and sycamores, whose branches dipped in the stream. Farther off, the hills were still loftier, then declined in green slopes till they formed a large advanced cape, bearing on its brow the considerable town of Scutari, with its white barracks, resembling a royal chateau—its mosques, with their glittering minarets—its quay, and its creeks, &c.

The channel presents, in the distant perspective, an uninterrupted chain of villages, fleets at anchor or in sail, little ports shaded with trees, scattered houses and spacious palaces, with their rose-gardens abutting upon the sea.

A few minutes rowing carried us forward to that precise point of the Golden Horn from whence the eye may revel, at one view, over the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the entire haven, or, more properly, the interior Sea of Constantinople. There we forgot Marmora, the Asiatic coast, and the Bosphorus, to give our individual and admiring contemplation to the Golden Horn, and the seven towns suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, which unites the whole in one unique and incomparable city; at once city, country, sea-port, river-banks, gardens, woody mountains, profound valleys, throngs of houses, streets and masts, tranquil lakes, and enchanting solitudes; a view of which no pencil can delineate more than by detached fragments, and of which, at every stroke of the oars, the eye and the soul imbibe an entirely new aspect and impression.

The seraglio retired from us, and grew larger as it retired, in proportion as the eye embraced a fuller scope of the vast outlines of its walls, and the multitude of its slopes, trees, kiosks, and palaces. Its site alone would suffice for the seat of a large town. The port advanced, and gradually came more developed, winding, like a canal, between the sides of hanging mountains. It has no appearance of a port; but resembles rather that of the Thames, or any large river, enclosed by two hilly banks studded with towns, and both shores choked with interminable fleets at anchor in front of the line

of houses. We sailed through that innumerable host of ships, some at anchor, others making sail for the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, or the Black Sea, comprising vessels of every form, of every size, and all flags—from the Arab bark, with its projecting and elevated prow, similar to the beak of the ancient galleys, to the magnificent three-decker, with shining bronze walls. Hundreds of Turkish caiques, little boats which answer the purpose of carriages upon the maritime streets of the amphibious city, guided by one or two rowers in silk sleeves, were threading their way between the more massy structures, crossing each other's paths, coming in contact without being capsized, and elbowing each other like a crowd in the public squares; while clouds of albatross, like beautiful white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, flying to a more distant station to cradle themselves upon the waves. I cannot attempt to reckon the vessels, the frigates, brigs, sloops, and boats, which, moving or stationary, cover the waters of the Port of Constantinople, from the mouth of the Bosphorus and the point of the seraglio, to the suburbs of Eyoub, and the delicious valleys of the sweet waters. The Thames, in London, offers nothing comparable to their number.

Whenever I ascend to the belvidere to enjoy this view (and I do so several times a day, and invariably every evening,) I cannot conceive how, of the many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have felt the beauty which it presents to my eye and to my mind. Why has no one described it? Is it because words have neither space, horizon, nor colours, and that painting is the only language of the eye? But painting itself has never portrayed all that is here. The pictures I have seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines and colours without life; none convey any idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole and the colossal grandeur of these lines;—the movements and interwindings of the different horizons; the moving sails scattered over the three seas;—the murmur of the busy population on the shores;—the reports of the cannon on board the vessels;—the flags waving from the mast heads;—the floating caiques;—the vaporious reflection of domes, mosques, steeples, and

minarets in the sea : all this has never been described. I will try it.

If you recollect that you are in Constantinople, the queen of Europe and Asia, at the precise point where these two quarters of the world meet, as it were, either for friendly greeting, or for combat ; whether night should surprise you whilst contemplating this prospect, which can never weary the eye ;—or the pharos of Galata, the Seraglio and Scutari, and the lights on the high poops of the vessels, are glimmering ; if the stars detach themselves one by one, or in groups from the azure firmament, and envelope the mountains of the Asiatic coast, the snows of Olympus, the Princes Islands in the sea of Marmora, the level height of the Seraglio, the hills of Stamboul and the three seas, so that the whole scene seems to float in a blue net work besprinkled with pearls ;—if the rising moon diffuse sufficient light to show the great masses of the picture, while it obscures or softens the details ;—you have at every hour of the day and night the most delicious spectacle that can charm the sight. It is an enchantment of the eye which spreads to the mind ;—a dazzling of the sight and the soul. This is the spectacle which I have enjoyed every day and every night for the space of a month.

I could not have believed that sky, earth, sea, and man could produce such a combination of enchanting prospects : the transparent mirror of the sky or of the sea can alone reflect them in their whole expanse. My imagination also embraces them in this extended way ; but my memory cannot retain and reproduce them except in little successful details. I therefore traced singly every different point of view as I glided along in my caique. A painter would require years to depict only one shore of the Bosphorus. The landscape changes at every glance, and as it varies presents renewed beauty. What can I say in a few words ?

The seraglio is characterised by the feeling which predominates among the people, viz., the love of nature. The admiration of beautiful prospects, groves, fountains, the expanse of the sea, and the horizon bounded by chains of snow-capped mountains, is the ruling instinct of the nation. In this may be traced the recollection of a pastoral and agricultural people, who love to cherish the remembrance of their origin, and whose tastes are all simple and instructive. They

have raised the palace of their sovereigns, the capitol of their imperial city, on the slope of the loveliest hill in the empire, and perhaps in the whole world. The seraglio has neither the external grandeur, nor the internal luxury of a European palace. Its charms consist in spacious gardens with trees intertwining, free and external as in a virgin forest, with fountains murmuring, and ring-doves cooing; it is the same throughout all Turkey. Sovereign and subjects, rich and poor, have but one want, one feeling, in the choice and arrangement of their dwellings, viz., to charm the eye with a beautiful prospect. If the situation of the house, and the poverty of the owner, preclude this luxury, then, at least, there are a tree, a sheep, and a dovecot, in a patch of ground surrounding the hut.

They live in harmony with the clouds of white turtle-doves which cover the domes of all the Khans and Mosques, and they do not even scare the swallows. The Turks themselves live in peace with all the animate and inanimate creation—trees, birds, or dogs—they respect every thing God has made. They extend their humanity to those inferior animals which are neglected, or persecuted among us.

O! MY OWN LOVE!

BY LORD GLENTWORTH,

O! my own love! how quick the moments fly

When thou art near to fill them with delight:

They seem like stars, whose radiant brilliancy

Shoots, dazzling, through the sable clouds of night.

So sweet, that one might think the amorous breeze

Kiss'd off the dew-drop from the budding rose,

And fondly breath'd upon the shrubs and trees

The richest perfumes which their leaves disclose.

So gently stealing, as when lover's eye

Feeds on the form he doats on to excess,

And scarcely thinks the object has pass'd by,

So full is fancy of its loveliness.

O! my own love! when thy dear form is gone,

On leaden pinions time appears to move,

Leaving this bosom desolate and lone,

Whilst echo sadly sighs—O! my own love!

THE NEW ENGLAND WIDOW.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

At a short distance from the village of S——, on the top of a hill, and somewhat retired and sheltered from the road side, lives a farmer by the name of Lyman. He is an industrious, intelligent, and honest man ; and though he has but a small farm, and that lying on bleak, stony hills, he has, by dint of working hard, applying his mind to his labor, and living frugally, met many losses and crosses without being cast down by them, and has always had a comfortable home for his children ; and how comfortable is the home of even the humblest New England farmer ! with plenty to satisfy the physical wants of man, with plenty to give to the few wandering poor, and plenty wherewith to welcome to his board the friend that comes to his gate. And, added to this, he has books to read, a weekly newspaper, a school for his children, a church in which to worship, and kind neighbours to take part in his joy, and gather about him in time of trouble. Such a man is sheltered from many of the wants and discontents of those that are richer than he, and secured from the wants and temptations of those that are poorer.

Late last winter, Mr. Lyman's daughter, Mrs. Bradley, returned from Ohio, a widow with three children. Mrs. Bradley and I were old friends. When we were young girls we went to the same district school, and we had always loved and respected one another. Neither she nor I thought it any reason why we should not, that she lived on a little farm, and in an old small house, and I in one of the best in the village ; nor that she dressed in very common clothes, and that mine, being purchased in the city, were a little better and smarter than any bought in the country. It was not the bonnets and gowns we cared for, but the heads and hearts those bonnets and gowns covered.

The very morning after Mrs. Bradley's arrival in S——, her eldest son, Lyman, a boy ten years old, came to ask me to go and see his mother. "Mother," he said, "was not very well, and wanted very much to see Miss S——." So I went home with him. After walking half a mile along

the road, I proposed getting over the fence and going, as we say in the country, "cross lots." So we got into the field, and pursued our way along the noisy little brook that, cutting Lyman's farm in two, winds its way to the hill, sometimes taking a jump of five or six feet, then murmuring over the stones, or playing round the bare roots of the old trees, as a child fondles about its parent, and finally steals off among the flowers it nourishes, the brilliant cardinals and snow-white clematis, till it mingles with the river that winds through our meadows. I would advise my young friends to choose the fields for their walks. Nature has always something in store for those who love her and seek her favours. You will be sure to see more birds in the green fields than on the roadside. Secure from the boys who may be idling along the road, ready to let fly stones at them, they rest longer on the perch, and feel more at home there. Then as Lyman and I did, you will find many a familiar flower that, in these bye-places, will look to you like the face of a friend; and you may chance to make a new acquaintance, and in that case you will take pleasure in picking it and carrying it home, and learning its name of some one wiser than you are. Most persons are curious to know the names of men and women whom they never saw before, and never may see again. This is idle curiosity; but often in learning the common name of a flower or plant, we learn something of its character or use; "bitter-sweet," "devil's cream pitcher," or "fever-bush," for example.

"You like flowers, Lyman," I said, as he scrambled up a rock to reach some pink columbines that grew from its crevices.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do like them," he said; "but I am getting these for mother; she loves flowers above all things—all such sorts of things," he added, with a smile.

"I remember very well," said I, "your mother loved them when she was a little girl, and she and I once attended together some lectures on botany; that is, the science that describes plants and explains their nature."

"Oh, I know, ma'am," said he, "mother remembers all about it, and she has taught me a great deal she learned then. When we lived out in Ohio, I used to find her a great many flowers she never saw before; but she could class

them, she said, though they seemed like strangers, and she loved best the little flowers she had known at home, and those we used to plant about the door, and mother said she took comfort in them in the darkest times."

Dark times I knew my poor friend had had—much sickness, many deaths, many, many sorrows in her family; and I was thankful that she had continued to enjoy such a pleasure as flowers are to those that love them.

As we approached Mrs. Lyman's, I looked for my friend, expecting she would come out to meet me, but I found she was not able to do so; and, when I saw her, I was struck with the thought that she would never living leave the house again. She was at first overcome at meeting me, but, after a few moments, she wiped away her tears and talked cheerfully. "I hoped," she said, "my journey would have done me good, but I think it has been too much for me; I have so longed to get back to father's house, and to look over these hills once more; and though I am weak and sick, words can't tell how contented I feel; I sit in this chair and look out of this window, and feel as a hungry man sitting down to a full table. Look there," she continued, pointing to a cherry tree before the window, "do you see that robin? ever since I can remember, every year a robin has had a nest in that tree. I used to write to father and inquire about it when I was gone; and when he wrote to me, in the season of bird-nesting, he always said something about the robins; so that this morning, when I heard the robin's note, it seemed to me like the voice of one of the family."

"Have you taught your children, Mary," I asked, "to love birds as well as flowers?"

"I believe it is natural to them," she replied; "but I suppose they take more notice of them from seeing how much I love them. I have not had much to give my children, for we have had great disappointments in the new countries, and have been what are called very poor folks; so I have been more anxious to give them what little knowledge I had, and to make them feel that God has given them a portion in the birds and the flowers, his good and beautiful creation."

"Mother always says—" said Lyman; and there seeming to remember that I was a stranger, he stopped.

"What does mother always say?" I asked.

"She says we can enjoy looking out upon beautiful prospects, and smelling the flowers and hearing the birds sing, just as much as if we could say 'they are mine!'"

"Well, is it not just so?" said Mrs. Lyman; "has not our Father in Heaven given his children a share in all his works? I often think, when I look out upon the beautiful sky, the clear moon, the stars, the sunset clouds, the dawning day; when I smell the fresh woods and the perfumed air; when I hear the birds sing, and my heart is glad, I think, after all, that there is not so much difference in the possessions of the rich and poor as some think: 'God giveth to us all liberally, and upbraideth not.'"

"Ah!" thought I, "the Bible says truly, 'as a man thinketh, so is he.' Here is my friend, a widow and poor, with a sickness that she well knows must end in death, and yet, instead of sorrowing and complaining, she is cheerful and enjoying those pleasures that all may enjoy if they will; for the kingdom of nature abounds with them. Mrs. Bradley was a disciple of Christ; this was the foundation of her peace; but, alas! all the disciples of Christ do not cultivate her wise, cheerful, and grateful spirit."

MEMORY.

Memory is the moonlight, the reflection of brighter rays, emanating originally from an object no longer seen; and all our retrospects towards the past times, as well as our individual remembrances, partake in some degree of the softening splendour which covers small faults and imperfections by grand masses of shade, and brings out picturesque beauties and points of interest, with apparently brighter effulgence than even when the full sunshine of the present beaming upon them, suffers at the same time the eye to be distracted, and the mind otherwise engaged by a thousand minor particulars. Nothing gains more, perhaps, from the impossibility of close inspection than the manners, the customs, and the things of the past; and in some instances, even Nature herself, and time, that enemy of man's works, in general so remorseless, seem to take a fanciful pleasure in assisting the illusion. That which was in itself harsh and rude in form,

acquires, as it decays, a picturesque beauty, which it never knew in its prime ; and the rough hold of the feudal robber, which afforded but small pleasure to behold, and little convenience to its inmates, is now seen and painted with delight, fringed with wild flowers scattered from Nature's beautiful hand, and softened with the green covering of ivy.

INFLUENCE OF AFFECTION.

There is a good deal of cutting about involuntary affection in the world, and all that, but a young lady should never suffer such foolish notions, gathered from books of romance, to enter her head. She should allow the pride of conscious strength of mind to keep her above every foolish and vain running out of silly preferences towards this precious fop, and that idle attendant on a lady's will. She should lay it up in her heart as an immutable principle, that no love can last if it is not based upon a right and calm estimation of good qualities ; or at least, that if the object upon which it is lavished be not one whose heart and whose head are both right, misery will surely be her ultimate portion. A sudden preference for a stranger is a very doubtful kind of preference ; and the lady who allows herself to be betrayed into such silly kind of affection, without knowing a word of the man's character or his position, is guilty of an indiscretion which not only reflects unfavourably upon her good sense, but argues badly for the nature and ground-work of that affection.

THE WIDOW'S TEAR.

BY MRS. MARY KERR HART.

That glist'ning tear—that glist'ning tear,
It springs from fountains deep and clear ;

Though sorrow's child,

'Tis chastened—mild—

And stranger to the fiend despair.

Oh ! let it steal across the cheek,

The eye must weep, or heart must break ;

As dew-drops bless

The wilderness,

It soothes the grief too full to speak.

OH ! SING AGAIN.

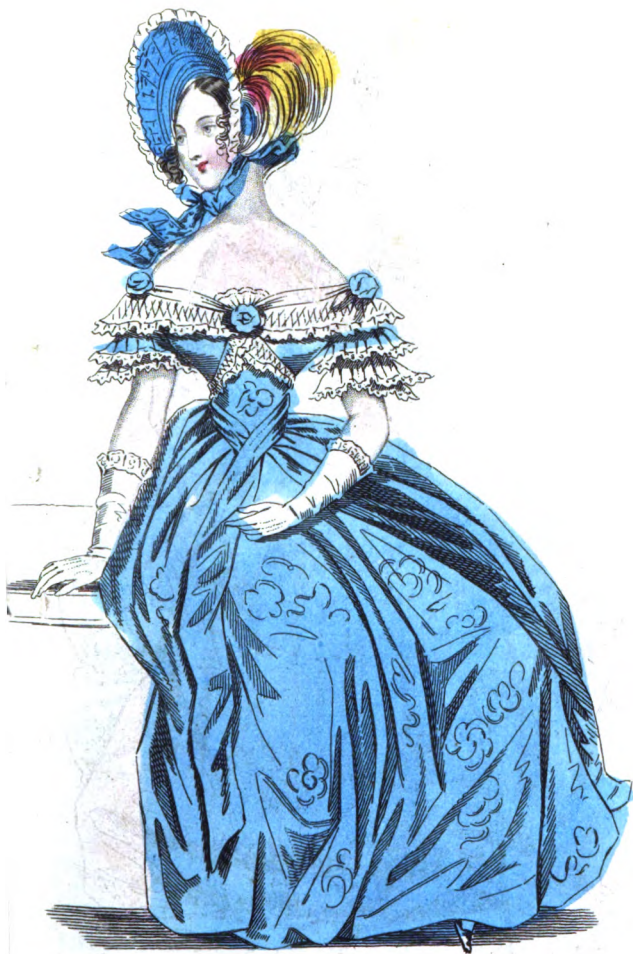
A CANZONET, BY JAMES KNOX.

Oh ! sing again
 Each magic strain
 We sang when joyous-hearted,
 Although the light
 That blessed our sight
 Is now, alas ! departed.
 Full often Pleasure's iris wing,
 Like April skies is shaded,
 But songs of other days will bring
 A joy, when joy hath faded.
 Then sing again
 Each magic strain
 We sang when joyous-hearted,
 Although the light
 That bless'd our sight
 Is now, alas ! departed.

There's Love can smile,
 And will beguile
 The bosom of its sadness,
 Or should we faint,
 Young Hope can paint
 A dream of future gladness.
 Yet these are ignis-fatuus rays
 That shine but to deceive us,
 While Mem'ry's song of other days
 Are lights which never leave us.
 Then sing again
 Each magic strain
 We sang when joyous-hearted,
 Although the light
 That bless'd our sight
 Is now, alas ! departed.



MORNING DRESS.



DINNER DRESS.

ANACREONTIC.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I drink to thee ! my Lilla dear,
 Maid of my heart, I drink to thee !
 While cups are fill'd to Beauty here
 I'll pledge thee, deep in memory !
 When friends are met, and round the board
 Quaff wishes kind to those they see,
 Safe treasur'd, like the miser's hoard,
 My silent heart shall drink to thee !

Thou art a gem too pure to name
 Amid the revel's noisy throng ;
 I would not hear thy maiden fame
 Echo'd the festal board along !
 I'll drink to thee, my Lilla dear,
 And long and deep the pledge shall be ;
 But guarded from Mirth's ruder ear,
 Within my heart, I'll drink to thee !

There thou shalt have a purer shrine,
 Than 'mid the banquet's noisy din ;
 Nor be the worshipp'd saint, when wine
 Blushes the circling glass within !
 When cups go round to Beauty here,
 Should any ask a pledge from me,
 Thy name the crowd shall never hear ;
 My heart alone shall drink to thee !

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

DINNER DRESS.—Robe of pale pink figured silk *glacé* with white, the *corsage* low, tight to the shape, and trimmed with a falling tucker of blond lace, is ornamented with roses without foliage. Short sleeves trimmed with a double fall of blond lace. *Ceinture* of pale pink *pou de soie* ribbons *glacé de blanc*. *Chapeau demi capote* of pale pink crape, trimmed

with a *ruche* of *tulle* at the edge of the brim, the fore part of which is drawn in a new style. A bird of Paradise and pale pink ribbons adorn the corners.

MORNING DRESS.—India muslin *peignoir*, trimmed with three flounces round the skirt; they are edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. The *corsage* and sleeves are of the usual form, but the latter are more full than they have been lately made. *Pelerine mantelets* of three falls, with narrow scarf ends. Small round cap of *tulle*, decorated with roses and pink ribbon.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

In consequence of the coronation, London is at this moment more brilliant than it has yet been during the early part of the season. The most splendid dresses have been prepared, both for the ceremony itself, and the grand *fêtes* that will follow it: *pou de soie*, and other rich silks, figured or embroidered in gold and silver. Some that we consider peculiarly beautiful, had a very narrow gold or silver stripe serpentine in colours; others were sprigged in small coloured flowers, with a foliage of gold or silver. These dresses were trimmed with either gold or silver blond lace, disposed on some robes *en tablier*, with the lace brought up from the waist and disposed round the *corsage* in a very novel style. It was arranged on other dresses in flounces. As regards the forms of these robes, we have nothing particular to announce; the *corsages* are all pointed at bottom, and cut low round the top, and the sleeves either *sabots* or *volans*.

Turn we now from the Court and its splendid *fêtes*, to our usual gleanings in the field of fashion. Rice straw, crape, and *pou de soie*, continue to be the favourite materials for carriage bonnets. The *demi tili* form seems to gain ground in the first; this shape, as simple as the cottage bonnet, but much more elegant and becoming, is confined to rice straw, bonnets of the other materials being made more open, and in general drawn. We may cite, among others, those of crape finished with a *vinette* of blond lace at the edge of the brim, a *gerbe* of field flowers drooping on each side of the interior of it, and a larger one depending from the bottom of the crown on the outside of the brim. Marabouts, and par-

ticu'arly shaded marabouts, are also employed to trim these bonnets ; but they are not in so much favour for them as for those of rice straw. Silk drawn bonnets are generally trimmed with flowers only, and the majority have the edge of the brim finished with a *ruche* of *tulle*. The flowers most in favour, are roses of various kinds, wild flowers, *pensées*, heath blossoms, fruit blossoms, and also fruits. Those of the season are very much employed both for hats and bonnets, but more for straw than for silk or crape ; bunches of strawberries with their blossoms, and also of raspberries and currants, the fruits in their full and natural colours, and the foliage of a vivid green.

There is a striking difference in the size of Italian straw and other hats ; the first, to be fashionable, must be of such an excessive price, that many ladies hesitate to cut them ; thus the dimensions of the brims, generally speaking, far surpasses those of other hats. Marabouts and ostrich feathers are both employed to trim hats ; flowers are also employed, but partially. We may cite as the most novel style of trimming for Italian straw hats, three white ostrich feathers, retained by *coques* of cherry-coloured velvet ribbon. Straw-coloured ostrich feather turning in a spiral direction are also much in favour. We have seen also cherry-coloured, and even ruby and violet velvet ribbons, employed to decorate rice straw hats, with marabou plumes and fruit blossoms.

Velvet is certainly coming again into favour for trimmings, but we do not imagine it will be nearly so much adopted as it was a few seasons ago.

Mantelets composed of one piece only, with a lappel falling over and descending nearly down the front, are very much in vogue ; they are composed both of muslin, richly embroidered and trimmed with lace ; or else of black mode, trimmed also with lace, but of an antique pattern. Silk shawls of vivid colours, as *grosclille*, blue, or orange *glacé*, are very much the mode ; they are all trimmed with black lace. We may cite also those of black *pou de soie*, trimmed with black lace, as being in particular favour for *négligé* ; but the shawl the most decidedly elegant of the season, is of *pou de soie*, the palest shade of pink *glacé de blanc*, and trimmed with English point lace.

Among the new *peignoirs* of India muslin for morning

dress, we observe that there is in some of the patterns of the embroidery a good deal of open work, and the *peignoir* is always encircled by a row of narrow Valenciennes lace. We have seen some also much less expensive, but extremely pretty; they were simply trimmed all round with a *bouillon*, through which a coloured ribbon was ran.

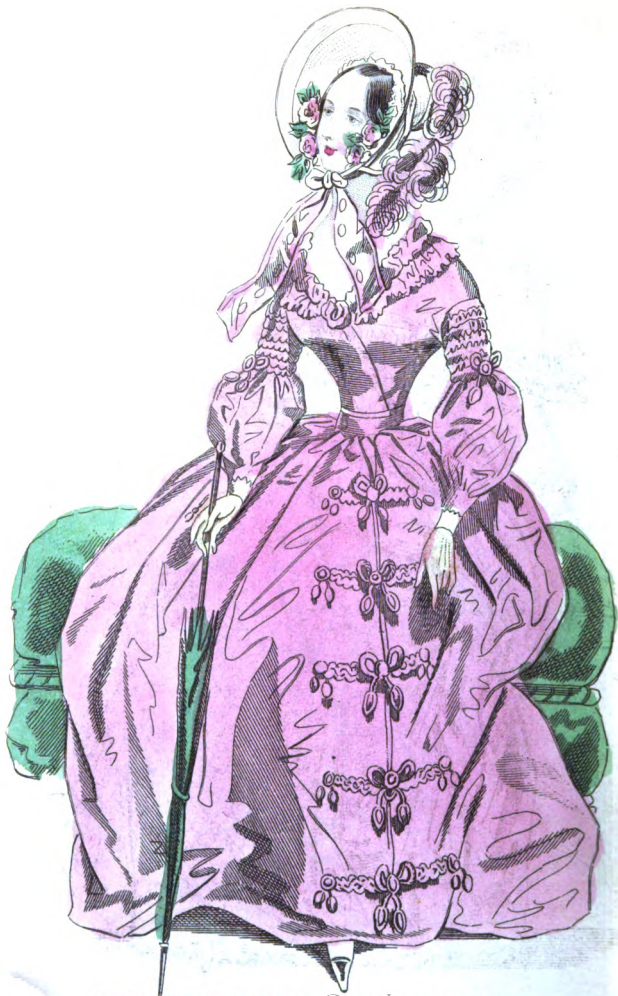
Mouselines de laine are equally in favour both for negligé and half dress; those of plaid patterns are very much in request for the former. For the latter, they must be embroidered in coloured silk, or worsted, on a plain ground. The ground must be white, grey, or *écru*; the embroidery either cherry-colour, rose, or blue, and sometimes these colours mingled in bouquets of flowers, which have a very pretty effect.

Organdy is greatly in favour in evening dress, but it is always embroidered either in white or colours; we see some of the latter with the ground strewed with sprigs, and others that are only embroidered in a coloured wreath at the border of the flounce, and another surmounting it. The majority of *corsages* are now made tight to the shape, and formed to it by three plaits on each side of the breast: this mode adds considerably to the grace of the shape. Dress robes have the *corsage* cut very low round the top, descending a little *en cœur* in front, and almost without shoulder-straps. If the sleeves are made short, they are usually composed of three *biais*, one of which descends *en manchette*; if they are long, the upper part is trimmed with *volons*, or *bouillons*, and the sleeve from above the elbow nearly to the wrist is *demi large*.

Caps are as much as ever in favour, both for evening and dinner dress; they are now worn smaller than ever, so small, indeed, that they hardly cover the back of the head. The *papillons* that used to ornament them are quite laid aside, they are replaced by *gerbes* of flowers, or a melange of velvet and blond lace, which forms a kind of *torsade*. Fashionable colours are various shades of drab, green, and grey; several light shades of pink, green, and blue, lilac orseau, and violet.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

DINNER DRESS.—Robe of striped changeable silk; it is



PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.



PARIS DINNER DRESS.

green and lilac striped ; the border is trimmed up to the knee with narrow pinked flounces. The corsage is cut rather high on the shoulders, but low in the centre, forming *en peu* the *cour*. The upper part of the sleeve is trimmed with volons to correspond with the skirt, the lower frill cut confined by a band at the wrist. The head-dress is a white crape drawn bonnet ; the brim of the *aureole* form is trimmed with *gerbes* of roses, and edged with a crape *ruche*. White ribbon edged with green, and a long sprig of roses disposed *en gerbe*, adorns the crown.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Pink *pou de soie* robe ; the front of the skirt is decorated with pink braiding and brandebourgs. The corsage plain and crossed, is trimmed with lace disposed *en pelerine*, and headed by a *bouillon demi* large sleeve, the upper part ornamented to correspond with the skirt. Rice straw hat, a round brim, the interior is trimmed at the sides with roses placed very low, and the crown decorated with pink and white figured ribbons, and white ostrich feathers.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

Paris is still very full, and the *Bo's de Boulogne*, as well as the gardens of the *Thuileries*, are as thronged with *élégantes* as ever. Several innovations have taken place in riding habits. Some have the *corsage* open, and trimmed with large lappels ; others have it closed by *pattes*, through which the *chemise* trimmed with lace is seen ; the lace forms a frill and a *collerette* : in either case the sleeves are made quite tight, and the skirt of the usual length, and very full. Open-breasted habits are always of black or blue cloth, with short tight jackets. The others are made with Cashmere or Merino skirts, and velvet *corsages*. The man's hat usually worn by our fair amazons has given place to a velvet cap, and we expect that that will shortly be laid aside for a straw hat of the *demi capote* shape. Pantaloon of white *contil-satiné*, and half-boots of varnished leather mounted in *contil de laine*, with a whip composed of black silk and gold thread, complete the riding-dress of a tonish *élégantes*.

We may cite as among the prettiest of the new drawn bonnets for *négligé*, those of *écru* or straw, coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with small red flowers. Half-dress bonnets

are mostly either of *organdy* or *crape*. The most elegant of the first are of white *organdy*, the crown trimmed with white ribbons, and a bouquet of blue-bells placed on one side; each side of the interior of the brim is trimmed with a *gerbe* of blue bells descending very low on the cheeks. *Crape* bonnets are generally blue, pale rose, or straw colour; they are not drawn when they are coloured, but are covered with *points d'Angleterre*. *Lappets*, also of point lace, form knots in the anterior of the brim, and the ends floating on the neck give to the interior of the bonnet the appearance of an elegant cap. The crown of the bonnet may be decorated either with flowers, or with willow marabouts. We see a good many drawn bonnets of white *crape* made very open in the brim, and profusely decorated with flowers. We may cite as the most elegant of the new hats, those of Italian straw ornamented only with a *gerbe* of *epis*, placed on the outside of the brim, and retained only by a simple *coque* of straw-coloured ribbon. The interior of the brim is trimmed on each side with *gerbes* of field flowers. Straw hats trimmed with black roses, and straw-coloured ribbon, or straw-coloured ribbon and black lace, are also very fashionable.

Owing to the weather, evening dress is at present more of silk than light materials. Robes of Indian foulard, with light grounds and running patterns in colours that are pretty rather than glaring, *pou de soie* of delicate patterns, changeable levantines, and for toilettes that are quite *habilleés*, white pellinets with small patterns of roses or *myosotis*. The clear muslin robes that are worn, are mostly lined with coloured silk. We must observe that these robes are generally embroidered in open work. *Ceintures* are out of favour for dress gowns; the *corsages* terminate in rounded points instead of sharp ones; this is not so advantageous to the shape as the peaks. *Nœuds à la Fontanges* are much in request both for the trimmings of robes and covering head-dresses of hair. They are employed for the first to ornament the draperies, or placed on one side as a substitute for a *ceinture*. In the latter they are placed near the back of the head, with the ends floating over the shoulders. Colours remain the same as last month, but blue, pale pink, lilac, and white are predominant.



THE CHILDREN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Light sped a bark from Gallia's strand
 Across the azure main,
 And on her deck a joyous band—
 A proud and courtly train—
 Surrounded Albion's princely heir,
 Who towards the realm return'd;
 And music's cheering strain was there,
 And hearts with pleasure burn'd.

It was a fair and glorious sight
 That gallant bark to see,
 With floating streamers glittering bright
 In pomp of chivalry:—
 The smooth sea kiss'd her as she flew,
 The gentle gale impell'd
 As if each crested billow knew
 What wealth her bosom held.

L. 38. 1.

H

But strangely o'er the summer sky
 A sable cloud arose,
 And hollow winds careering high,
 Rush'd on like armed foes ;
 Loud thunders roll, wild tempests raves,
 Red lightnings cleave the sky,
 What is yon wreck amid the waves !
 And whence that fearful cry ?

See ! see ! amid the foaming surge
 There seems a speck to float,
 And with such speed as oars can urge,
 Toils on the o'er-loaded boat.

The prince is safe,—but to his ear
 There comes a distant shriek,
 Which to his strain'd eye brings the tear,
 And paleness to his cheek.

That voice !—'twas by his cradle side,
 When with sweet dream he slept,
 It rul'd his wrath, it sooth'd his pride,
 When moody boyhood wept.
 'Twas with him in his hour of glee,
 Gay sports, and pastimes rare,
 And at his sainted mother's knee
 Amid their evening prayer.

Plunging, he dar'd the breakers hoarse,
 None might the deed restrain,
 And battl'd with a maniac's force
 The madness of the main.

He snatched his sister from the wreck,
 Faint was her accent dear,
 Yet strong her white arms twin'd his neck,
 "Blest William ! art thou here ?"

The wild waves roll like mountains on,
 The blasts impetuous sweep,
 Where is the heir of England's throne ?—

Go,—ask the insatiate deep !—

He slumbers in the coral grove,

Pale pearls his bed adorn,

A martyr to that holy love

Which with his life was born.

Woe was in England's hall that day,
Woe in her royal towers,
While low the mighty monarch lay
To wail his perish'd flowers.
And though protracted years bestow
Bright honour's envied store,
Yet on that crown'd and lofty brow
The smile sat never more.
Hartford, U.S.

THE VENETIAN.

'Tis a sad history;—The maid was slain
By one who was her lover.

The morning of that costly pageant, the bridal of the Adriatic, had arrived; the dark canals of Venice were deserted, and the whole population of the city were gliding over the sea. The ocean-breezes were soft and refreshing. The banners of the gondolas fluttered gaily in the air: and all was blithe and beautiful. Near the state-vessel of the Doge floated the barge of the Duke de Faurini, one of Italy's proudest and most respected nobles: but the eye of the multitude was not turned to him; his daughter—the last remaining prop of his house—the beautiful Rosline—the bright flower of the Republican States—occupied the undivided attention of those around her.

Rosline de Faurini was, at this period, entering her eighteenth year; the time when the females of the south possess that peculiar beauty, which unites the vivid loveliness of youth with the maturer grace of womanhood; hers were the true Italian embellishments; the vermillion lips, the clear brown cheek over which the damask tinge rested, the dark flashing eyes,—bespeaking a heart formed for devoted love, mingled with an enchanting maiden delicacy, to which often the Venetian females are strangers—these were the few gems of worth an observer could at first discover; the remainder glittered in the soul's casket. But Rosline's love—her first love—and what love is so fervent as that of youth? was given; and the heart's affection of one, whose vows were to her the world alone she could breathe, she received. Who then wondered that the beautiful de Faurini gazed not on

the scene before her, that the music's strain was unheard, and the showy spectacle was to her insipid? surely, no one. The man who possessed her love was by her side, and in his presence the world's pleasure and the city's gaiety were tasteless. The youngest son of a noble British family, possessed of high personal and mental beauty, the inheritor of a relative's princely fortune, aspired to the hand of Rosline, and became her accepted lover—her betrothed husband.

On the sparkling bosom of the sea their now reigned an unbroken silence; the Doge pronounced the well known sentences, and the glittering ring fell; then the loud clarions, mingled with the shouts of countless voices, rent the air; the assembled gondolas dispersed, and the living tide once more entered the city. The vows of attachment—the hurried accents of the Englishman, were again listened to and prolonged, until the gilded bark arrived at the marble steps of the de Faurini palace.

The entertainment given that evening by the Duke exceeded, in splendour and magnificence, the banquet of the Doge on the preceding morning. But amid the beautiful and noble females who graced the mansion, Rosline shone conspicuous; wandering with her lover through the long colonnades, in which a dim twilight reigned, or, encircled by his arm, and mingling in the festive dance, she was alike in an earthly paradise. But, alas! it was doomed to be transient, fleeting, and decaying.

The clock of St. Mark tolled the third hour of morning ere the guests departed; Steinford pressed the lip of his Rosline once more, and repeated the lengthened adieu, ever and anon casting a lingering glance as she crossed the corridor to her own apartments.

It was at that moment a messenger arrived at the palace, bearing a letter for the Englishman, which he said required his immediate perusal;—it was from his native isle, from his brother: in it he said their father lay on his death-bed, and desired to see his last born before life was ended; the letter concluded with an earnest wish for Steinford's instant return to England. With the speed of lightning, he placed the packet in his bosom, and strode across the gallery, leaving the courier alone, and surprised at his vehemence. His frantic enunciation of their parting excited deep terror in the

breast of Rosline, as he entered her apartment. No lamp burned in the room, and the faint rosy tinge which gleamed in the east threw a pleasing light on the snowy pillars and silken draperies. "Dearest Rosline, we must part," he repeated in a trembling tone; "but I will return again."

"Never, never," said Rosline, in a low whisper: "Steinfeld, I know full well the character of your northern men; here I hold you in a silken chain—there, its links will sever—absence annuls the strongest tie of love."

"Rosline, dearest Rosline," he returned, "if you value my future peace of mind, talk not in such a strain. Can you distrust my attachment?" and he pressed her to his heart as he spoke: "may you be avenged if I forsake you. Sweet one, doubt not my truth."

"Henry," exclaimed Rosline, disengaging herself from his embrace, "the original of this" (and she drew from her bosom his picture) "shall never cease to occupy my heart."

"I swear, by the bright beams of that rising sun, that life itself shall fail to animate my frame, before my love for thee shall be quenched."

"Holy Mary!" she continued, bending before the image of the virgin, "register my vow. And now, Steinfeld," she added, "look on this scene once again; morning has crimsoned the ocean, and the fresh air waves the orange boughs in the balcony. When in Britain, if perchance you see yon glorious luminary rise above your northern hills, say, will you remember Rosline? will *one* thought be at Faurini?"

"*One* thought," said Steinfeld reproachfully; "will not this spot engross all? My daily fancies—my nightly dream, all, all will be of thee. You wrong me; by my life, you wrong me, Rosline."

"Saint Agnes grant I may," she returned; "but my nurse, in days of old, bid me beware of English love; she used to say, the climate of the South fostered the passion of the Italians; and that when the sky was ever cloudless, the heart would be ever fickle. You must think me silly; but when a child, these words sank deep in my breast. Now to rest, Henry; I will prepare your repast before you leave me," and she bent her head to hide the warm tears which fell rapidly.

"There will be no rest this day for me," said Steinfeld;

"in an hour I shall be on my road; therefore, my farewell must be brief."

"Rosline, you will see me again at Venice—then," he added in a fond whisper, "we part no more."

But the separation did not appear to affect the maiden sensibly; she repeated in eager tone, "An hour didst thou say?—Wilt thou promise me to remain one hour longer at Faurini?"

"Surely, surely, dearest," was the reply; "I promise you:—Your father, Rosline—I must see him 'ere I depart. Once more, farewell," and he clasped her to his heart again and again; then left her: no sigh, no cry of agony burst from the lips of Rosline; the door closed, and he was gone.

The travels of one in haste to regain his native land, are generally void of interest; so it was with Steinfeld's; his journey exhibited but little variety, and he arrived at the castle of his father in safety, but too late.—The last sigh of his parent had been breathed,—the last prayer for his welfare had been murmured, and the senseless form was laid in its narrow bed, there to meet corruption.

The dreadful uncertainty, the feverish impatience of him who endeavours to hope the best, yet dreads to hear the confirmation of his fears, generally produces intense grief, when the fatal truth is known. Henry's sorrow was therefore deep, though unavailing, and he asked if happiness would ever more belong to him; his heart at that moment answered, No.—But what does not time accomplish?

The keen edge of affliction is destroyed; the moistened eye is dried, and the wounded heart is healed. Thus then it is through life. When the bosom is surcharged with misery, it is then obdurate to the voice of comfort; let a few months pass, and he who had before turned away, will listen with avidity. So it was with Steinfeld; the young recluse again mingled in society, and the laugh of gaiety again played upon his lips.

And where now was Rosline?—truly it must be said, if she was thought of, it was casually:—if her devoted attachment was remembered, it was only as a pleasant dream—a delightful vision, from which the sleeper awoke to dread realities.

But what had caused this change?—What had turned

Steinfeld's affection from one to whom he had sworn everlasting allegiance—one, in whose breast he would never, never be forgotten? The world had caused it. The voice of flattery had been poured in the ear of the rich and handsome Steinfeld; the eye of an English maiden had beamed on him, and de Faurini was forgotten.

It is not that the heart of man is unformed to centre its affections on one object and that one alone; but it is the desire, the propensity, if I may term it, of fettering the affections of many—not leading crowds in his chains; dealing life or death, by smiles or frowns.

During this time the conscience of Henry did not slumber, and when it reproached him he would mingle in the dissipations of London, and speed to the haunts of the profligate. A young Italian lad constantly attended him, whether it was to the courtly feast, or the noisy revel; though it was evident he was ill at ease in Britain. Those who regarded the evident melancholy of the boy, would fain have persuaded Steinfeld to send him again to his native land: no feeling of pity instigated them; they liked not the presence of "the familiar," as he was termed; at their nightly orgies his scornful smile told of his contempt, and again his tearful eye spoke of sorrow for his master.

One night, one eventful night, when, after a crowded ball, Henry conducted a lady, to whom it was said he was to be united, to her equipage, he motioned the Italian to approach. "Thy lady's carriage," he exclaimed; "seek for it, Julio: thou must have him for thy page," he continued, addressing his companion: but the boy started forward. "Nay, nay, it cannot be," he remarked tremulously, I am no hireling to be transferred at will," and the deep flush on his hitherto pallid cheek, bespoke his determination.

"Back, back, boy," said Steinfeld in a tone of anger, thrusting him aside; "you are unmindful of your station."

As he spoke, the countenance of Julio altered; the crimson blood waxed faint; the flashing eye beamed not, the curled lip became still; he would have spoken, but, with a half-suppressed sigh, he turned away to his errand.

"'Tis a strange boy," again spoke Steinfeld: "I met him at a post-house near Venice, where he told me a lamentable story of his love, and mingling his tale with well-timed flat-

tery, induced me to engage him." The carriage of lady Caroline M——, was, at this moment, announced; presently it was gone, and Henry departed. To a gambling-house in ——— he proceeded; he was now become an adept in fashionable vice, and "Steinfeld, the gamester," was his usual appellation.

Those who have witnessed the haggard look, the convulsive laugh, the eager impatience at the fall of the dice, can alone paint the scene which presented itself to the gaze of Steinfeld; but he heeded it not, and soon was engaged in the game: the stake was large—many thousands; he threw and won. Infuriated at his loss, Henry's antagonist threw again, and again lost. Then it was that the frenzied beggar uttered a maniac yell, as he exclaimed wildly, "My wife—my children—all, all are ruined!—I will not be unrevenged," and with frightful vehemence he hurled a lamp which stood near, at his more fortunate adversary: the blow was not doomed to descend on him. The boy, Julio, had entered unobserved: on him the vengeful missile fell: the dark-haired page received the blow.

"Noble boy! my life has been preserved by thee," exclaimed Steinfeld, and he received the senseless form of the page in his arms. "He does but faint," he continued, in a tone of alarm: "Air! air! let him have air: it is only a swoon."

With speed the still lifeless form of Julio was borne to an open window. Steinfeld tore from his head a black fillet, which the boy said concealed a wound; scar there was none; but on his snowy temple there appeared a deep gash, from which no blood issued.

The handkerchief was now untied, and his vest opened; and, to the astonishment of all present, the white bosom of a female was exposed to view, whilst around her neck depended a miniature.

Oh! that sight struck deeply on the heart of Henry: he knew the portrait—he knew the dead girl's form. "Roseline!" he exclaimed in bitter anguish, "your vow has not been broken; you are indeed avenged." He prayed fervently for his death—it came not—and he lived many, many years; but if a broken heart testified repentance, Steinfeld's was sincere.

A. N.

TRAITS OF FEMALE CHARACTER,

Exemplified in Sketches of celebrated Women.

ANN BOLEYN.

When the sister of Henry VIII., a young and blooming girl of sixteen, arrived in France to wed Louis XII., a monarch old enough to be her grandfather, she was attended by several young ladies belonging to the noblest families of England. Among them was Ann Boleyn, celebrated not only by her misfortunes and untimely end, but on account of her being the immediate cause of the Reformation, or establishment of the Protestant religion in England. Hers is an eventful history.

Ann was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a gentleman allied to the noblest houses in the kingdom. His mother was of the house of Ormond, and his grandfather, when mayor of London, had married one of the daughters of Lord Hastings. Lady Boleyn, Ann's mother, was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. Sir Thomas Boleyn being a man of talent, had been employed by the King in several diplomatic missions, which he had successfully executed. When the Princess Mary left England to wear, for three short months, the crown of Queen Consort of France, Ann was very young; she therefore finished her education at the French Court, where her beauty and accomplishments were highly valued. After the death of Louis XII., his young widow having married Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and returned to England, Ann entered the service of Claude, wife of Francis I. On the death of this Queen, she had an appointment in the household of the Duchess of Alençon, a very distinguished princess; but she retained it only a few months, and then returned to her native country.

The precise period of her arrival in England is not accurately known; but it was a fatal day for Catherine of Arragon, to whom she was soon after appointed maid of honour. In this situation she had frequent opportunities of conversing with the King; he was not proof against her fascinations, and became deeply enamoured of her. But Henry's was the love of the sensualist—its only aim was self-gratification; and whoever it fell, it withered or destroyed.

Until Henry beheld Ann Boleyn, he had never expressed

any dissatisfaction at his marriage with Catherine. On a sudden he conceived scruples with regard to this union. It was monstrous—it was incestuous, he said; and he could not reconcile it to his conscience to consider his brother's widow any longer his wife. It is true, that Catherine had gone through a ceremony at the altar, with Arthur, Prince of Wales, Henry's elder brother; but the prince had died soon after, being then only seventeen years of age. And when political reasons subsequently led to the marriage between Catherine and Henry, the new Prince of Wales felt no scruples—nay, his conscience slumbered twenty years before it was awakened to a sense of the enormity which now afflicted him.

But awakened at length it was; and it appeared to him under the form of a young girl beaming with beauty, wit, and loveliness. The conversation and manners of Ann Boleyn had a peculiar charm, which threw all the other English ladies into the shade. She had acquired it at the most polished and elegant, but perhaps the most licentious, court in Europe; and when Henry, fascinated by her wit, gazed with rapture on her fair form—when he listened with intense delight to her thoughtless sallies, and madly loved on, little did she think that, while her conduct was pure, this very thoughtlessness of speech would one day be expiated by a public and disgraceful death.

Ann refused to become the King's mistress; for she very justly thought, that the more elevated dishonour is, the more clearly it is perceived.

"My birth is noble enough," she said, "to entitle me to become your wife. If it be true, as you assert, that your marriage with the Queen is incestuous, let a divorce be publicly pronounced, and I am yours."

This sealed the fate of Catherine of Arragon. Henry immediately directed Cardinal Wolsey, his prime minister and favourite, to write to Rome, and obtain a brief from the Pope, annulling his marriage. Knight, the King's secretary, was likewise despatched thither to hasten the conclusion of this business.

Clement VII. then filled the pontiff's throne. Timid and irresolute, he dreaded the anger of the Emperor Charles V., Catherine's nephew, who kept him almost a prisoner, and

would naturally avenge any insult offered to his aunt. Clement, therefore, eluded giving a definitive answer. But being pressed by the King of France, who was the more ready, from his hatred of the Emperor, to advocate Henry's cause on this occasion, the Pope at length consented to acknowledge that Julius II. had no power to issue a bull authorising Catherine's marriage with her brother-in-law. This declaration was a serious attack upon the infallibility of the Popes; but Clement's situation was perilous, and the only chance he had of freeing himself from the thralldom of Charles V. was by conciliating the Kings of England and France. But on the other hand, he was anxious to bring about the re-establishment of his house at Florence, which he thought the Emperor alone could effect. Moreover, Charles had a large army in Italy, constantly threatening Rome. The Pontiff had likewise some other grounds of alarm. It is known that illegitimate children are excluded from the papal throne, and Clement was the natural son of Julian de Medicis; for though, if we believe the authority of Leo X., a promise of marriage had existed between his parents, it did not efface the stain. Nor was this all: in defiance of the severe laws of Julius II. against simony, Clement had been guilty of that crime, and Cardinal Colonna had a note of hand in his possession, subscribed by the Pope, and applied to facilitate his accession to the chair of St. Peter. The Emperor was aware of both these facts; and taking advantage of Clement's timidity of character, constantly threatened to assemble a general council and have him deposed.

Thus was the Pontiff urged to opposite acts by the rival monarchs; and his struggles between such contending interests led to that long ambiguity of conduct and ultimate decision which severed England from the Church of Rome.

Meanwhile, a secret marriage, it is said, had taken place between Henry VIII. and Ann Boleyn; and what seems to confirm this, is the activity Ann displayed in pressing Cardinal Wolsey, and Stephen Gardiner, his secretary, to bring the divorce to a conclusion. The following is a letter which she wrote to the cardinal, at a time when a contagious disease raged in London, and she had retired to a country house.

residence with the King. It is a good specimen of her mind and character.

" My Lord,

" In my most humblest wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her that is much desirous to know that your Grace does well, as I perceive by this bearer that you do. The which I pray God long to continue, as I am most bound to pray: for I do know the great pains and troubles that you have taken for me both day and night is never like to be recompensed on my part, but alonely in loving you next unto the King's Grace, above all creatures living. And I do not doubt but the daily proofs of my deeds shall manifestly declare and affirm my writing to be true, and I do trust that you do think the same. My Lord, I do assure you I do long to hear from you news of the legate; for I do hope and they come from you they shall be very good; and I am sure you desire it as much as I, and more, and it were possible, as I know it is not: and thus remaining in a steadfast hope, I make an end of my letter, written with the hand of her that is bound to be,

" Your humble servant,

" ANN BOLEYN."

Underneath the King had added:—

" The writer of this letter would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set to my hand; desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good part. I ensure you there is neither of us but that greatly desireth to see you, and much more joyous to hear that you have scaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be passed, specially with them that keepeth good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the legate's arrival in France causeth us somewhat to muse; notwithstanding, we trust, by your diligence and vigilancy (with the assistance of Almighty God) shortly to be eased out of that trouble. No more to you at this time: but that I pray God send you as good health and prosperity as the writer would. By your

" Loving Sovereign and Friend,

" HENRY K."

Though the King had fled from the contagion with Ann Boleyn, he had given no orders to enable Catherine to leave London; and she remained there exposed to the danger of the plague. No doubt, the possibility of her death had occurred to Henry's mind; and the reckless atrocity of his character may justify the inference, that he had left her in London for the express purpose of exposing her to die of the disease, and thus at once settling the divorce question.

Just as the Pope's brief for the divorce was about to be issued, the sacking of Rome took place, and the Pontiff remained during a whole year imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo. On being set at liberty by the Emperor, he was afraid to pronounce the dishonour of Charles's aunt, whose complaints resounded throughout Europe. At length, to temporise with all parties, and not lose sight of his own interest, he appointed Cardinal Campeggio, his legate in England, for the purpose of trying the question, but gave him secret orders to proceed as slowly as possible. The new legate was old and afflicted with gout, severe attacks of which were his ever ready excuse for procrastination; and it took him ten months to travel from Rome to London.

Ann Boleyn, on hearing that the legate was at last on his way to England, again wrote to Wolsey, expressing her gratitude in strong terms.

"And as for the coming of the legate," she said, in this letter, "I desire that much, and if it be God's pleasure, I pray him to send this matter shortly to a good end, and then I trust, my Lord, to recompense part of your great pains. In the which I must require you in the mean time to accept my good will, in the stead of the power, the which must proceed partly from you, as our Lord knoweth; to whom I beseech to send you long life, with continuance in honour."

But Catherine was by no means so grateful as Ann for the pains that Wolsey took to constitute an arbitrary and iniquitous tribunal, and she called him a heretic and abettor of adultery. This the cardinal-minister little heeded; for he had the King, and the King's mistress on his side; and the host of flatterers by whom he was surrounded made him believe that his power was too firmly established ever to be shaken.

Wolsey had greatly contributed to bring about Henry's
L. 38. 1.

connexion with Ann Boleyn, because he thought that such a passion would absorb the King's time, and make him careless of business, by which the minister would become master of the kingdom. Queen Catherine, with her oratory, her rosary, and her religious austerity, was not the Queen that suited Wolsey's views; she had nothing to attract the King from the cares and business of his kingdom. Ann Boleyn, on the contrary, was a creature formed of love; she was always gay, happy, and endearing when in Henry's company. The King, therefore, overcome by a fascination which he could not resist, bent his neck to her yoke, and left the governance of his dominions in the hands of his ambitious minister.

When once the flowery chain had encircled Henry, Wolsey little cared whether it was sanctified or not by religion. In his corrupt mind, he perhaps thought it might be more durable, if it did not obtain the sanction of the Church. But he at length received the Pope's commission, and Campeggio arrived in England; he, therefore, took his measures with the legate, and they opened their tribunal. To keep up an appearance of propriety, Ann immediately left London.

The two cardinals, having opened their court in London, cited the King and Queen to appear before them. Both obeyed, and when Henry's name was called, he rose and answered to it. The Queen was dressed in mourning; her countenance was calm, though it but ill disguised the anguish of her mind. When the legate pronounced the words, "Most high, most powerful, and most illustrious Lady and Princess,"—Catherine, without looking at him, or making any reply, rose and threw herself at the King's feet, embracing his knees and suffusing them with her tears. She urged, she intreated, she conjured him by all that is most sacred to man, not to cast her off; but she sought in vain to soften a heart absorbed by love for another. She did not, however, thus humble herself for her own sake: she was supplicating for her daughter, whom the decision of the legates might stamp with illegitimacy and dishonour.

"Sir," said she, "what is this tribunal? Have you convoked it to try me?—And wherefore?—Have I committed any crime?—No: I am innocent, and you alone have authority over me. You are my only support, my sole pro-

lector. I am but a poor weak woman, alone, defenceless, and ready to fall under the attacks of my enemies. When I left my family and my country, it was because I relied on English good faith; and now, in this foreign land, am I cut off from my friends and kindred, and deserted by those who once basked in the sunshine of my favour. I have, and desire to have, none but you for my support and protection—you, and your honour. Henry, do you wish to destroy your daughter's fame? Consider, she is your first-born. And would you suffer her to be disgraced, when I, her mother, am innocent, and you, her father, are a powerful sovereign?"

She then arose from her kneeling posture, and looking at the court with dignity,

"Is this the tribunal," said she, "that would try a Queen of England? It consists of none but enemies, and not a single judge. They cannot pronounce an equitable judgment; I therefore decline their jurisdiction, and must be excused from heeding any further citations in this matter, until I hear from Spain."

Having made a profound obeisance to the King, she left the Court. After her departure, the King protested he had no cause of complaint against her, and that *remorse of conscience* was his only reason for demanding a divorce.

The legates again cited the Queen; and as she refused to appear, they declared her contumacious. There was a solemn mockery in the whole of these iniquitous proceedings, that rendered them frightful. At length they were drawing to a close; for Ann Boleyn, who had returned to London, was urging Wolsey forward with the full power of her charms, and the cardinal was by no means insensible to her flatteries. But when Henry was every moment expecting the judgment which would allow him to have Ann crowned, Cardinal Campeggio announced that the Pope had reserved to himself the ultimate examination of the case, which he had evoked to Rome before his own tribunal.

Henry at first raved and blasphemed, denouncing vengeance against the Pontiff; but he soon became calmer, and set about finding a means of overcoming this new obstacle, and hurling his own thunders in defiance of those of the church. Ann wept bitterly at finding herself as far from the throne as ever. But how powerful were her tears! Henry vowed he

would avenge each of them with an ocean of blood. Then it was that he threw off his allegiance to the Church of Rome, and ultimately united both Church and State under his sole governance.

Meanwhile, Ann's harassed mind thirsted for vengeance upon some one, for the annihilation of her hopes. She saw not yet the means of destroying the barrier which now stood betwixt her and the throne; and she had need of a victim. She found one in Cardinal Wolsey. It appeared to her unlikely that this man, influential as he was in the college of cardinals—for his hand had once touched the tiara—should require months and years to do that which he might have finished in a single day. Henry was not a man who required to be told, a second time, not to love: Wolsey had been his favourite, and this was more than sufficient to effect his ruin; for the King's friendship, like his love, proved a withering curse wherever it fell.

Wolsey gave an entertainment at York House, a palace which the most magnificent monarchs of Europe and Asia might have looked upon with envious admiration. There he sat, free from care, and joyously wearing away life, quaffing the choicest wines of Italy and France in cups of gold encased with jewels and precious enamels. Richly sculptured buffets were loaded with dishes of massive gold, sparkling with precious gems. A hundred servants wearing their master's arms emblazoned on their liveries, circulated round the vast and fantastically sumptuous hall. Young girls, crowned with flowers, burned perfumes and embalmed the air, whilst in an upper gallery a band of the most skilful musicians of Italy and Germany produced a ravishing and voluptuous harmony.

Suddenly two men stood before the cardinal. Both were powerful in the kingdom, and on their appearance the upstart minister was for a moment awed into respect. One was the Duke of Suffolk, the King's brother-in-law; the other was the Duke of Norfolk. They had come with orders from the King to demand the great seal from Wolsey.

"I will not deliver it up on a mere verbal order," replied the haughty priest.

The two noblemen withdrew, and returned on the following day with a letter from the King. Wolsey then delivered the

seal into their hands, and it was given to Sir Thomas More. Soon after, York House, now Whitehall, together with all the costly furniture it contained, was seized in the name of the King.

The fallen cardinal was ordered to retire to Asher, a country seat he possessed near Hampton Court. He was pitied by nobody; for the manner in which he had borne his honours, and the general meanness of his conduct, had rendered him extremely unpopular. He wept like a child at his disgrace, and the least appearance of a return to favour threw him into raptures. One day, Henry sent him a kind message, with a ring in token of regard. The Cardinal was on horseback when he met the King's messenger; he immediately alighted, and falling on his knees in the mud, kissed the ring with tears in his eyes.

This was hypocrisy of the meanest kind; for it was impossible he could have loved Henry VIII.

After the fall of Wolsey, a chance remark made by Dr. Thomas Cranmer, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, gave the King his cue as to the line of conduct he should adopt.

"Oh!" cried Henry, in his gross joy, "that man has taken the right sow by the ear."

It was deemed expedient to get opinions on the divorce question from all the universities in Europe, and to lay these opinions before the Pope. This was done; but Clement, like all timid men, thinking to conciliate the nearest, and, as he thought, the most dangerous of his enemies, remained inexorable, and a decision was given against Henry. The Reformation immediately followed, and the new ecclesiastical authority in England was more obedient to Henry's wishes.

The marriage of the King and Ann Boleyn was now formally solemnized; and the woman on whose account the whole of Europe had been embroiled for the last four years, ascended that throne destined to be only a passage to a premature grave.

Sir Thomas Eliot had been sent to Rome with an answer to a message from the Pope to Henry, and on his departure Ann Boleyn had given him a number of valuable diamonds to be employed in bribing those whose aid it was necessary to obtain. But nothing could avert the definitive rupture;

and when Eliot was about to return to England, Sixtus V., then only a monk, shrugged up his shoulders, and lifting his eyes to heaven, exclaimed :

“ Great God ! is it not the same to thee whether Catherine of Arragon, or Ann Boleyn, be the wife of Henry VIII. ? ”

Ann Boleyn was now at the summit of her wishes : she was at length Queen of England, a title which had cost her too great anxiety of mind for her not to appreciate it far beyond its worth. But one thing embittered the joys it brought her ; this was the idea that the same title was still retained by the unhappy Catherine. She, therefore, resolved to work her will with Henry, and deprive her late rival of this last remnant of the honours she had enjoyed, without reproach, during a period of more than twenty years, and until Ann's beauty had estranged the King's affection. Henry could not resist the tears and intreaties of his new Queen, whose influence over him was strengthened by the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, and he sent Lord Mountjoy to apprise Catherine that she was in future to bear no other title than that of Dowager Princess of Wales.

“ I am still Queen of England,” she replied with dignity ; “ and I cannot be deprived of that title except by death, or by a sentence of my divorce from the King, pronounced by the Pope.”

The thunders of the Church were at length brought into play against Henry. Paul III. had succeeded to the papal throne ; and though, whilst cardinal, he had always favoured Henry's pretensions, perceiving now that a final breach had been effected with the English Church, he declared that the King of England had incurred the penalty of major excommunication. A bull was therefore sent forth declaring Henry's throne forfeited, and the issue of his marriage with Ann Boleyn incapable of succeeding to the crown of England. No person, under pain of excommunication, was to acknowledge him King ; and the nobility of England were enjoined, under the same penalty, to take up arms against him as a rebel and a traitor to the Church and to Christ. All the archbishops, bishops, and curates of England, were commanded to excommunicate him every holiday after the Gospel at mass, and the Emperor Charles V. was exhorted, as protector of the Church, to enforce these orders with his

armies. The King of France, as the most Christian king, was likewise enjoined to break off all intercourse with Henry VIII. To make the insult more bitter, the Pope ordered all curates in the neighbourhood of Calais to read the bull of excommunication in their several churches, and proclaim it from the pulpit.

Henry felt but little concern at this noisy but powerless attack. Having assembled a parliament, an act was passed investing him with all the powers of Pope in England. But he had also an eye to the temporalities of the church; and upon the strength of the spiritual authority he had acquired, he abolished the monasteries and confiscated the ecclesiastical possessions. To gratify his own avarice and reward his favourites at no cost to himself, he robbed the clergy of the property bestowed upon them, by pious founders, for their support and that of the poor. Though three centuries have since elapsed, the effects of these measures are still felt in England. The overgrown revenues of some of the bishopricks, the enormous wealth of the deans and chapters, the inadequate stipends of the inferior clergy, the system of poor's rates so inefficient and yet so burthensome, the lay impropriations despoiling both the clergy and the poor—nay, the very unpopularity of tithes, which are principally claimed by pluralists and seculars, are all fruits, not of the reformation itself, but of the system of spoilation pursued by Henry VIII. the moment he had converted the worship of Almighty God into a political engine.

Ann Boleyn has been accused of prompting the King to these measures; but I apprehend that the charge proceeds solely from the blind vindictiveness of the Catholic party. Ann was thoughtless, giddy, and fond of admiration; but her mind was as incapable of preconceiving as of pursuing a cold and premeditated system of vengeance. Her anger was easily roused when her vanity was wounded or her interests opposed, but it evaporated as easily. It is true that she felt a bitterness of hostility almost foreign to her nature towards Catherine; but that unhappy princess stood in her way and endangered the inheritance of her daughter. This is certainly the most unamiable part of Ann's character, and nothing can be said in its justification.

The dignity and propriety of Catherine's conduct, joined

to her misfortunes, called forth the pity of the whole Christian world. Henry again ordered her, under the severest penalties, to forego the title of Queen; and the persons in her service were commanded to call her the Princess of Wales. Catherine refused the services of those of her officers who obeyed this mandate, and for a few days she was wholly without attendants. So many persecutions, and a deep sense of the injuries she had received, preyed upon her health, and she fell dangerously ill. The king gave orders that the greatest care should be taken of her, and every thing done that could contribute to her comfort; as if, after he had stricken his victim to death, he would fain heal the wound.
(*To be concluded.*)

TO A FORGET ME NOT.

BY M. L. B.

Forget me not! thy gold and azure eye
Beams, in its mild and modest brilliancy,
A gem,—a star upon the wild, more fair,
For that all round thee is so bleak and bare.

Thou, *thou* art bright; dark are the thoughts that press
My spirit, in its wilder'd loneliness.
Where is the flow'r that bloom'd, *once* bloom'd for me,
More beautiful, more bright, more pure, than thee?

Star of the desert! jewel of the waste!
O'er me his brightness blaz'd, as late I trac'd
My joyless way thro' this world's wilderness,
Fondly I deem'd *eternally* to bless!

Do others claim him now? Go, gentle flow'r,
Tell him—the hapless one, in saddest hour,
Thinks, *ever* thinks, on promises forgot,
Bear in thy name her prayer—*Forget me not!*

Must I to winds and wilds thus vainly sigh?
And is there none to heed the lorn one's cry?
Meek monitor,—ask him, who rends my heart,
If heav'n *forgets* to take the mourner's part?



Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by Paton Thomson.

SIR ROGER DE CALVERLEY.

SIR ROGER DE CALVERLEY.

One of the plays which are attributed to Shakspeare, although, as it appears to us, without the slightest foundation, either internal or external, is intitled "The Yorkshire Tragedy." The story upon which it is founded is one which embodies an incident that took place many centuries ago, in a family of considerable repute and standing, and which had been for many years settled in the neighbourhood of Leeds. The event is one, the authenticity of which is placed so far beyond doubt, that, however horrid it be in its nature, and revolting to the common feelings of humanity, charity can find no resource for the weakness of mortal creatures, in flattering itself with the belief that it never happened, but is the creation of some novelist to rouse the feelings of his readers. The tale is "over true," and is a fatal proof of the danger of giving way to unchecked passion.

Sir Roger de Calverley was an English country gentleman, who, in the reign of Henry VIII. had served in the wars in Italy. He had, by his exploits in arms, kept up the character of the English yeomanry, and shown the stoutest chevaliers of France, that a British knight, accompanied by a small but chosen band of his own tenants and retainers, could do more than a much greater force of merely mercenary followers.

The wars being over, he returned to enjoy, in the peace and tranquillity of the inheritance of his ancestors, the laurels he had won in battle. Soon after his return, he became enamoured of the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman; to whom, in due time, he was married, and devoted himself wholly to the cares of his family, and to the making his children and his tenantry happy. The lady to whom he was married was as beautiful and good as he was brave and honest; and for some years they lived in uninterrupted felicity. They had three children, who added to their happiness; and, if experience did not daily show us that it is the lot of mortality to have bitterness mingled in the sweetest draughts, it should have seemed that this couple were beyond the reach of misfortune. A storm of misery was, however, about to burst over their heads, and to involve them in ruin.

Sir Roger had one fault, and a grievous one it was; but it was one which often accompanies the best natures. He was inconceivably jealous; and, although the virtue and propriety of his wife had hitherto given him no reason to indulge in it, he was himself aware that, if it once should take possession of his bosom, he should not be able to control it. It sometimes happens that the dread one has of doing any particular thing leads one to do it; and so it was in this instance. This does not happen, it is true, to sound minds; but very passionate minds are never very sound ones. From constantly thinking of jealousy, Sir Roger became jealous, and watched his innocent and light-hearted wife with an intenseness which was of itself an evident mark of insanity. A spark was only necessary to cause the explosion of the fierce contents of his heart; and, by her ill fortune, his wife furnished this. One day, at dinner, the fond father was caressing one of his children, while he kept a wolf's eye on the mother; although, perhaps, he loved her no less at this moment than he had ever done. She, in the lightness of her heart, and with a wish to divert the moody temper of her husband, which had long caused her great anxiety, said to him jestingly, "I wonder how so grim-looking a father could have so fair a child."

In a moment the demon raged within Sir Roger's bosom: he became ungovernably mad; and, rising from the table, he roared to his terrified wife, 'You confess it then, adulteress! you confirm my worst suspicions! all my happiness is demolished at once, and hell is broke loose upon earth. But I will be revenged,' he cried—'I will be the dupe and wittol no longer;' and, seizing one of the knives on the table, he plunged it into the bosom of the child he had been caressing the moment before. The mother, horror-stricken, caught the other child in her arms, and fled away: Sir Roger followed her; and, as she entered her chamber, tore the infant from her arms, and it soon fell another victim to his blind fury. The lady threw herself under the bed which stood in the room; but even this retreat afforded her no shelter from the madness of her husband. He drew his sword, with which he thrust at her several times; and, at length, believing he had dispatched her, he went down to the stables and saddled a horse, for the purpose of finishing the extermina-

tion of his family by the slaughter of his eldest son, then at a school about ten miles distant. An old servant of the house, who had witnessed, but could not prevent, these horrors, rode off at the same time; and, passing his master on the road, arrived at the school in time to give notice of his intention, and to save the child. Sir Roger was immediately apprehended, and carried to London; when he was brought to trial for the murder of his children. Upon being arraigned he refused to plead, and was, therefore, condemned to the dreadful sufferance of the *peine forte et dure*. The nature of that punishment is, that when a prisoner, arraigned of a felony, refuses to answer to his arraignment, the court orders, 'that he be remanded to the prison from whence he came, and put into a low dark chamber, and there laid upon his back on the floor—naked, unless where decency forbids; that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear—and more; that he have no sustenance, save only, on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread; and, on the second day, three draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison-door; and that he should not eat on the same day that he drank, nor drink on the same day that he ate; and that he should be without any litter or other thing under him; and that one arm should be drawn to one quarter of the room with a cord, and the other to another; and that his feet shall be used in the same manner; and that in this situation he should remain until he answered.'

And all this Sir Roger endured, being resolved to expiate in his death, as far as he could, the wrong he had done to his family. If he had pleaded, he must of necessity have been tried; and his wife and his servants would have been compelled to give evidence against him. This dreadful pain he was resolved to spare them. Besides which, if he had been convicted, (and there could be no doubt that he would have been), his lands would have been forfeit to the king, and his heir a beggar: to avoid this, therefore, he remained mute, and was treated in the manner I have described to you. Being a man of prodigious strength, and able to bear great fatigue, it was several days before a period was put to his sufferings: at length, worn out by the acuteness of his pain, and by the tardiness with which death approached him, he called out, after being silent ever since his apprehension,

‘If there be a Yorkshireman in the room, for the love of Christ, let him *loup on*;’ meaning that he should thereby increase the weight on his breast, and put an end to his misery.”

Although many years have elapsed since these events took place, the traditional memory of the tragical affair is not effaced from the place in which they happened. It would require some considerable inducement to any country lad in the neighbourhood of the old manor lands, to pass through Calverley wood alone about midnight; and never a horseman attempted it, that Sir Roger’s ghost did not mount behind, with a fearful cry of ‘*loup on*,’ and accompany the tortured wight to the next running stream. Then he disappeared, and the horse and its rider were relieved from the superhuman weight.

THE BALL.

“Even if I were not prevented by this unlooked for engagement from accompanying you to the ball to night, my love,” said the Honourable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, “you must, nevertheless, have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look how the pulses throb in this little throat, Sophia!”

“So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker and caudle-maker, my dear; however, to make you easy, I will send for Doctor Davis immediately; as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I ought to go.”

“You would not leave my boy, Lady Sophia, if”——

“Not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor pronounce it ill; but I do not believe it so; I see nothing particular about the child, for my part.” As the young mother said this she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes, something which she felt assured was particular—she saw moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction, added, “Poor little fellow, I do think you are not quite the thing, and should it be so, mamma will not leave you, for the world.”

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed, assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation struggling for accustomed indulgence; and as he bade her good-bye, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the hemisphere alluded to, which was one in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought it, on the whole, better that she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival and wore the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his lady, whom he had not seen for some months, should, by the appearing before him in the full blaze of beauty, (unaccompanied by that person whose appearance would instantly recal the sense of her engagement) indispose his heart for that happy connection to which he had shown this predilection.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in his looks and words; and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt, for a moment, displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to bewitch the world with her beauty; and while in this humour she called her maid to shew her the turban and dress, in which she intended to appear. "Lauk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet? did ever any body hear of such a thing as going to stay at home when you are all prepared. Why, you've been out of sight ever so long, because you were not fit to be seen, as one may say; but now that you are more beautifuller than ever, by the same rule you should go ten times as much—do pray, my lady, begin directly—ah! I knows what I know. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume; cold broth is soon warm, they say!"

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error, could affect the mind of the high-born and highly-educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity, and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others, in a sphere distinct from our own. The new dress was tried on; its effects extolled by

the maid, and admitted by the lady, who remembered to have read or heard of some beauty whose charms were always most striking when she first appeared after a temporary confinement. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending, when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that, in the confusion of her mind, during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family. Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance she determined to remain at home; but, unfortunately, reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor.—'Tis true, she left messages and various orders, and so far fulfilled a mother's duties. But she yet closed her eyes to the evident weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as it was possible. But who could return while they found themselves the admired of all, and when, at least, the adoration of eyes saluted her from him whom she well knew it was cruelty or sin to attract? The observations forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and, therefore, critically situated; and as in the midst of life we are in death, so she proved that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled—in the midst of pleasure be pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaiety more quickly than she had come.

But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits not less than they retarded her movements; and she became at length so annoyed, as to lose all the bloom and hear herself consoled with on her looks, as she had a few hours before been congratulated; she felt ill, and was aware that she merited to be ill, and had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity was summoned to her carriage by her servants, who, in the confusion occasioned by messengers from home as well as from herself, and increased her distress. The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband anger, reproach, and contempt. She was astonished, even terrified, by witnessing the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and re-

merse which arose from offending him who had hitherto loved her so fondly and esteemed her so highly. These emotions combining with other causes, rendered her soon the inhabitant of a sick bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death.

Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber she became sensible that although pity and kindness were shown to her situation, esteem and confidence were withdrawn. She had no child to divert the melancholy of her solitary hours, and, what was of more consequence, no husband who could condole with her on its loss—silence of the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on this subject, which recurred to him with renewed pain when his anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, though no longer invaluable. And all this misery, the fearful prospect of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress and an ignorant waiting-maid—a risk so full of danger and so fatal in effect was incurred to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman who never injured her.

Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction, and such the deplorable consequence of quitting the tender offices of affection, and transgressing the requisitions of duty!

THE SONG OF THE TIDES.

BY MRS. ANN ROLFE, AUTHOR OF "THE WILL, OR TWENTY-ONE YEARS."

Ye sing of the zephyrs that play in the grove,
 Ye sing of those stars that have taught ye to love;
 Ye sing of the beauty of grotto's and bow'rs,
 Of the gaudy tints of the balmy flow'rs,
 Of the mountain chamois, so wild and free,
 But none of these are so joyous as we.

We rush with a shout midst foaming waves,
 We bathe in our sunlit coral caves,

We swim with th' fishes of silvery light,
And track the whale, and deride his might;
Not ev'n Neptune, though God of the sea,
Can rule the watery depths like we.

We laugh at the folly of friend and foe,
We come when we will—then away we go;
Not man nor spright hath power to stay
The rolling tides on their mystic way;
For Heav'n itself hath made us free,
The sylphs of a constant jubilee.

The winds may howl, the lightning's power
May rend the rock, or smite the flower—
But we are hail'd by peasant and king,
Who look and list for th' tidings we bring;
But what would they hear—what would they see,
And what would they gain, if it were not for we?

The merchant scans, with a thoughtful brow,
The skies above, and the seas below;
For his stately ship is far away,
The proudest thing of the present day—
Mann'd with a crew both brave and free,
With hearts as light and as blithe as we.

He visits the beach, and th' stony shore,
The billows rise, and the waters roar;
We come, we come, with a mighty sweep,
We dash and foam in the caverns deep;
His beautiful ship in safety rides,
The Queen of wealth on the rolling tides.

We traverse the globe midst winter snow,
When the clouds are dark, and rough winds blow;
But we echo our loftiest notes as we fly,
As a prince that is proud of his sovereignty;
For well we know that we soon shall be
Where the honey-leaf opens on ev'ry tree.

Where th' turtle dove and the breathing lute,
Like the voice of the Tides, are never mute;

Yet we stay not near their spiced bowers,
 Tho' we heighten the charms of fruits and flowers ;
 But hasten on pinions broad and strong
 To visit the land of mirth and song.

And we ne'er shall sleep, or cease to roll
 Our mystical waves from pole to pole,
 Till Heaven shall thus express its will—
 " Time is no more !—ye waters be still !
 Earth, seas, and skies, and suns away !"
 And these works of creation the mandate obey.

Selby-House, Ham, Surrey.

BEAUTY'S EYE.

A SONG.

O yes ! our forest home is sweet,
 Its sylvan bowers I love,
 'Tis like some fairy's cool retreat,
 Or glen where sprites may rove ;—
 And through the greenwood lattice streams
 The starry radiance of the sky,
 And on each sleeping wild flower beams,
 Like Love o'er Beauty's soft fring'd eye.

Then when the fresh breeze blows aside
 The misty veil of morn,
 And tints like blushes of a bride,
 Her virgin cheeks adorn,
 We haste where gushing fountains play,
 Or where the silver brook glides by,
 And laugh the joyous hours away,
 In the light of Beauty's sunny eye.

LONG TIME AGO.

BY WILLIAM GASPEY.

Long time ago—how many a scene of brightness,
 And early joy those simple words recall,
 When the young heart was revelling in lightness,
 And pleasure's aspect was too new to pall.

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Youth's golden age, and dazzling dreams arise,
 Once more life's cup of transport to o'erflow,
 Again we greet our old familiar ties,—
 The friends we lov'd and lost—*long time ago!*

The beauteous flowers are withered which of old,
 On life's fair path in wild profusion lay;
 Hearts beating once with kindliness are cold,
 And what was lovely, now is shapeless clay.

Far beyond earth the soul exalts its view,
 To worlds where sorrow can no entrance know,
 Impatient pure affections to renew,
 And taste of blessings fled—*long time ago!*

THE DIFFICULT LOVER.

A SKETCH.

Je ne connais rien d'aussi foux que ceux qui s'imaginent être sages : la plupart sont comme les enfans, ils brisent leur joujou pour s'instruire de ce qu'ils reuferment.

Madame de Beauharnais.

May I trouble you to inform me what gentleman that is yonder ; he is about forty years of age, of an elegant appearance, good figure, well dressed, and I meet him every where ? He is always alone : whether at the play, in the park, at Vauxhall, in the streets, I never yet saw any body walking with him. He looks about with an anxious and scrutinizing eye at every one who passes ; he does not seem to be uncomfortable or dissatisfied with himself, and yet he never smiles. Who is he ? Do pray tell me ; and what is he looking for ?

"That," replied the friend of whom I made these somewhat rapid inquiries, "is the modern Diogenes ; not that, like the Diogenes of old, he is looking for a man ; on the contrary, a woman is the object of his search, and his eyes serve him for a lantern. He is rich, good-looking, of agreeable manners, and excellent understanding ; and yet, for these twenty years, he has been in search of a wife, and hitherto in vain. The reason is, that he has created a chimera, and afterwards set himself to the pursuit of it. I will tell you his history, and you shall judge whether he is not one of the most singular men you ever met with.

“When he was twenty years old, he fell in love with a young lady very well educated, of a good family, and possessing a thousand excellent qualities. He paid his addresses to her; was most assiduous in his attentions; asked her parent’s consent, and obtained it. Everything was arranged, when one evening he happened to be at a ball with his intended wife. It was then very much the rage to dance the gavotte. Diogenes could not perform the gavotte, but his intended did so admirably. A very agreeable young man asked her to dance with him; she did so, and acquitted herself to the admiration of every body present. On the following day our friend asked her how she had passed the night; she confessed, among other things, that she had dreamt of her partner in the gavotte. Diogenes got up, wished her a good morning, broke off his marriage, and never saw her again.

“A short time afterwards he was smitten by a young lady who had no fortune, but who was extremely beautiful, and not less virtuous. He succeeded in making her love him also, as he might do with most women; and every day their mutual affection seemed to increase. When the marriage was near at hand, he questioned her about the state of her heart. ‘Did you ever love any one before me?’ he was asking her incessantly.

“Never,” she replied, “you are the first person that ever possessed my heart, Yet, I should tell you that when I was only thirteen years old, I was very fond of my cousin, and used to call him my little husband.” This was enough for Diogenes; and again he was off.

“Some years elapsed without his making another attempt, and then he was fascinated by a lady whose beauty and wit might have induced any man to overlook some slight faults. The wedding day was again fixed, when, coming to visit her one day unexpectedly, he found her taking a pinch of snuff. He quitted her abruptly, and went abroad. He soon returned, and the first thing he did was to fall in love with a simple milliner, young, pretty, and perfectly inexperienced. He would have put up with the want of family and fortune, but one day he found her telling her fortune with cards. He quitted her at once, swearing he would never unite himself to a woman who practised such superstitions.

“Since then I cannot tell you how many engagements he has made and broken. One lady was pretty, but a coquette;

another was not a coquette, but she had not grace enough ; one was affectionate, but jealous ; another gentle, but without sense : one had wit, but too much conceit ; another made verses, or was too fond of dancing or of laughing, or was too prudish or too volatile, or too reserved. In short, Diogenes has had a thousand passionate engagements, none of which have lasted more than eight days. Easily caught, and as easily loosened again, he seeks every where the imaginary excellence on which he has set his heart. It is in vain that his friends tell him a woman might make an excellent wife, and yet have a little superstition ; that a lady is not less fair for having taken one pinch of snuff ; that she may love her husband, and yet dream of her partner ; and that a heart may be perfectly free, although its owner may have called a cousin her little husband. But his hair is turning grey, and each year it will become difficult to please the charming sex which he wishes to find perfect ; and which is yet so delightful that a man of sense might easily pardon some slight defects for the innumerable good qualities they possess."

NICOLAS.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.—*Pelisse* robe of Jaconot muslin, a white ground figured in blue, the front of the skirt is decorated with a novel trimming of the same material. Half-high *corsage*, and sleeves *demi large*. Organdy *fichu* of the *paysanne* form, it is trimmed with the same material small plaited. Rice straw bonnet, a very open brim, trimmed with flowers. *Groseille* plaided ribband, and roses of the same shades decorate the crown.

LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of dove-coloured *gros de Naples*, the border finished with three rows of pointed trimming ; the *corsage* is half high, and partially covered by a shawl *pelerine*, trimmed to correspond ; the sleeve tight at top, and full from thence nearly to the wrist, is decorated *en suite*. Rice straw hat, the interior of the brim and the crown, trimmed in a style of extreme lightness with sprigs of flowers ; *brides* of white ribband, with a green stripe at the edge.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

The season being now completely at an end, our fair fashionables are hurrying off to the fashionable watering-

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LONDON WALKING DRESS.



places ; grand costume is completely laid aside, and the *demi-toilettes* of our distinguished *élégantes* are now principally remarkable for their elegant simplicity ; but when we look at the enormous price of the articles which compose this simple *négligé*, we shall find that the modes of summer are not less expensive than the more shady ones of winter. Italian straw hats for instance, which must be of the very finest kind, those of rice straw and crape, less costly, but very fragile, are the only ones adopted. We may cite among the most elegant of these novelties, bonnets of the half-cottage kind, with the top of the crown composed of *pou de vie*, and the remainder of the bonnet of rice straw ; the edge of the brim is trimmed with a *ruche of ribbons* corresponding with the crown, or a *ruche of tulle*. We should observe, that generally speaking, the crown is white, pink, or blue ; a sprig of flowers of a colour corresponding with the silk, is placed on one side, and drops below the brim. Several Italian straw hats of a large size are worn without any ribbons on the crowns, a single bunch of flowers or fruits being the only ornament adopted ; *brides* of straw coloured ribbon are placed under the brim, which is trimmed very profusely with flowers or ribbons, mingled with blond lace ; for we must observe that this season the interior of the brims of hats is more trimmed than the crown. A wreath of velvet flowers has an elegant effect under the brim of an Italian straw hat ; the crown also is frequently ornamented with a wreath of velvet flowers, thick in the centre, but diminishing near the ends, which meet behind under a knot of ribbon. Some hats are trimmed with wreaths of ribbon, but they are heavy, and inelegant. Ribbons of striking colours are very much in vogue this summer for trimming hats, and when they are tastefully disposed, and intermingled with black or white lace, they form a very elegant style of decoration.

Muslins are decidedly the most in favour in half dress, but not to the exclusion of other materials, for we see several silk and *mousselin de laine* dresses ; the latter have the patterns generally in striking colours, and are made in the robe form. A good many are trimmed with flounces, set on with little fulness, and cut round the border in points, which are edged with narrow *rouleaus* of silk of a colour corresponding with that of one of the flowers of the robe. The *corsages* of these robes are made half high, and generally terminate in a

rounded point in front. Long sleeves always ornamented to correspond with the skirt. Silk dresses are mostly made in the pelisse form, and a great many are trimmed with black lace. We may announce with certainty, that lace, both black and white, will be in the highest vogue during the season for every part of the toilette for which it can be used.

Organdy is the most fashionable material for evening *neglige*. Several of these robes have the ground ornamented with small bouquets of flowers in application of velvet. Some of these dresses are made without flounces, but the majority are flounced, and in that case a light wreath of flowers run round the border of the flounces; we must observe that they are always of a corresponding kind with those that strew the ground; a *bouillon* through which a ribbon is ran, always forms a heading to the flounce.

The *corsages* of these robes are in general tight, and the waists very long. A favourite style is that in which the front of the *corsage* is formed of three pieces; it is in our opinion the most becoming and advantageous to the shape; the shoulder-straps descend always very low. When we speak of tight *corsages*, we speak of the front only, for there is no rule exactly fixed for the back; that may be either tight or full at the pleasure of the wearer.

The majority of evening hats are of rice-straw, the brim is round, and mixed on one side by a long plume of marabouts, which rises above the brim, and falls on the opposite side; this is a most becoming and tasteful style of hat, and one that accords equally well with the long tufts of ringlets which fall on each side of the face, or with the braids of hair arranged *à la Berthe*, or *à la Madonna*, in which a rose or a sprig of flowers is frequently fixed. Lace lappets also, are sometimes employed to ornament these elegant *coiffures*, they are placed intermingled with flowers, feathers, or ribbons, in such a manner, as to float on each side of the neck; nothing can be at once more graceful and elegant than this style of decoration. The only alteration in fashionable colours, is that which has taken place in ribbons, the hues of which are more vivid than in the beginning of the season.

PARIS FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS OPERA DRESS.—Changeable *pou de soie robe*, green shot with lilac. *Corsage à la Vierge*, and short sleeves trim-





med with lace *manchettes*. Organdy shawl of a large size, beautifully embroidered and bordered with lace. Italian straw hat, the interior of the brim trimmed with flowers of delicate size and hues: a band of deep cherry-coloured ribbon placed under the brim, comes out at the sides, and forms the *brides*; two long white ostrich feathers adorn the crown.

PARIS HOME DRESS.—India muslin robe, a tight *corsage* partially covered by a *fichu à la borday* of the same material, trimmed with lace, and tied behind; the sleeves are tight, short, and confined to the arm by bands of puffed ribbon. Apron of changeable silk, trimmed with black lace. *Bonnet Caroline*, of *culle*; it is a small round cap, trimmed with a wreath of delicate flowers.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

It is still from Paris that we date our fashions, because it is from thence that they are dispatched to our fair leaders of the *ton*, who are either recruiting their health at the French and German watering-places, or enjoyng *la vie de chateau* at their country seats. In either case, an elegant *neglige* is the order of the day. A *capote* of sewed straw, trimmed with white ribbon, disposed *en rosette* on one side at the bottom of the crown; a *demi voile en application* adds much to the elegance of a *capote* of this kind, without taking from it any thing of that air of *neglige* which is indispensable to its being fashionable. Rice straw *capotes* lined with pink, straw colour, or blue, and trimmed with ribbon shaded or plaided in the colour of the lining, is another favourite stile of bonnet, and certainly a very elegant one.

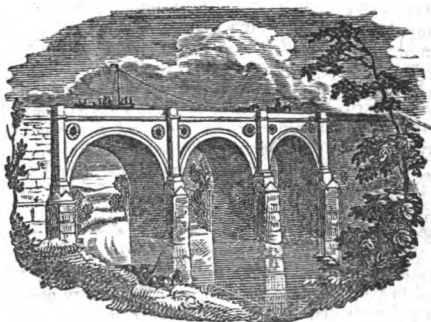
Hats are mostly of Italian straw, for although silk ones are fashionable, they are not so much in request; the former are much larger than the others, they turn up in folds behind, to form the *bavolet*, they descend very low on the cheeks, and the ribbon which serves as *brides*, frequently traverses the straw, which hinders them from sitting too close to the chin, and gives more extent to the brim. The style of trimming is generally simple—a sprig of roses on one side of the crown, and a wreath of these flowers, but of a smaller kind, underneath the brim. Sometimes foliage is employed; it is of two shades of green, and disposed in a long drooping sprig on one

side of the crown, which falls over the brim, or else in a wreath, which, encircling the bottom of the crown, terminates on one side in an end that falls upon the brim, and descends in an oblique direction nearly to the edge of it.

Printed muslins, of new patterns, are at present in the highest possible favour; the prettiest have a dark brown ground, strewn with white or red spots; others, that are also very fashionable, have a tawny orange ground, with a pattern in light green, of a small oval kind. Printed muslin has never been carried in France to so high a degree of perfection. It is also remarkable, that light materials, such as Organdy and white muslin, are ornamented with figured patterns; the first that appeared was Organdy figured in cotton. The pattern was a shamrock about the size of a shilling. Muslins figured in green, blue, and rose, are also in request: the two last colours are particularly so.

The peignoir form is admitted, not only in *deshabille*, but in half-dress; it offers nothing remarkable in the former, but several of those that have appeared in the latter are very beautiful; they are of Organdy, of the clearest and finest kind, rounded at the corners of the skirt, embroidered all round in a light and beautiful pattern in feather stitch, and edged with lace.

Robes tabliers are also in very great favour; the *tablier* is formed by *bouillons*, which, ascending on each side of the skirt, mounted on the *corsage* in the heart stile; a coloured ribbon is always ran through them. This is a very favourite form. Flounces and *bouillons* are the trimmings most in favour for robes, but the former are in a majority: this has occasioned some diminution in the width of skirts, but as yet not a great deal. Where the dress is white, the flounces are generally either embroidered or trimmed with lace; they are also headed with embroidery: in a good many instances *entre deux* are substituted for embroidery on the skirt. Where *bouillons* are employed instead of flounces, there is always a coloured ribbon run through them. The hair continues to be dressed very low behind, and in ringlets or soft braids in front. It is adorned with great simplicity, with either flowers or ribbons. Fashionable colours continue the same as last month.



Aqueduct of the Peake Forest Canal.

ANTIQUITY OF AQUEDUCTS.

AQUEDUCTS were long ago the wonders of Rome: the quantity of them which they had; the prodigious expence employed in conducting waters over arcades from one place to another, at the distance of even one hundred miles, by cutting through mountains and piercing rocks, were performances which justly excite our admiration. Appius, the censor, advised and conducted the first aqueduct. His example gave the public luxury a hint to cultivate these objects; and the force of prodigious and indefatigable labour diverted the courses of rivers and floods to Rome. Agrippa, in that year when he was ædile, put the last hand to the magnificence of these works. It is chiefly in this respect that the modern so much resembles the ancient city of Rome. For this advantage she is peculiarly indebted to Sextus V. and Paul V.; who, for grandeur and magnificence, in repairing and beautifying the aqueducts, emulated the masters of the universe.

The aqueduct of the *aqua Marcia* had an arch of sixteen feet in diameter. Above, there appeared two canals; of which the highest was fed by the waters of the Tiverone, and the lower by the Claudian river. The arch of the aque-

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duct of the *aqua Claudia* is of hewn stone, very beautiful; that of the aqueduct of the *aqua Neronia* is of brick. The canal of the aqueduct which was called the *aqua Appia*, deserves to be mentioned for the singularity of its being much narrower at the lower than at the higher end. Fronconius, who had the superintendence of the aqueducts under the Emperor Nerva, says that nine of them emptied their waters into the city, through thirteen thousand five hundred and ninety-four pipes of an inch diameter each; and Vignere relates, that every twenty-four hours Rome received no less than three hundred thousand hogsheads of water by means of her aqueducts.

The munificence of the Roman emperors, in providing their subjects with this necessary article of domestic comfort and cleanliness, was not merely confined to the capital, nor limited to their natural dominions. The luxury of excellent water was provided in a liberal manner to many cities that submitted to the Roman arms. Athens, the seat of Grecian glory and magnificence, was indebted to Rome for its most valuable supply of water. That city, even in the most flourishing state of its republic, had recourse only to wells; which were held so sacred, that, by a law of Solon, those only who lived contiguous to a well could claim the benefit of its waters. This defect was at length removed by the munificence of the Emperor Adrian, who erected an aqueduct to supply all Athens with water, and which still bears his name; and is adorned with a frontispiece of the Ionic order, said to be a more correct specimen of that style of ancient architecture than any Rome can furnish.

Another very surprising instance of human art and industry is the aqueduct of Metz, of which a great number of arcades still remain. These arcades crossed the Moselle, a river which is very broad at that place. The copious sources of this aqueduct furnished water for the representation of a sea-fight. This water was collected in a reservoir; from thence it was conducted by subterraneous canals, formed of hewn stone, and so spacious that a man could walk erect in them: it traversed the Moselle upon its superb and lofty arcades, which may be still seen at the distance of two leagues from Metz, so nicely wrought and so firmly cemented that, except those parts in the middle, which have been

carried away by the ice, they have resisted, and will still resist, the severest shocks of the most violent seasons. From these arcades other aqueducts conveyed the waters to the baths, and to the place where the naval engagement was represented. It is also said that the aqueduct of Segovia, in Spain, may be recorded among the most admired labours of the Romans. It was built by the Emperor Trajan, and is said to be the best preserved of all the Roman works. There still remain one hundred and fifty-nine arcades, wholly consisting of stones enormously large, and joined without mortar. These arcades, with the edifice, are one hundred and two feet high; there are two ranges of arcades, one above another. The aqueduct flows through the city, and runs beneath the greatest number of houses, which are at the lower end. The aqueduct which Louis XIV. caused to be built at Maintenon, in France, for carrying the river Bure to Versailles, is above seven thousand fathoms in length, above two thousand five hundred and sixty in height, and contains two hundred and forty-two arcades.

In later days aqueducts have been brought to great perfection in this country, where there are now many of them. The accompanying view represents one over the river Mersey, in the Peake Forest. It consists of three arches of sixty feet span, and ninety-eight feet and a half elevation. The canal which this bridge conducts over the river passes through a country which is very uneven, and, after passing seventeen miles, joins the canal of Ashton.

LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND HOPE.

Three Spirits met

Near to the Arctic Zone,

Love—Friendship—Hope—

Each claim'd the spot their own.

But, ah! Love soon grew cold,

And fled;

And even Hope 'neath the fierce blast

Lay dead:

Friendship alone, whose warmth of heart

Preserved unchilled that vital part,

Laugh'd at the storm, and joy'd to see,

That she was firmest of the three.

THE HALL OF SILENCE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains that divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, lived a wealthy and esteemed Lama, whose lands were tributary to the supreme Lama, or sacerdotal emperor, the governor of the whole country, from China to the pathless desert of Cobi. But although his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the stars in heaven, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the East as the father of the beautiful Zerinda. All the anxiety that Lama Zarin had ever experienced arose from the conviction that he must soon leave his beloved daughter; and the question was always present to his mind, 'who will guard her innocence when I shall have quitted her for ever?' The Lama was at this time afflicted with a dreadful malady, peculiar to the inhabitants of the country in which he resided, which threatened, in spite of all that medicine could do, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after an unusually severe attack of his disorder, he sent for the fair Zerinda, and gently motioning her to approach his couch, thus addressed her:—'Daughter of my hopes and fears, heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever; yet whilst my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the last injunctions of thy dying father: the angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness before he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy sainted mother, who died in giving birth to thee. Yet let me not depart to the fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Zerinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which thy orphan state must shortly be exposed, surrounded as thou wilt be by suitors of various dispositions and pretensions; some wooing, with mercenary cunning, thy possessions through thy person; others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?' He then reminded his daughter that he had

lately presented her with the portraits of several princes who had solicited an union with his house, which they had sent to her according to the custom of Thibet, where the parties can never behold each other until they are married; proceeded to give a brief outline of their various characters; and concluded by asking her which of all these mighty suitors she thought she should prefer? Zerinda sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired her to withdraw, compare their several portraits, and endeavour to decide on which of the Lamas she could bestow her love. At the word LOVE, Zerinda blushed, though she knew not why;—her father, who saw the crimson on her cheek, but attributed it to timidity, again urged her to withdraw, and be speedy in her decision. Zerinda replied with a smile—‘ My father knows that he is the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love, at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit the author of my being;’ and turning round, she continued playfully, ‘ I love this favourite dog which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, until he stumbled, and endangered his master’s life; but when the tiger had dragged my father to the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I LOVED Ackbar; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I LOVE Ackbar still.’ Zarin heard her artless confession with a smile, but reminded her that Ackbar was a slave. ‘ But which of those Lamas who now demand my love has created an interest in my heart by services rendered to thee like those of the slave Ackbar? And yet I have not seen either his person or his picture; nor know I whether he be old or young—but I know that he saved the life of Lama Zarin, and therefore do I LOVE Ackbar.’ The old Lama gently reproved his child for her freedom of expression; he explained to her that love was impious, according to the laws of Thibet, between persons of different ranks in society. Zerinda left her father, and as she stroked her favorite dog a tear trembled in her eye, from the apprehension that she might possibly be guilty of impiety.

About this time the slave Ackbar, who for his services had been advanced from the chief of the shepherds to be to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; observing him to be unusual’y dejected, he declared that he

himself had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill in a case in which every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt. The slave, nothing daunted by the apparent incredulity of his master, proceeded—'May Lama Zarin live for ever!—I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alternative medicines; 'tis from them alone that I hope to gain at length a complete victory over your disease; and if in seven days' time the smallest change encourages me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer.' Lama Zarin assented, and from that day became the patient of Ackbar, whose new appointment of physician to the Lama, gave him a right to remain always in his master's presence, save when the beautiful Zerinda paid her daily visit to her father, at which times he was invariably directed to withdraw.

The first week had scarcely elapsed, when the Lama was convinced that his disease was giving way to the medicines of his favourite; his paroxysms indeed returned, but grew every day shorter in duration; and in proportion as Ackbar became less necessary in his capacity of physician, his company was so much the more courted by Zarin as an associate. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his naturally good understanding by travel in distant countries. Thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to his delighted master. They talked of the laws, religion, and customs, of foreign nations, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend and almost the equal of the Lama. Amongst other topics of discourse, the latter would frequently enumerate the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, whilst Ackbar listened with an interest and delight for which he was quite at a loss to account. On the other hand, the Lama, in the fulness of his gratitude, could not avoid speaking of the wonderful skill and knowledge displayed by the slave, nor forbear relating to Zerinda the substance of the various conversations which had passed between them.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account which the physician had given him of

European manners, that Zerinda blushed and sighed ; her father entreated to know the cause of her emotion, when she confessed that he had so often mentioned the extraordinary acquirements of this young slave, that she could think of nothing else ; and that in her dreams she saw him, and fancied he was a Lama worthy of her love ; then turning to her father, she asked, ‘ Oh, Lama, tell me, can my sleep be impious ? ’ Zarin beheld her with emotion, and told her that she must think of him no more. ‘ I will endeavour to obey,’ she replied, ‘ but I shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore the thoughts which I will strive to banish during the day.’

The Lama dreading the effects of the passion which he had himself kindled in his daughter’s breast, resolved never again to mention in her presence the name of Ackbar ; but this resolution was formed too late : love of the purest kind had taken possession of the maiden’s heart ; and whilst she struggled to obey her father, her sunken eye, and wasted form, proclaimed the strife of feeling in her breast.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from his physician the sickness of Zerinda ; and whilst he confessed alarm for his daughter’s life, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite ; he saw, too, that which it was impossible for Ackbar to conceal, that he had been the fatal cause of a mutual passion between two lovers who had never seen, and but for him, would never have heard of each other. Thus circumstanced (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visits of a male physician) prudence would have forbidden his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence ; but Zerinda, whose disease was occasionally attended by delirium, would call upon the name of Ackbar, and add, ‘ he saved the life of my father, and he can only save that of the dying Zerinda.’

Overcome by his daughter’s agony, the afflicted father inwardly cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and assured her that she should see the physician Ackbar. Zerinda listened with ecstasy to the voice of Zarin ; and knowing that that which a Lama promises must ever be performed, the assurance fell like balsam upon her heart ; but the Lama had not fixed the period when his sacred promise should be fulfilled, nor could he be prevailed upon to do so till he had retired and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The

oftener he revolved the subject in his mind, the more the difficulties appeared to diminish, till at length he resolved to disregard the slavish prejudices and customs of his country.

Elated by the prospect of being enabled to secure the future happiness of two individuals so deservedly dear to him, he determined to ask the sanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Thibet are subject. He, accordingly, lost no time in despatching messengers to the Grand Lama who resided at Tonker, and with whom his influence was so great that he had sanguine hopes of obtaining whatever he might request, even though the boon craved should be contrary to the existing laws of the country : and being unable to conceal the joy he felt at the consummation of happiness which awaited the lovers, he communicated to Ackbar the plan of future bliss which he had formed for him, and raised in the breast of the physician a transport of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever before dared to cherish. To Zerinda he promised that she should be withheld the sight of her lover but one week longer, or till the messenger should return from the great Lama of Tonker !

From this time the physician was no longer necessary ; but the week appeared an age to the expecting hearts of Ackbar and the beautiful Zerinda.

Seven days having at length expired, the messenger arrived from Tonker with the following reply :—‘The most Sacred Sultan the Sovereign Lama, who enjoys the life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand Princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin greeting ; report hath long made known at Tonker the beauty of the maid Zerinda ; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of the slave Ackbar. In answer, therefore, to thy prayer that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which, not to obey, is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other, till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, that we ourselves may, in person, witness the emotion of their souls !’

This answer, far from removing their suspense, created feelings a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin believed that it portended ruin to himself and family ; he now reflected on the rash step which he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent

conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet. He again recalled to mind the grand Lama's bigotry and zeal, and knowing that he must obey the summons, trembled at his situation.

Ackbar was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and the only circumstance that occasioned him uneasiness was, lest the beauty of Zerinda should tempt the supreme Lama to demand her for his own bride; but Zerinda, whose thoughts were all purity, revered the Lama for his decree, and believed that it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love: with these sentiments she looked only with joy to the period of their departure, which was fixed for the ensuing day; when they set out with all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern retinue.

After three days' journey, during which the Lama Zarin sometimes travelled in the splendid palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Ackbar, dividing his attention between the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind, the cavalcade arrived at Tonker, and proceeded without delay to the tribunal, which was held in the great 'Hall of Silence.' At the upper end of this superb apartment sat, on a throne of massive gold, the Supreme Lama; before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with a fragrant incense; and around him knelt a hundred Lamas, in silent adoration, (for in Thibet divine honours are paid to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son.) To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence between the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Ackbar and Zerinda, each covered by a thick veil, and accompanied by a mute, both of whom fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed,—all was silent as death,—whilst doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval the throbings of Zerinda's heart became distinctly audible; her father heard them, and a half-smothered sigh stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome. At length

the solemn, deep-toned voice of the Supreme Lama uttered these words: 'Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the lips of heaven; arise! and hear! know that the promise of a Lama is sacred as the words of Allah, therefore are ye brought to behold each other, and in the august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of the love which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled.' Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but on your lives utter not a word; for know that in the 'Hall of Silence' 'tis death for any tongue to speak save that which utters the decrees of heaven!

He ceased; and his words resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again pervaded the Hall; at length on a given signal the mutes removed their veils at the same moment, and exhibited the beautiful figures of Ackbar and Zerinda. They gazed in speechless rapture on each other, till by another sign from the throne the father joined their hands; and Ackbar, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms. It was now that her lover, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—'Help, my Zerinda dies!' Instantly the voice from the throne ejaculated, with dreadful emphasis, 'Ackbar dies!' upon which two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and, seizing their victim, fixed an instrument of silence upon his lips, whilst others hurried away the fainting Zerinda, insensible to the danger of her lover; but the Lama Zarin, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—'If to speak be death let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws which doom the innocent to death for so trivial an offence.' He would have proceeded, but the tyrant's slaves surrounded him and prevented him from uttering another word. Silence being restored the Supreme Lama vociferated—'Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death! Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of Lamas, by marrying thy daughter to a slave: and thou, Ackbar, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race.' The promise which Lama

Zarin made was literally fulfilled ; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet, have seen and been united to each other ; and the embrace which was permitted was doomed to be the last. ' Now, therefore,' added he, addressing the mute, ' perform your office on Ackbar first.' They accordingly bound their victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were about to fix the silken string upon his neck, when they on a sudden desisted, and prostrating themselves before Ackbar, performed the obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker. A general consternation seized all present, and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached the victim, on whose left shoulder (which had been uncovered by the executioner,) he now perceived the mystic characters by which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. When he beheld the well-known mark, the voice of nature confirmed the testimony of his eye-sight, and falling on the neck of Ackbar, he exclaimed—' It is my son, my long lost son ! let him speak : henceforth this place shall no longer be called the ' Hall of Silence,' but ' the Hall of Joy,' for in this room we will celebrate tomorrow the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda !'

The history then goes on to explain this singular event by relating that some Jesuit Missionaries, who had gained access to the capital of Thibet, in their zeal for their religion, had found means to steal the young heir to the throne, then an infant, hoping to make use of him in the conversion of his father's people ; but in their retreat through the Great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a banditti, who slaughtered them all, and sold the young Lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army—he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through Europe ; he finally accompanied him to India ; there, in an engagement with the Mabrattas, he had been again taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet ; by this means he came into the service of the Lama Zarin, without knowing any thing of his origin, or the meaning of the characters he bore on his left shoulder, and which had been the cause of effecting this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with an account of the nuptials of

Ackbar and Zerinda. Their happiness was unexampled ; for the lessons which the young Lama had learned in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries through which he had travelled, prepared him to abolish many of the cruel and impious customs which had till then disgraced the legislature of Thibet. P.

A JEWISH WEDDING AT TANGIERS.

We found the bride, a very handsome young woman, with a pair of coal-black eyes, seated on the nuptial bed, which was adorned with a profusion of silk and tawdry. It is impossible to conceive any thing more splendid than her dress. Her head was encircled with a very wide flat turban of white muslin and gold, the body of her gown, her gelick, and her slippers of red Morocco leather, were all most tastefully embroidered with gold, and a thin transparent veil of flowered muslin hung negligently about her person. Amongst the company assembled were two other Jewesses, in equally splendid attire. After having shaken hands with the bride, we took our seats, and immediately there came in two musicians, an old man, whose head much resembled the busts of Seneca, and an old woman, who in many countries would undoubtedly have suffered as a witch. They both had earthen pots, covered with sheep skins, the one being smaller than the other. A dance was called for, and after much blushing and struggling, the younger of the two Jewesses before-mentioned stood up. She was the most beautiful person I have seen in Tangiers ; indeed she might vie with the most lovely in any country. Her figure, though inclining to stoutness, was not disagreeably so, and if I may judge from her form, her age was about sixteen. The softness of her large black eyes, the vermillion of her beautiful lips, and the rapid succession of her modest blushes that overspread her soft full cheek, were charms that require the peculiar style of Titian's pencil to pourtray. She had, besides, on her upper lip, that soft black down which gives such character to dark beauties. The prejudice in England is, I know, much against this peculiarity, which by the envious is called a mustachio. The fact is, that in our country it is rare : I know but one family famous for it, and all their handsome faces receive a

peculiar grace from this downy addition. But to return to my beautiful maid. She stood up to dance with the cheerfulness of one who considered it her duty to do as she was bid by her parents, though at the expense of her modest feelings. The music, if it may be so called, then commenced, and the cracked voices of the two veteran singers screeched forth in unison, while they struck, with all their force, their earthen drums. The young girl then took hold of the two corners of a silk handkerchief, and with her eyes cast modestly on the ground, she commenced a sort of voluptuous undulating motion of the whole body, while the feet moved with a very slight sort of shuffle. Every now and then she turned round, and at the same time raised her handkerchief over her head, when her brother, the bridegroom, who stood by, touched her forehead with a pistoline, and threw it to the musicians. The bride then relieved her sister, but did not dance so well, and in her appearance and manner, wanted that greatest of all charms—modesty. As we were to be at the Swedish Consul's garden at mid-day, we took our leave of the Jews, but not before I had obtained a promise from the young girl, to allow me to return the next day to take a sketch of her in full costume.

FAREWELL TO MONA.

BY E. COX.

Farewell to thee, Mona! farewell to the Isle,
 Where a stranger I came, and have lingered awhile ;—
 Adieu to the scenes which are scattered around
 O'er mountain and hill, and each valley profound ;
 Where the ocean in brightness encircles each scene,
 Deep rolling in shadows of purple and green ;
 Now frowning in darkness, now vex'd with rude storm,
 And veiling in shadow its beautiful form :
 Now reflecting the clouds on its bosom that lie,
 And tinged with Heaven's blue from the vault of the sky,
 Far, far as the eye can take in the wide view,
 Incessantly changing with rainbow-like hue !
 How lucid its waters ! how bright and how clear
 In their depths the dark rocks, and green sea-weeds appear,

L. 38. 2.

M

As the vessels impelled by the tide or the wind,
 Glide o'er them and leave their bright pathways behind !
 Fair island of verdant field, mountain and shore,
 Begirt with steep headland, with moss covered o'er,
 Stretching out into glens, rugged, lonely, and deep,
 Or outspreading in vales where the summer winds sleep :
 Every scene to the stranger looks beauteous and new,
 And the calm of repose hovers over each view !
 In thy valleys retired, sparkling water-streams run,
 Now dark in deep shade, and now bright in the sun ;
 And thy mountain-topped clouds with their shadowy veil,
 Look like dim-descried vessels with bright sunny sail
 That lie on the ocean-line dimly afar
 As in Heaven's cloudy concave the faint twinkling star.
 And a magic hangs o'er thee, thou sea-girded Isle,
 Of ages long past ! Lo ! the mouldering pile,
 Gray pillar and cross Superstition oft rears,
 Scattered rudely around, show thee hoary in years,
 When the Druid held o'er thee his magical sway,
 Embosomed in woods, all secluded from day.

For the rest thou hast given, for the health thou may'st give,
 Fair Mona, a stranger's warm blessing receive ;
 He has roamed o'er thy mountains, has trod thy deep vales,
 He has caught the pure breath of thy health-stirring gales ;
 He has viewed from thy rocky cliffs beetling on high
 The sea-fowl, and heard their wild musical cry,
 As they sported in myriads o'er mountain and cave,
 Or dipped their white wings in the blue-heaving wave !
 And thy mountain-views ! oh, how impressive ! sublime !
 To their heaven-pointing summits slow pacing to climb ;
 To catch the rich scenes that around meet the eye,
 Of widely-spread valley, dark sea, and blue sky,
 And the thousands of hues on thy mountain-breasts thrown,
 Of green moss, purple heather, brown rock, and gray stone,
 I leave thee, fair Isle ! I must bid thee farewell,
 Again 'midst the city's rude concourse to dwell,
 But ere from thy shores and thy hills I depart,
 I record the pure joys thou hast brought to my heart,
 The refreshments shed over my spirits,—like dew
 To the sun-parched desert !—Lov'd Mona ! Adieu !

Douglas.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Lieutenant M—— was, unhappily, born of parents who could trace their descent, on both sides, through many ages of illustrious ancestors. Their genealogical tree had its root from some old king of most apocryphal existence, and was adorned with barons, knights, and nobles, who flourished before the conquest. But the family estate was irretrievably encumbered; and their property neither bore any reasonable proportion to their notions of aristocratic grandeur; nor was at all on a level with the rank which they assumed to themselves among their neighbours. The mind of my poor friend was early imbued with the same haughtiness, and, although the youngest of four brothers, he had no slight opinion of his own dignity and importance. Yet, with many of the faults, he possessed all the virtues which are engendered by ideas of hereditary distinction. He recoiled from every thing illiberal and mean, either in action or in thought; he imbibed, almost with his mother's milk, the nicest sense of honour and generosity. Frank, high-minded, open-hearted, and impetuous, he scorned all falsehood and dissimulation, as unworthy, not only of himself, but of those of his race who went before him. Family pride was with him an additional incentive to rectitude of conduct.

But he had a fortune to make in the world; and, by an unlucky fatality, he was not merely disinclined to flatter or conciliate any created being under heaven, but he was too often disposed to look down upon those who were both able and willing to do him service.

Another misfortune of his life was that, he early loved, and was beloved, by a beautiful girl, without either family or wealth. Love laughs at the idle distinctions of society; and he married her, after a severe struggle between his pride and his affection. But the connexion was an offence which his family never could forgive, and he quarrelled with them for ever. The same pride which had yielded with reluctance to a stronger passion, now taught him to support the object of his choice by a marked, exclusive, and almost idolatrous regard.

A small sum of money, which had been left to him by an uncle, was soon dissipated, by the warm and too liberal

hospitality of the youthful pair. Ignorant of its value, and careless of its expense, they hardly knew that it was diminished before they had wasted it almost to the last guinea. My friend, on this emergency, placed his wife, and an infant daughter, under the care of one of her relatives; and, impressed with the haughty belief, that the army was the only profession for a gentleman, sought and obtained a commission in a regiment which was on the eve of sailing for Walcheren. In that ill-fated expedition he caught a fever, from which he never afterwards entirely recovered. His health, however, was so far restored, that he was enabled to serve gallantly throughout the war: and his reward was, that when his regiment was paid off at the end of it, he had nothing to subsist upon but the half-pay of a lieutenant.

His wife, in the meantime, harrassed with perpetual fears respecting his safety, and feeling herself a burthen to her friends, had sunk beneath the pressure of unremitting anxiety, and died of premature old age. A daughter now only remained to Lieutenant M——, the representative, and so far as extreme youth can resemble maturity of loveliness, the counterpart of her mother, at the time when he first beheld, and too sincerely loved her. For this child, therefore, as was natural, he felt all the pride, and lavished on her all the fondness of a father.

But here again the early notions which he had acquired were the ruin of his happiness. Her education was pursued in a style according rather with the imaginary dignity of his ancestors, than the reality of his situation, and the scantiness of his pecuniary means. He placed her at a fashionable school: for the daughter of Lieutenant M—— must obtain, at any price, however enormous, all the useful knowledge, all the elegant accomplishments, which could fit her to adorn that sphere of society in which the ancient rank of her family entitled her to move. The consequence was, therefore, that, although he spent little or nothing upon himself, he became involved in increasing debt, and inextricable embarrassments. To what quarter should he turn for assistance? Although his wife was dead, he scorned a reconciliation with those who had offended her whilst living. Nor had his own relatives the power, any more than the disposition, to relieve him from his distresses. His brothers,

brought up with the same notions, steeped like himself in family pride, and high ideas of their consequence, and the lustre which was reflected upon them by the great names which flourished in their domestic annals, had followed almost the same course, and were plunged in difficulties almost equal to his own.

He tried his only remaining chance. He came to London, and offered his military services to the commander-in-chief, in any climate, and in any employment, where they could be required, but he had little interest, and every vacancy was supplied. Still, however, no actual, no absolute refusal was returned to his application; he lived from week to week in the sickening misery of 'hope deferred,' and that melancholy and wasting hope was to close in final disappointment.

It was at this period that my acquaintance with him was most intimate, and I could not but guess at his circumstances from his appearance. How was he changed from the gay, gallant young man, whom I had known not many years before! If age is to be reckoned simply by the number of years which have passed over our heads, he was still in the prime of life; he could not have reached his fortieth birthday. But his face was furrowed by care, his figure was emaciated by disease; his form was bowed by infirmities, and the hand of death was evidently upon him. It is very difficult to be admitted to the confidence of such a man. I long attempted it in vain; I spoke to him frankly,—I wished to speak to him kindly; but he replied only by cool and general answers. There was, at times, indeed, a gloomy sternness in his manner which precluded any further conversation on subjects immediately interesting to himself. Above all things he shrunk from condolence, as if it carried with it, on the part of him who expressed it, something of superiority and condescension. It was a considerable time before I was informed of the place of his abode. His high spirit yielded at length, not to his personal necessities, but to his anxiety for his child; and he sent for me, on her account, when the illness, which had always hung about him, had increased so alarmingly as to confine him to his bed; and he felt, with a cold shudder as he reflected on her destitute situation, that he had not long to live.

I found him on the second floor of a decent house in

London, in one of the streets which lead from the Strand down to the river. There was little furniture in the room, and it had altogether the appearance of indigent gentility. When I mentioned my hope that he would soon find himself better, he shook his head with a languid smile, of which the sad and peculiar expression can never be effaced from my remembrance. He then requested me to sit down by his bedside, and spoke at some length, in a faltering and hurried tone, without interruption, but not without apparent difficulty. The topics which he felt obliged to introduce were evidently disagreeable to him, and his words, as nearly as I can recollect, were as follows :

‘ I shall make no apology, my dear sir, for asking you to pay me this visit, nor even for the troublesome office which I am about to impose on you. The confidence which I repose in you is the best proof of my friendship and esteem for you ; and the worthiest reward which you could receive for your kindness, will be the reflection, that you have done a service in their need to a dying father and a desolate child. But, I must be more explicit : it will be necessary to recur to some painful circumstances which have lately happened, in order to excuse myself in my own eyes, if not in yours. You know that I was never rich, but you can hardly know to what a degree I have been embarrassed and distressed ; you can hardly know what privations I have undergone, and what anguish of soul I have endured. My endeavours to obtain a commission in any regiment have been completely frustrated. But their success or failure is now of little consequence. My campaigns are over ; I have fought my last battle with disease ; and it has vanquished me. Death must soon lay me low ; and for myself I care not how soon ! I bow with resignation to the will of Heaven ! This dispensation, indeed, is the least part of my regret. My life has not been so happy that I should look with dread upon the loss of it.

‘ But I have a daughter ; I need not say how entirely I have loved her. It would be idle to relate to you, what I have done and suffered for her sake. But take two instances at once of my affection and my distresses. Almost the whole amount of my pay has gone for the last three years to the charge of her education. I have lived, I can hardly tell you how. It is enough that I have contracted many debts,

and that whatever was about my person, my watch, my rings, even part of my clothes, have been sold. Two things only remained—my wife's picture—and my sword. I still keep, indeed, the features of my poor Julia; but I have parted with the gold and jewels which surrounded them, in those younger and prouder days, when I first received the gift from her hands; and thought, in the fondness of my admiration, how little the miniature could express the beauty of the original. But why should I trouble you with such recollections as these? How strange is it, that they should come across me even at this moment;—how strange that they should have power to console and to revive!—Yet so it is. But I beg your pardon. I will now proceed:—

‘My sword was now the only possession which I had saved amid the shipwreck of my fortunes:—my sword, which I had ever imagined would only be wrested from me at the latest moment of my existence. But integrity, sir, is a nobler feeling than obstinate haughtiness;—I neither could, nor would, live here without paying for my lodgings. This, then, was the only alternative. There is an actor, and a celebrated one, who lives on the first floor; he is, I firmly believe, as generous a man as ever figured in any profession. He had often made me offers of pecuniary assistance, but I had uniformly rejected them. At last, he pretended to have taken a fancy to my sword; he wanted it, he said, as a conspicuous ornament in his first-rate characters, and proposed to give me far more, I am certain, than he conceived it to be worth. I would not accept of the whole amount;—but, my sword is gone. You may smile, perhaps, at the melancholy earnestness with which I speak on such a subject; but things must not be judged by their apparent value. Of all the painful incidents of my life; this is the one which has given me the sharpest pang. This seems the lowest depth of degradation to which my necessities have reduced me. My sword appeared to pierce my heart as I parted with it. It was like parting with my honour. Yet you may, perhaps, not enter into my feelings. The blade, which had been at my side throughout all my campaigns, with which I had encountered the enemies of my country; which had been my defence, my protection, my companion, and my friend,—was now to flourish in mock contests on the stage;—was to

be drawn with a spouting rant, and sheathed in bloodless imaginary triumph, amid the tears of sobbing girls, and the applauses of 'a greasy multitude;' and the end, it may be, of a soldier's sword, is to be hacked about in a farce or pantomime, or rust amid the wardrobe of a strolling player. No no, sir, you cannot conceive half my humiliation. But let us turn from this bitter subject. I have already dwelt too much upon it in secret for my own quiet. What I have further to say will not detain you long.

'In one word, I have a favour to request of you, which I would not, and dare not, ask of another man living. I am destitute; I am enfeebled; I am sinking; I feel that but few more suns will rise on me in this world. But I would see my daughter before I die. I would fain leave my benediction upon her, and breathe my last prayer in her presence. Will you, then, be my friend, as you have ever been? Will you fetch her to me now? Hereafter will you protect her? I trust to your age: I trust to your character; and when I place this precious deposit in your care, I know you will remember, that you, too, have been a parent!'

Lieutenant M—— here ended his communication; he had exerted himself too much for his strength; he drew his breath with pain. I sent for a physician, who ordered such restoratives as his state demanded. I then told him that I had both time and money at command, and that he would confer a favour on me by availing himself of both. 'For myself,' said he 'it is too late; my daughter will thank you.' Having taken his directions about my journey, I promised to return with all possible expedition. 'Do so,' he replied, faintly, 'or I shall not live to see her.' He grasped my hand, and I departed.

I found the daughter of my friend a lovely, high-spirited girl of fourteen years of age; buoyant with health, and just budding into exquisite beauty. I merely told her, in the first instance, that her father was anxious to see her. She appeared to me, as I regarded her, as an innocent and spotless victim, pampered, adorned, and garlanded for the sacrifice. All that she had been taught conspired, if not to injure, to relax her principles, at least to lull them to sleep; if not to spoil or vitiate her mind, at least to soften and enervate it. She knew that she was descended from what is

called a good family, she felt that the blood of nobles was in her veins; yet, in a few days, she would be absolutely friendless and penniless. I thought on these things, and vowed, inwardly, that as long as I had life, the daughter of my friend should never be desolate and unprotected.

As we hurried back to London, I informed the poor girl of the melancholy state of her father's health, and even hinted at his pecuniary embarrassments. Poverty was new and strange; she had read of it in novels and romances, and, perhaps, wept over the imaginary privations of a sentimental heroine; but she could form no conception of penury, as it exists in its dreadful and hideous reality. She thought only, that the life of him, who was dearest to her upon earth, was in imminent and immediate danger. Her gay questions were changed into anxious inquiries; and her whole soul was concentrated into one impatient desire to be clasped in her father's arms, and hear him speak to her and bless her once more.

Yet even this mournful pleasure was denied to her. On her arrival, Lieutenant M—— was delirious. Who could exhibit to his child at once the wreck of manhood and the dethronement of reason? I remained with him during the night, and towards the morning he awoke, calm and sensible, but rapidly declining to the grave. The physician gave me no hope, that he could live throughout the day.

It was then that I ventured to introduce his daughter. But who shall describe their meeting! I can only recal it to my own imagination. I almost fancy that I can yet see her soft blooming cheek joined to the pale, wrinkled, emaciated and burning visage of the sinking veteran. I almost seem to hear her plaintive voice, endeavouring to inspire comfort and hope, but choked by the bursting sobs which she vainly endeavoured to restrain.

Lieutenant M—— felt himself dying; he desired to be raised in his bed, and spoke his last injunctions with a voice which had death in its every tone—'God bless you, my dearest child—God in heaven bless you! Your only earthly hope is in the friend who stands beside you.' He then put his hand on her head, and once more solemnly blessed her. He would have placed her hand in mine, as a token of giving her into my protection, but at the very moment she fainted

and fell to the ground. I carried her motionless form carefully from the chamber, and before she recovered her senses her father was no more.

I returned to my friend, who was now calm, composed, and perfectly resigned to his approaching fate. 'The bitterness of death,' said he, 'is past. As an Englishman and a soldier, I have learned to look upon the extinction of life without terror.' 'And as a Christian,' said I. 'Assuredly,' he replied, and bowed his head in submission—'My only wish to live was for the sake of my child, and you will be a better guardian to her than I could have been. I have your promise,' added he, looking steadfastly in my face, 'have I not?' 'My most solemn and irrevocable promise.' 'Then I am contented. You will also settle my affairs and pay my debts, I would not have dishonour attach to my name after my death. I am asking too much,' he said, after a pause—'but this is no time for pride or hesitation. If you see any of my family, say that I forgave them; and tell my dear, dear child, that my last earthly thought was a prayer for her happiness. For you,'—his voice had been growing gradually weaker and weaker, and he stopped. His hand had been placed upon mine; I felt it stiffen and grow cold. I looked at his features, but they were fixed; I felt his heart, but it no longer beat—his miseries were over!

Yes! his last thought was his child's. Of all human attachments, the loveliest and holiest, perhaps, is the affection of a father for a daughter. There is not only parental fondness and protecting tenderness, but there is also the remembrance of early love; refined, and chastened, and purified; without passion, and without change.

I hope and trust that I did my duty to his daughter. It was fortunately in my power to settle upon her a small independence, and to reconcile her to part of her father's family. She has since married a man of some fortune and distinction; and I have often letters from her, in all of which she expresses both her happiness and her gratitude.

ANN BOLEYN.

(Concluded from page 92.)

Ann was alarmed at the seeming return of the King's tenderness for Catherine. The clamours raised by the Catholic party also gave her strong apprehensions that the claims of her daughter would be disallowed. She therefore again exerted her influence over Henry, and the Princess Elizabeth was proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, heir to the throne of England, to the exclusion of her sister Mary.

Catherine died on the 6th of January 1536, at Kimbolton, in the county of Huntingdon, in the fiftieth year of her age. Before she expired, she wrote a very affecting letter to the King, in which she recommended her daughter to his fatherly care. The last sentence of this letter is deserving of notice, and could have been written only by a woman.

"I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things."

Henry's stern nature was overcome by these simple words, written at the moment of death, when the illusions of the world disappear before the awful view of eternity. He wept over this letter, penned by a hand already cold and stiff—he wept at this last address of his victim, at this last proof of fond affection which he had so basely repaid.

Ann evinced the most indecent joy on receiving the news of Catherine's death. When the messenger arrived, she was washing her hands in a splendid vermeil basin, beside which stood a ewer of the same metal. She immediately took both and thrusting them into his hands,

"Receive this present," said she, "for your good news."

The same day her parents came to see her, at Whitehall. She ran and embraced them in a delirium of joy.

"Rejoice!" she cried; "now is your daughter truly a Queen."

A few days after this event, Ann was delivered of a still-born son, which the Catholic party attributed to the effect of the excommunication. Henry's passion for her now began to subside, and he soon loved her no more. Inconstancy was as much a part of his nature as cruelty. The possession of Ann, purchased at such immense sacrifices, divested of the excitement which, during six years, had kept it alive,

had no longer any charms for him. If the austerity of Catherine's temper had estranged him from her, the excessive gaiety of her successor produced the same effect. Ann's lively sallies, to which Henry had once listened as if spell-bound, now threw him into fits of ill-humour of several hour's duration; for his heart had so many moving folds that its vulnerable side one day was impenetrable the next. Courtiers are keen-sighted, and those about the King soon perceived that he was absorbed by a new passion. Jane Seymour had replaced Ann Boleyn in Henry's love, just as Ann had replaced Catherine of Arragon. But to indulge in this new passion, and elevate its object to the throne, it was necessary to convict the Queen of a crime; and there was no want of accusers the moment the tide of Ann's favour had begun to ebb.

The Queen had many enemies besides the Catholic party. Her extreme gaiety and powers of ridicule, the mere effects of exuberant spirits in a young and sprightly woman, had drawn upon her much greater resentment than serious insult would have done. Thus, the moment the decline of Henry's affection was perceived, accusations poured in, the least of which was sufficient to insure Ann's disgrace and death.

But to avoid giving umbrage to the nation, whose discontent had already been manifested on other occasions, an offence of more than usual enormity was requisite. Ann had a brother, the Viscount of Rochford, to whom she was tenderly attached. The Viscountess of Rochford, his wife, a woman of the most profligate character, was the first to instil the poison of jealousy into the King's ear, and to insinuate calumnies of the blackest die, which also implicated her husband. Henry Norris, groom of the stole, Weston and Brereton, gentlemen of the privy chamber, and Mark Smeton, a musician of the king's band, were faithfully devoted to Ann, and had won her friendship and confidence. They were also included in the plot, as accomplices of her alleged profligacy. She had herself facilitated the plans of her accusers by her general thoughtlessness and levity of demeanour, as well as by some silly speeches.

Ann was more vain than proud; and her vanity was applied principally to the charms of her person. To obtain admiration, she spared neither her smiles nor her powers of

pleasing. Her education at the French court had tainted her with that spirit of gallantry, more in conversation than in actions, which distinguished the first years of the reign of Francis I. But her conduct was strictly virtuous, and her soul pure and innocent. Inferences were, however, drawn from things perfectly harmless in themselves, but certainly unbecoming in a young female, and these, coupled with the infamous tales of her sister-in-law, had roused all the malignant feelings of Henry's nature.

On the 1st of May 1536, there was a tilting-match at Greenwich, and the Queen had never appeared in better spirits. Henry thought that she looked at Rochford with something more than brotherly affection. Norris, who had just been tilting, having approached her, she greeted him with a smile, and dropped her handkerchief. Though this was probably accidental, Henry attributed it to an improper feeling towards the groom of the stole, and, uttering a dreadful oath, immediately left Greenwich. When his departure was communicated to Ann, she only laughed and said,

"He will return."

But he did not return, and a few hours after, those accused of being her accomplices in adultery were arrested and sent to the Tower, while she was confined to her room. She now saw her impending fate.

"I am lost!" said she, in tears, to her mother and to Miss Methley, one of her maids of honour; "I am for ever lost."

Next morning she was placed in a litter and conveyed to the Tower, where she was closely imprisoned, and not allowed to communicate with anybody even in writing. Her uncle's wife, Lady Boleyn, was appointed to sleep in the same room with her, in order to extort admissions from her which might be turned to her disadvantage. This lady hated the Queen, and therefore made no scruple to accept so odious a mission.

Henry was always in a hurry to consummate a crime when he had once conceived it. He therefore lost not an instant in constituting a tribunal of peers for the trial of the brother and sister. Tho Duke of Norfolk, forgetful of the ties of blood between himself and Ann, and prompted by his ambition, became her most dangerous enemy. He presided at

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this tribunal as Lord High Steward, and twenty-five peers were appointed to sit with him. They opened their court on the 15th of May, and the Queen having appeared before them, declared that she was innocent, and throwing herself upon her knees, appealed to God for the truth of her statement. She confessed certain instances of perhaps unbecoming levity, but the sum of her offences would not have tainted the reputation of a young girl. She defended herself with admirable ability and address. But she was doomed beforehand, and she and her brother were condemned to die. The sentence bore, that she should be beheaded, or burnt, according to the King's good pleasure; but Henry spared her the pile.

Ann's benevolence of character had led her to confer obligations upon all around her; but when the wheel of fortune turned, not a voice was raised in her favour except that of Cranmer, who remained faithful to her, but unhappily had no means of averting her fate.

No one can doubt the Queen's innocence; and if her conduct, during the few fleeting years of her greatness, was sometimes marked with thoughtless imprudence, she met her death with noble dignity and fortitude. There is often a strength of heroism in woman quite beyond the feeble and helpless condition of her sex; and this was displayed by Ann to an extent which will always combine the highest admiration with the pity awakened by her misfortunes. A short time before her trial, she wrote the King a letter, which, says a celebrated English historian, "contains so much nature and even elegance, that it deserves to be transmitted to posterity." I therefore give it a place here.

"Sir,

"Your Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy. I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

"But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so

much as a thought thereof proceeded. And to speak the truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant-princess your daughter: try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no shame; then shall you see, either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am as I am, whose name I could some good while since have now pointed unto: your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.

"But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt

not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

"My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of these poor gentlemen, who (as I understand,) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower this 6th of May.

"Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

"ANN BOLEYN."

This letter produced no other effect than to hasten the trial. It is said that the decision of the peers was at first in favour of the queen and her brother, but that the Duke of Norfolk having compelled them to reconsider a verdict so contrary to the King's expectations, both were condemned to death.

Ann with resignation, prepared to meet her fate. The day before her execution, she forced the wife of the Lieutenant of the Tower to sit in the chair of state, and bending her knee, entreated this lady, in the name of God to go to the Princess Mary and entreat forgiveness for all the affronts her Highness had received from her, hoping they would not be punished in the person of her daughter Elizabeth, to whom she trusted Mary would prove a good sister.

Next morning she dressed herself with royal magnificence.

"I must be bravely attired," she said, "to appear as becomes the queen of the feast."

She sent the King a last message before she died, not to solicit any favour, but to thank him for the care he took of her elevation.

"Tell him," she said, "that he made me a marchioness, than a queen, and is now about to make me a saint—for I die innocent."

When the Lieutenant of the Tower came to inform her that all was ready, she received him not only with firmness, but with gaiety.

"The executioner," she observed with a smile, "is skilful, and my neck is slender." And she measured her neck with her hands.

She walked to the scaffold with a firm step. Having ascended it, she prayed devoutly for the king, praised him highly, and termed him, "a gentle and most merciful prince." But these exaggerated praises can be attributed only to her fear that her daughter Elizabeth might suffer, on her account, the same indignities that Catherine of Arragon, through her obstinacy, had brought upon the Princess Mary. Ann Boleyn was beheaded on the 29th of May, 1536, by the executioner of Calais, who had been sent for as the most expert in Henry's dominions. Her body was carelessly placed into a common elm chest, and buried in the Tower.

Henry's subsequent conduct is a complete justification of Ann Boleyn. The very day after her execution, he married Jane Seymour, who did not live long enough to be sacrificed to a new attachment; for she died, little more than two years after her marriage, in giving birth to Edward VI.

The character of Ann Boleyn has been basely calumniated by party historians, especially by Sauderus or Sanders "who," says Bishop Burnet, "did so impudently deliver falsehoods, that from his own book many of them may be disproved." Though never calculated to become a great queen, Ann Boleyn had nevertheless many good and amiable qualities, which more than compensate for the silly vanity and thoughtlessness of a young and beautiful woman, conscious of her personal attractions, and continually beset by flatterers. She was high-minded, benevolent to a fault, and strictly virtuous; and though her history is remarkable only from the influence it had upon the affairs of Europe during several years, and from its having led to a reformation of religion in England, yet the moment her young and innocent life was doomed to be offered up a sacrifice to the brutal passions of Henry VIII. and she displayed the fortitude and elevation of mind which preceded her death, she won a right to the admiration of posterity, and to a high seat in that temple which the celebrated women of all countries have raised to their own fame.

MADAME RONZI DE BEGNIS.

Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired than Ronzi de Begnis. Her beauty came on the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, nor trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration; one looked fixed. Her personal perfection took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling, the more so, because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of her eyes, large, black, and expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated; either expression appeared so natural to them, that it seemed for the time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed, that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang, she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a thought more slender, would have been perfect; perhaps it was not less pleasing because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined its swell. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one, but when in action, it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, pencilled when she sang with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted of no parallel—it was rich and full—ineffectual terms to convey an idea of its beauty. But to be thought of justly she must be seen.

The remuneration given to this attractive performer, for the part of the season in which she performed, was six hundred pounds. Her vivid delineation of comic characters made her the best *artiste* in the opera buffa I have known. And much as may be said of her beauty, more, much more, may be said of the talent of a performer, who was alike able effectively to sustain the characters of Fatima, in *Il Turco in Italia*, Agia, in the *Mosè*, or *Pietro*, and Donna Anna, in *Giovanna*. In the first, her beauty, gaiety, and that little touch of the devil so exquisite and essential in a comic actress, were almost too bewitching; but admiration

was blended with astonishment, when the representation of the coquettish Fatima, changing her walk, exhibited with a life and force that spoke to the soul, the wretchedness of the bereaved Donna Anna, when, in thrilling accents of despair, she calls on her dead father, and invokes her lover to avenge his fate.

It has so happened, that the very walks in which Ronzi was most singularly adapted to charm have, by coincidences as peculiar as unfortunate, never been fully open to her. Camporese, qualified by nature to sustain comic as well as serious parts, was too jealous of her station as *prima donna assoluta* to suffer a rival nearer her throne than was unavoidable. Camporese disappeared, but causes, similar in nature and operation, have too often debarred Ronzi from opportunities of displaying her talents to the utmost advantage.

APHORISMS BY WILLIAM GASPEY.

Departed friends are as gems whose setting is in the tomb, but whose full resplendency is not seen till they glitter in the diadem of the Eternal.

The broken-hearted are not friendless; in their extremity of sorrow, hope brings to them the cypress wreath which is the passport to death's peaceful domain.

Farewell is a word never uttered in heaven, but the occasion for it in this world is the source of our most bitter affliction.

The only flower not indigenous to earth is love; for a season its leaves may look green, and its blossoms wear the hue of spring, but too soon it withers in the uncongenial soil, and of all that was, memory alone remains.

Men take opinion for their guide, without testing the value of its services.

The church-yard is the mirror of change; and the instability of all that change effects is reflected in its memorials.

When Jesus wept over the tomb of Lazarus, his tears were the dew-drops of salvation.

LONDON FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.—Organdy robe over white *gros de Naples*; the border is trimmed with three *bouillons*, through which rose ribbon is drawn; tunic of the same material; the *corsage* is low, square, and very slightly drooped at the shoulders. Short tight sleeves, with a *mancherons* of the half-mameluke kind, decorated with *nouds de page*. The tunic is trimmed round the border with a *bouillon*, edged with a fall of lace. The hair is disposed in full clusters of ringlets at the sides, and a crescent bow placed very low behind. *Gerbes* of roses with their foliage are placed in the ringlets.

LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Pea green *gros de Naples* robe; a low *corsage* drooped horizontally, and Victoria sleeves. *Mantelet* of black *filet de soie*, trimmed with the same, is an antique pattern; the *mantelet* is made rather low in the neck, round which it is drawn by pea green ribbon; it is of a large size, and very full trimmed. Drawn bonnet composed of white *filet de soie*, the crown is lined with white *gros de Naples*, the brim is transparent, edged with a *ruche* of the same material, and drawn with pale pink ribbon. A *ruche*, a plat, and knots of ribbon adorn the crown.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

This is the season in which fashion allows to her fair votaries more than usual liberty, for the light robes of summer, without entirely superseding the *demi saisons* costume, frequently mingles with it. Let us see then what the watering places afford us of what is most *recherché* of both to present to our fair readers.

Morning bonnets continue to be of the drawn kind, but we observe that transparent ones are but little seen, even on warm days; those of white and straw-coloured *gros de Naples* are very numerous, and the pretty French cottage bonnet of rice straw retains all its vogue. The trimmings for silk bonnets have not altered, but we do not see so many decked with early fruits as last month; flowers appear more in favour. All the smaller flowers of the early part of the season are fashionable, but the vogue of roses exceeds all others; we

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LONDON EVENING INDEX



see them of all colours and of all sizes—the delicate moss rose, is, however, predominant. A material has just been introduced for bonnets, which we do not announce as a new fashion, for we consider it merely a caprice of the moment. We allude to the bonnets that have recently appeared, composed of different kinds of changeable silks: nothing can be prettier for *mantelets* and robes, because every movement of the folds varies the colours, but this is an effect which cannot be produced in a bonnet, for which these materials are at once heavy and tasteless. We have seen some trimmed with an intermixture of ribbon and black lace, and others decorated with party coloured feathers, which always correspond with the hues of the silk. Several rice-straw bonnets are decorated with an intermixture of cherry-coloured velvet, and white blond lace: the effect is rich and tasteful.

Italian straw continues pre-eminently fashionable for hats; the decorations of them have slightly altered, flowers, which last month were partially adopted, being now laid aside, for the crowns we mean, for they are still retained under the brims; but the crowns are trimmed either with a single ostrich feather, a bouquet of marabouts, or ribbon only; and this latter is sometimes arranged in a manner so novel and striking, as to have a very tasteful effect.

Mantelets and shawls of stout silks are in very great favour; the trimming for both is black lace; the former have not varied at all either in size or form, but the latter are excessively large, so much so indeed, as to take much from the grace of their effect. Muslin shawls and *mantelets*, lined with coloured silk or crape, though still seen occasionally, are not near so numerous as those we have just mentioned, or black ones. We may cite, as among the most fashionable, those called page's mantles; they form a short cloak behind, and the ends, which do not descend lower than the knee, terminate in a point.

Muslin is still in great request for promenade robes; but *mousseline de laine*, which had been partially laid aside, is coming again into favour. We have seen some promenade robes of it, the fronts of the shirts adorned with a trimming of ribbon arranged in cockscombs; the trimming corresponded either with the ground of the dress or with one of the colours of the pattern; a small *fichu pelerine* of the same material, trimmed to correspond, crossed upon the breast, and

fastened with a bow of ribbon in the centre of the back, is very generally adopted with a dress of this kind.

Peignoirs retain their vogue, both in morning and evening dress; they are composed for the first both of muslin and *mousseline de laine*. Muslin, organdy, and gauze are all employed for the latter; the back of the *corsage* is confined to the shape, but the fronts may either be suffered to flow loosely, or confined by a *ceinture* composed of the material of the dress, and forming a rosette with long ends. We must not omit to observe, that *peignoirs* in evening dress always have the *corsage* arranged *en cour*; by this means it is cut lower round the bosom than the original form, and is also more dressy. The *corsages* of robes continue to be made half high, and open upon the bosom; this form will remain we think in favour a long time, both because it is generally becoming and much more suitable for summer than a high close *corsage*, which is quite undress, or a very low one which is rather more of full dress than the generality of summer toilettes demand. There is more variety in the trimmings of dresses than we are accustomed to see at this season of the year. Flounces are generally employed, but they are varied by having the borders cut, some in very large, others middling, and others again in very small *dents*; a fourth sort are arranged in cockscombs, and a fifth kind cut bias are edged with double pipings. We see also some dresses trimmed with four or five flounces which gradually diminish in size from the one at top, that is very small, to that at bottom of considerable depth.

The hair continues to be dressed very low behind in evening dress, and arranged in full tufts of ringlets at the sides, which we observe do not descend near so low as they have done during some months past. The favourite stile of ornament is a wreath of flowers disposed round the back of the head, with a *gerbe* drooping from it on one side. Caps continue their vogue both for dinner and evening dress, and we have recently seen some of a novel and very pretty form; they are ornamented with floating lappets, and arranged in small *papillons* at the sides, edged with a blond which is disposed with a becoming degree of fulness over the forehead. Fashionable colours continue the same as last month, but we observe that fuller shades of them are coming into favour.



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COUNTRY HOME DRESS



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PARIS. THOMAS. THOMAS. THOMAS.

PARIS FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Muslin robe, the ground is spotted in green cashmere worsted, the border is trimmed with three flounces, the top one headed by a *bouillon corsage en demi cœur*, the front disposed in folds. The sleeve is arranged in *bouillons* at the shoulders and wrist, but full in the centre. Hat of pink *pou de soie glacé de blanc*; it is a *chapeau libi*; the interior of the brim is trimmed with blond lace, and *gerbes* of Provence roses; ribbon only is employed to decorate the crown.

HOME DRESS OF A FRENCH LADY IN THE COUNTRY.—*Mouseline delaine* robe, one of the the new Autumnal patterns; the border is finished with three flounces festooned round the edge in pink worsted; the *corsage* half high, and seamed on each side of the front; sleeves *demi large*, the upper part trimmed with *volors* corresponding with those on the skirt; cambric *chemisette* embroidered and edged with lace. Hat of *oiseau gros de Naples*, a very open brim, decorated with yellow roses and their foliage, the crown is very full trimmed with ribbon, and a bouquet of *oiseau* Ostrich feathers.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

We are now in what is called the dead season, which is certainly a misnomer, for in France at least, fashion never dies. Since at the moment that one mode expires another springs, phoenix-like, from its ashes. Thus we see hats of sewed straw are no longer trimmed, either with fruit or flowers, but a thick cord of yellow silk which goes several times round the crown, and ties in a running knot at the sides, letting the tassels which terminate it fall upon the brim. Silk hats are now, for the most part, made without curtains, the back of the crown is generally ornamented with a small piece turned up, and a row of little *coques*, a *torsade*, or a knot, of ribbon is placed underneath it. The fashion of wearing the hat very backward, continues to be generally adopted, though we must say it is far from being generally becoming, particularly when, as at present, the brim descends very low upon the cheeks, encircling the face like the trimming of a cap. No alteration has taken place in the trimming of the brims of hats, the interior of which continue to

be decorated as profusely as ever with flowers, ribbons, and blond lace. We must not forget to observe, that for all kinds of straw hats, the ribbons most in favour are deep blue, or cherry colour, intermingled with black lace.

Pelisses are greatly in favour for the promenade; they are generally composed of *gros de Naples*, and of neutral tints only, such as *eau de Danube*, pale *poussière*, and a very delicate shade of brown; they are ornamented with fancy silk trimming of a corresponding colour; and a good many that are made to be worn without *ceintures*, have the bottom of the *corsage* finished by one or two narrow pipings. Nankin pelisses are very much in favour for the country; the front of the *corsage*, and also that of the skirt, is ornamented with brandebourgs and braidings.

Organdys and Indian mull muslin are the only materials adopted for evening costume; there is quite a rage for the first, several dresses of it have appeared, sprigged in coloured worsteds. Some also have been seen ornamented with velvet trimmings, but this last style of trimming is by no means likely to take, nor indeed are the sprigged *organdys* by any means so much adopted by ladies of taste, as the material in its elegant simplicity. Warm as the weather is, *vals champêtres* are the rage in the country; and dresses of plain *organdy*, decorated with flowers and ribbons, are much in request for them. The *coiffures* for these balls, are either small rice-straw hats, the brim turning up in front, but more on one side than the other, and apparently looped by a wreath of flowers, which passes from under it to the crown; or else a single lace lappet placed very backward on the head, and retained by two large gold pins, the heads of which are either formed of gold flowers in open work, or else a small bunch of gold grapes, encircled with little vine leaves, composed of emeralds. The colours *à la mode* continue the same.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD—BY W. L. BOWLES.

There rest the village dead,—and there, too, I,
 When yonder dial points the hour, must lie.
 Look round;—the distant prospect is displayed,
 Like life's fair landscape, marked with light and shade.
 Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
 But ne'er forget thy long and last abode.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DISOUR.

In "My Grandmother's Guests" is given a tale which relates to the sudden return of Sir Gui de Montaudun, who had been a prisoner in the Holy Land, to Ghent at the period of a solemn festival, held there by the Duke of Burgundy. Sir Gui had been the betrothed lover of the Lady Maud, the heiress of Montaudun; who, being the ward of the Bishop of Valenciennes, was about to be disposed of in marriage by that prelate against her inclination. The means by which the knight recovers his mistress, and baffles the wiles of the ecclesiastic, forms the subject of the tale. In the course of it her duenna carries a letter for her to the knight's lodgings, whither she is escorted by the Disour, a humble adherent of his; and here they find him with Sir Anthony, the natural son of the Duke of Burgundy. The announcement of the Disour that a lady in waiting below to see his master, awakens the curiosity of Sir Anthony, and the following scene ensues.

"There is a fair lady now below," said the Disour, "waiting your Grace's leisure."

"Prithee let her be brought hither, my good comrade," said Sir Anthony; "not that I have the least curiosity to see thy gentle damsel, but because I take an interest in thy good fortune."

The Disour had, in the mean time, whispered to Sir Gui who the lady was, which information induced him to consent—though still with an affectation of suspecting Lord Anthony—that she should be conducted to the chamber.

"But first," said the Disour, "I stipulate that my Lord yonder shall stand behind the hangings. The lady is young, inexperienced, and timid; and the sight of a stranger might too much embarrass her."

"Nay, nay, why all this caution?" said Sir Anthony, in a conciliating tone; "thou knowest, my good friend, that thou mayest depend upon my discretion. Let me but have one glimpse, only one single look, at the damsel, that I may know whether I ought to congratulate Sir Gui or not. Besides, I can convince thee that it is absolutely necessary for me to see the style of her beauty, else I might shock our friend's feelings by praising blue eyes when the lady has black ones, or

cry up her auburn tresses to the heavens when her locks are flaxen. Now, prithee, gentle Disour, as thou wouldst save me from such an indiscretion, let me see the lady."

"I am inflexible," replied the Disour; "rocks are not firmer than is my resolution. Could I ever forgive myself for exposing a young and innocent beauty to the gaze of a man like your lordship, who, notwithstanding your vows, are mainly to be feared? Ensnounce thyself, or I will not produce my treasure."

The Lord Anthony was obliged to step behind the hangings; and he stood there very impatiently, vowing vengeance against the Disour, while the latter with great ceremony introduced old Marguerite.

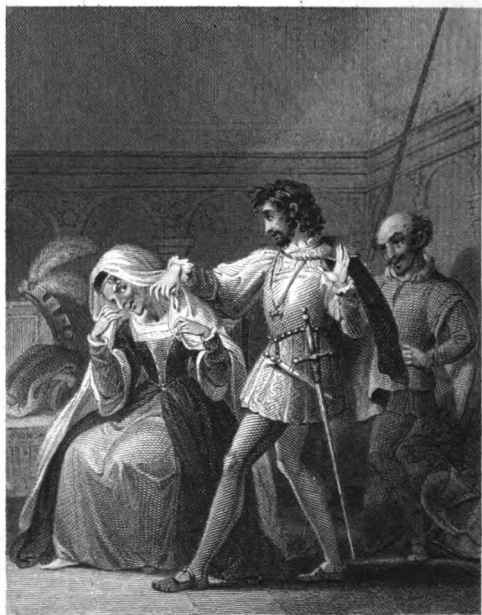
The old woman kept her veil closely wrapped around her while she delivered her message in whispers to Sir Gui, after which she gave him the billet of the Lady Maud.

Sir Gui read the letter; and, although he could not but consider, with some apprehension, the proposed departure of the bishop, he did not doubt that he should be able to prevent it; and he saw, too, that this attempt must complete the disgust which his mistress already felt against her persecutor.

Leaving Dame Marguerite in the care of the Disour, he went to another room for the purpose of answering the letter of the Lady Maud, which he did in such a manner as to quiet her fears, at the same time informing her briefly that a very fortunate discovery had been made with regard to his own affairs.

The Lord Anthony, in the mean time, slowly crept from his hiding-place, and was advancing to that part of the room in which old Marguerite was seated. The Disour stood before him, and reminded him of his promise: it was in vain. He held his arm, and affected the greatest anxiety to prevent his accosting the supposed fair-one: this was equally fruitless; and his lordship, flinging the Disour aside, approached Marguerite.

"Fair lady," he said, in a most insinuating tone, "I beseech thee to unveil the beauties which thou hast so cruelly shrouded. Heaven never meant that the gifts which it has so plentifully endowed upon thee should be hidden from the gaze of mortals."



Drawn by H. Colburn.

Engraved by Chas. Rollis.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DISCOUR.

Old Marguerite could not tell what to make of this address. She knew that the gentleman who spoke to her had not seen the beauties he was praising; and she could have known, besides, that all the beauty which Heaven had bestowed upon her might be hidden without doing harm to any one. But who is there so wise as to be insensible to flattery? who is there so ugly as to believe that he or she is wholly without charms? Marguerite thought only of the fortune-teller's prediction, and of the glowing anticipations to which it had given rise. The Disour, in the mean time, stood aloof, enjoying to the utmost the importunity of the nobleman and the affected resistance of the old woman.

"Nay," said Lord Anthony at length, "if you still remain inflexible your cruelty must excuse a little gentle force—I must once behold your features;" and he removed, as he spoke, the veil from the old woman's face. One glance was enough—his impetuosity was at once allayed; and, as he looked round, he saw the Disour holding his sides, and attempting to check a fit of laughter which shook his frame.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

A traveller in the United States gives a curious account of a matrimonial lottery, which was formed there with beneficial effects, however singular it may seem.

"On the 21st of December last," says he, "I was passing through the State of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of —, where I had an acquaintance, on whom I called. I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding in a neighbouring house; and, on being requested, I changed my clothes, and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued. A young lawyer then arose, and addressed the company very eloquently; and in finishing his discourse, begged leave to offer a New Scheme of Matrimony, which he believed would be beneficial; and, on obtaining leave, he proposed—That one man in the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night; that each unmarried

gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry; then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice, kept entirely secret.'

"After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices; but whom they had chosen, remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company respectively retired.

"Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized; and that the young gentlemen of eight couple of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great, that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced."

IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA?

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Is my Lover on the sea,
Sailing east or sailing west!
Nightly ocean, gentle be,
Rock him into rest!

Let no angry wind arise,
Nor a wave with whitened crest;
All be gentle as his eyes
When he is caressed.

Bear him (as the breeze above
Bears the bird unto its nest,)
Here,—unto his home of love,
And there bid him rest.



T. Stothard, R.A.

P. Thomson.

IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA.

A WOMAN'S PROMISE.

Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her Majesty's favour for several years, lost it in the following manner. As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the Queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the honour of a peerage, and reminded the Queen that she had *promised* it to him. "True," said she, "but that was a *woman's* promise."

SOUTH AMERICAN THEATRES.

The theatres in South America are widely different from what ours are in England. A female may enter them without having her ears offended by vulgar language from the gallery, or her modesty insulted by coming in contact with women of notorious character. The greatest regularity and order is observed. There are no gentlemen in the upper story bawling out for music, &c. nor fear of those in the pit being saluted by showers of orange-peelings, nut-shells, and the like. The pit is divided into seats, generally lined with red baize, so that every person, on entering, takes his place, and it is impossible for him to enter without having a ticket, which prevents its being crowded, for there are never more issued than seats to correspond. The ladies are also separated from the gentlemen, except in the boxes; it being considered derogatory, I suppose, for a female to be seen in the pit, notwithstanding it is the best part of the house, but a place is assigned for them, in all I saw, (except Rio) called a *casuela*, or gallery above the boxes, which has a very singular appearance, to see so many females without a single gentleman amongst them. Whenever the curtain drops, the house is as quiet as a church, and instead of that din we are constantly annoyed with in England, it is the most quiet time of the whole performance.

MOVEMENTS OF SHELL-FISH.

The fresh water muscles, which are common in rivers and canals, are not, as might be supposed, immoveably confined to the spot where they may chance to be produced, as any person may convince himself by placing a few of them in a vessel of water. In such circumstances they will soon be seen to approach or separate from one another. The organ with which they effect these movements is of a fleshy substance, about two-thirds of the length of the shell, and thrust out through the opening near its middle. This foot, as we may term it, is about half an inch broad in the larger shells, and sharp at the point. In order to move themselves from place to place, they thrust this organ under the shell, applying it with a quick motion to the bottom of the place where they lie, by which means they can, not only change their place, but turn themselves upside down.

SABLE LAUNDRESSES.

All the washing of Buenos Ayres is performed on the beach, or I should say on the rocks, for there is no beach, by black slave girls; and the clothes are spread on the rocks to dry. On landing, it has all the appearance of a fair, and I cannot give a better description than quoting one from a work entitled "A Five Years' Residence in Buenos Ayres," written by an Englishman. "The washerwomen of Buenos Ayres present a singular spectacle to a stranger; they pursue their avocation on the beach, and this soap-sud army extends for nearly two miles. All the washing of the town is performed there, by black woman slaves, and servants: at a distance upon the water, it looks like surf breaking upon the shore; they wash well, extending the linen upon the ground to dry. Robberies amongst them are punished by ducking. A wedding, or other joyous ceremony, is celebrated with African magnificence; a canopy is formed from the linen, and the heroine of the day placed under it; red handkerchiefs for flags are carried upon sticks, with saucepans, drums, &c. They dance *pas-seuls*, after the mode of Guinea and Mozambique, I presume. The music consists of singing and clapping of hands; thunders of applause follow—

Parisot and Angiolina never received more ; a general shout ends the entertainments. Their adherence to African customs is a peculiar trait. At the approach of rain confusion seems at its height, and "chaos come again ;" the ladies hurrying in all directions to save their linen from the pitiless storm.

SONG OF THE SEA NYMPHS.

BY M. L. B.

Where crystal waters stilly creep
Round coral caves, and amber bowers,—
Far, far beneath the rolling deep,
We pass unseen the pleasant hours.

Nor pain we feel,—nor know we woes,
And though fierce storms may earth assail,
Our land is whitened not by snows,—
Nor battered by the driving hail.

When o'er the main, rude tempests scour,
Calm are our streams, and bright our day,
For sulph'rous clouds may darkly lour,
But ne'er obscure our diamonds' ray !

Bright are the daughters of the waves,
Bedeck'd with jewels rich and rare ;
Come, then, to Ocean's coral caves,—
So bright are none on earth,—and fair !

Come, ye who will,—come ye who dare,—
And dwell with us beneath the main ;
No earthly sorrow enters there,—
No griefs we know,—we feel no pain.

In dance, and song, we spend the hours,
Far, far beneath the rolling deep ;—
Where round our gemm'd and rosy bowers,
The crystal waters stilly creep.

LONDON FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON MORNING DRESS.—The under-dress is composed of muslin, it is embroidered round the border, and edged with Valenciennes lace. The *peignois* also of muslin, has the *corsage* quite high at the back, but descending a little in front, and finished with a double collar richly embroidered. The sleeve of the usual form, is surmounted by a *mancheron* of the bell shape. The fronts of the skirt and also the border are edged with Valenciennes lace. *Ceinture* of blue quadrille ribbon. Rice straw hat, an open brim of the usual size, the interior trimmed on each side with clusters of small Provence roses; white ribbons and a bouquet of white marabouts adorn the crown.

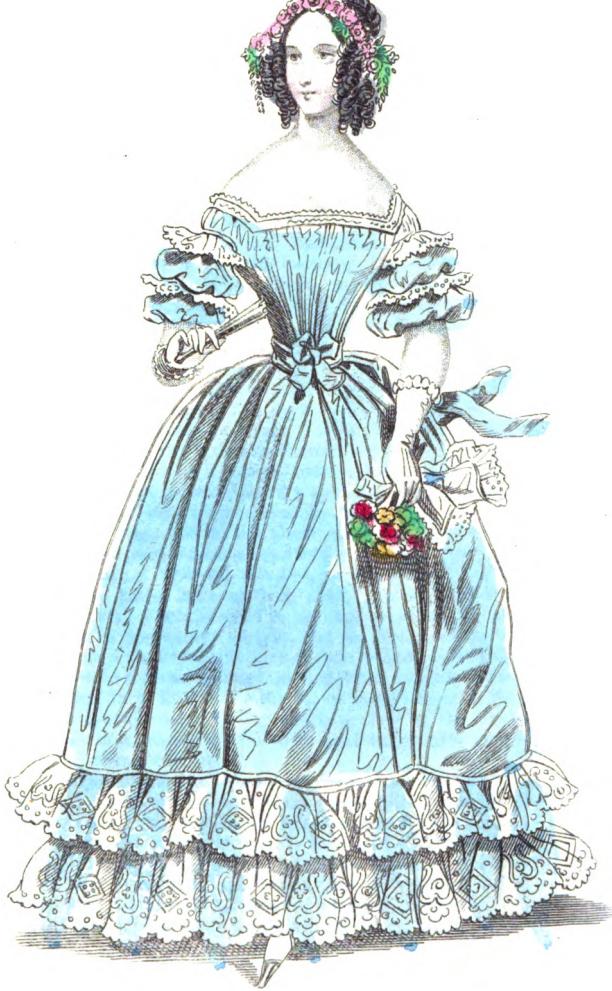
LONDON EVENING DRESS.—Pale blue *pekinet* robe, the border trimmed with two founces; the *corsage* cut high on the shoulders, and square on the bosom, is full, but confined at the top by a tight band. Short full sleeve, it is composed of two *bouillons*, each surmounted by a founce. *Ceinture* of satin ribbon passing twice round the waist, and terminating in a rosette with short ends in front. Head dress of hair arranged behind in a twisted knot placed very low; the front hair, disposed in ringlets, is ornamented with a wreath *à la Flore* of moss roses.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

This is a month in which fashion, generally speaking, may be said to repose from her labours, allowing to her fair votaries a much greater degree of liberty than they can claim at other periods of the year; and they accordingly make use of it to vary their dress as it pleases them, in accordance with the weather, or their taste. Thus, autumnal dress, if it cannot boast much novelty, affords, at least, a good deal of variety. Let us see then what are the costumes most prevalent at present.

Muslin robes are now but little seen in the promenades, except on remarkably fine days, when they are worn with large black silk *mantelets*, or shawls; the latter are very much in favour, particularly those of plain cashmere, trimmed with





LONDON EVENING DRESS.

long soft cashmere fringe, or those of shot silk, trimmed with black lace. The large square shawls of black silk, lined, wadded, and trimmed with lace, which were in favour during the early part of the last spring, have again made their appearance; they have a rich and seasonable effect, without being too showy for walking dress. Silk dresses with *mantelets* of the same, are also well calculated for the promenade, and are a good deal in favour. *Mousseline de laine* robes are always worn either with black *mantelets*, or shawls. With regard to these latter robes, there seems to be no fixed standard as to patterns, except that very large ones are universally discarded, but small ones, and those of moderate size, seem equally in favour. Drawn bonnets are more in request for the promenade than any other, and those of the various shades of drab greatly predominate. Several are lined with pink, blue, or white, and the majority finished with a *tuche* of *tulle* at the edge of the brim. The interior of the brim is decorated in the cap style with flowers, and blond or *tulle*; but the majority have the crown trimmed with ribbon only, if flowers are employed, they are sparingly used, and drop *en gerbe* from a knot of ribbon on one side.

Carriage dress has as yet undergone very little change; muslin robes, and *mantelets* lined with silk, are still very prevalent in it; if silks are adopted, they are usually of the shot kind; pelisse robes of these silks, trimmed with black lace, are very much adopted in carriage dress. Some that struck us as particularly elegant, had the *corsage* made half high, with a kind of scarf attached to it, which might either be placed in folds across the breast, and tied behind, or carelessly tied in a knot at the throat, or else suffered to float loosely over the dress, falling nearly as low as the knee; it does not exceed a quarter of a yard in breadth, and is trimmed round with lace.

Transparent bonnets are entirely laid aside, but in other respects, little change has taken place; the trimmings of hats and bonnets are indeed rather more of an autumnal kind, but the materials remain the same. The French cottage bonnet, or as it is called *demi libi*, with its moderately open front, and horizontal crown, has lost nothing of its attractions, but several of those composed of rice straw have the trimming, both bands and flowers, of velvet. A good many

Italian straw hats are also decorated with velvet, but this style of trimming is not so much in request for them as shaded feathers. The most decided novelty of the month, and one that well merits a description, is a bonnet of the form called *chapeau-capote*, a form which we may observe *en passant*, is the precise *juste milieu* between a hat and a bonnet. The one in question is composed of *pou de soie*, either white or coloured; the interior of the brim is trimmed next the face with a ribbon doubled, and edged on each side with a full *ruche*, forming a cap border of a novel and very pretty description; the crown is ornamented with a rosette composed of *coques* of ribbon, with two long ends.

Dinner dresses have varied little, those of muslin are still the most in request. Where silk is adopted, it is generally *pekinet*; this material, which has been a favourite through the summer, is likely to continue its vogue during the autumn; its rich but light texture, and the uncommon beauty and freshness of its colours, makes it generally admired. Where dinner dresses are composed of muslin, we have no alteration to state in their form; but for those made of silk, we observe that several with the *corsage* half high, have it made tight to the shape, but trimmed round the top with a drapery composed of folds of white *tulle*, with a row of blond lace attached to the lower fold, and falling full round the bust; as the *corsage* is cut *en demi cœur*, these folds have the effect of a novel kind of *pelerine*, and are extremely advantageous to the shape. Sleeves present no novelty whatever, but rumours are afloat, that the ensuing winter we are to have an entire revolution in them.

Caps continue their vogue in dinner dress, indeed, we might say, that it increases. We observe that they are now more ornamented; the *papillon* which had been laid aside, begins to reappear, but in a pretty and simple form. The most decided novelty of the month is a *tulle* cap, trimmed *en ruche* with *tulle*, and ornamented with a wreath of forget-me-not, which, crossing the forehead, descends on each side as low as the lappets, which are also composed of *tulle*; they are large, square, and edged round with a *ruche*. Fashionable colours still continue of the same light kind that we have recently announced, but some new and full shades of green, violet, and fawn, have recently made their appearance.

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PARIS CARRIAGE DRESS.

PARIS FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS CARRIAGE DRESS — *Gros de Naples* robe, a cream coloured ground, figured in brown and striped in green; the *corsage* is made *en demi cœur*, and trimmed at the top with a *ruche*; a piping which encircles the bottom of the waist supplies the place of a *ceinture*. *S'eeve à la Duchesse d'Orleans*, trimmed below the shoulder with a *ruche*. A deep single flounce encircles the skirt, which is braided by a *ruche*. White *pou de soie* hat of rather a large size, profusely trimmed with flowers and white ribbon: a boa or a light scarf completes the costume.

PARIS DINNER DRESS — Under dress of *Organdy*, the border finished by a row of pointed lace. *Peignoir* of *Organdy*, the *corsage* trimmed with lace, so disposed as to form a *fichu*. The sleeve of the usual form, has the upper part ornamented with a fall of lace *en mancheron*; the fronts and round of the skirt are bordered with lace set on full. *Ceinture en écharpe* of *Organdy*, edged with lace. Blond lace cap, a round shape and a very low caul; the trimming of the front descends very low at the sides, and is tastefully intermixed with roses of different hues.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

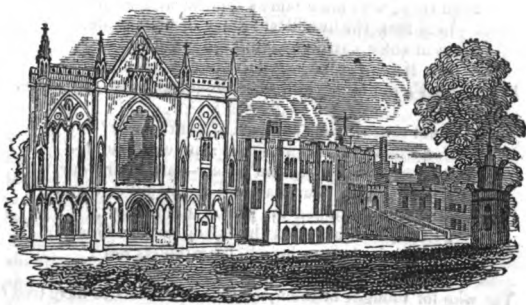
We are now completely in the dead season, that is to say, if fashion ever can be said to die, in a country where we say of it, as we do of our sovereign, "*La mode est morte vive la mode!*" thus, even at this moment, we have a new fashion, and one that promises to be eminently successful, for it has been adopted by all our fair travellers in their excursions to the country, or the watering places; it is, indeed, the very thing for a journey at this time of year. The *pagne* (such is the name of this novelty) is a *pelisse*, composed in general of *mousseline de laine*; the colour should be either *ecne*, or *poussiere*, and lined with slight silk, or else it may be made of sarsnet, and lined with the same; the *corsage* is tight, and partially concealed by a kind of scarf *mantelet*, smaller than they are usually worn, and being drawn in folds through the *ceinture*, descends about a quarter of a yard below it, thus forming a novel kind of drapery on the breast of the *pelisse*.

Hats of sewed straw, and drawn bonnets of *pou de soie écne*, are both adopted by our elegant *voyageuses*; the latter are, however, far more in request than the former. A *voilette* is indispensable to either. If the *voilette* is white, the hat or bonnet is trimmed with ribbon, but if it is of black lace, the trimming of the *coiffure* is then very frequently of black lace also.

Promenade dress remains nearly as it was, except, that wadded *mantelets* begin to reappear, and that crape bonnets are now little seen. The prettiest bonnet that has appeared for some time, is the *capote coquille*; its form is not very much unlike the cockle-shell, from which it takes its name, and the folds in which the material of the brim and crown are disposed have a somewhat similar appearance. A lace drapery descending from the crown, and covering a part of the brim, frequently ornaments these bonnets; a flower inserted in one side of the drapery, and long *brides* completes the trimming.

Foulards and plaided *pou de soie* are both in favour in half dress. Small scarfs of embroidered muslin trimmed with lace are frequently worn with these robes, their form at the back is that of a round pelerine, cut rather low in the neck; the ends long but rather narrow, cross on the bosom, and are tied behind in a knot at the back of the waist. This kind of *fichu* has an elegant effect, and becomes still more dressy when the shoulders are ornamented with knots of embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace, which fall upon the sleeve.

Muslin and organdy are still the materials par excellence for evening dress; the most elegant of the former have the borders flounced, the flounces surmounted by *chefs d'or*, the majority of the latter are decorated with applications of velvet. Caps and turbans are still the *coiffures* most in request in evening dress; the former present nothing exactly novel, but we observe that the latter, which are now always composed of either blond lace or *tulle*, are more voluminous than they have been lately made. Light hues are still predominant, and will probably continue so till the end of the month. We see, however, that Pomona green, and deep blue, are coming into favour.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

HAIL, holy maids! who haunted once the steep,
That hangs o'er Delphi's old prophetic fane;
Hail, holy maids! who still your influence keep,
Still claim the poet's vows, and bless his strain:
Pass'd of all others is the fabled reign,
Which faith and genius once had made divine;
The cavern breathes its omens all in vain,
No suppliants bow, no votive altars shine,
No trembling priestess chants, nor God protects the shrine.

The wandering Dryad has forgot her bower,
The Naiads all have left the lonely spring,
Fair Dian sports not at her twilight hour,
The bird of Venus plumes no more her wing ;
No more Apollo strikes the heavenly string.
Mars' fiery helm, Saturnia's angry frown,
E'en Jove's dread thunders, now no terrors bring ;
All, save in ancient story, are unknown—
But yet, as then, Ye reign—yet worshipp'd though alone.

Hail, holy maids! in many a ruder clime
Than that of fairy Greece, ye linger still—
Still proudly triumph o'er the spell of time,
O'er war, o'er glory, gain'd from human ill ;

And they, who once fame's loudest blast could fill,
 Less than the humblest votary of your smile,
 Now in some narrow grave forgotten dwell—
 But Hæ the gathering wrinkle can beguile
 From Times's old brow, and seize immortal youth the while.

Are not these turrets symbols of your power?—
 For whom the pomp of that sepulchral cell?—
 Warriors, and priests, and sages—that their hour,
 Their passing hour, have fill'd, and fill'd it well;
 Warriors, who tamed the proud, the infidel;
 Priests, who have led the erring soul to God;
 Pages admired—yea loved, long tablets tell
 Their fame, and gaudy scutcheons their abode—
 Yet who for thought of them, these halls and aisles have trod?

No! no! they do not give these towers their charms,
 'Tis not for them that wandering strangers come,
 That genius lingers, beauty's bosom warms—
 They warn, they linger, o'er a poet's tomb.
 Yes! holy maids! that poet's hallow'd doom—
 Hallow'd, if generous virtues may atone
 For human frailty—shall your lamp relume,
 Your shrine restore, in scenes to fame unknown,
 And many a breast, now cold, the potent spell shall own.

THE VOW.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF KOSTROV.

BY JOHN BOURING, F. L. S.

The rose is my favourite flower:
 On its tablets of crimson I swore,
 That up to my last living hour
 I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
 Ere Zephyr in frolicsome play,
 On his light airy pinions conveyed
 Both tablet and promise away.

THE COUNTESS OF VALANGIN; OR, INGENIOUS GRATITUDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

Nothing is so mild as the empire of woman: tenderness mingled with adroitness is almost always wanting in the policy of men, and their humanity has seldom those touching forms which make it beloved; women alone know how to derive the most useful advantages from ingenuity; if, unfortunately, they disassemble, it is with more art; if they are equitable and generous, it is with more charm. They would rather derive their power from sentiment than from force; and the desire of pleasing may sometimes be with them a sort of supplement to good-nature: there is always gentleness in their dependence; and they never think they reign, but when they inspire love. What more can be desired in those who govern?

The county of Valangin, in the canton of Ruz, was prosperous and flourishing during a long succession of years under the laws of Count Chalans, lord of that beautiful country of which he bore the name. His equity and virtues merited public admiration; he was severe, haughty, and consequently unpopular; his vassals esteemed and feared him, but he was not beloved: he died unlamented at a very advanced age. His widow became sole sovereign of the county of Valangin, and in a short time her affability, mildness, and beneficence, gained her the affections of all. Although advanced in years, she tenderly regarded her inferiors in years: her chaplain directed her choice in this respect; and knowing what qualities she preferred, he selected as objects of her benevolence, all those who were dutiful and obedient to their parents, of a pious disposition, and consequently docile, amiable, and discreet.

When the year of widowhood of the Countess was elapsed, her mansion became, on holidays, the rendezvous of all the youth of the neighbourhood. Here they were amused with all kinds of innocent games: the Countess distributed prizes, and the village troops would return to their homes, penetrated with love and gratitude to her who had received them with so much favour and cordiality.

Although seventy years of age, the Countess was still fond of walking; she was very nimble for her period of life, and was tall and well made. One of her greatest pleasures was that of taking long rambles in the environs of her mansion. When she crossed the fields, the peasants would run to see her pass; the little children would surround her, and she would hear each of them expatiate on the lightness of her step and her youthful air. She received these eulogies with a secret pleasure, and smiled at the simplicity of the good people. Nevertheless these praises were not so simple as she imagined. It was well known that she was not insensible to them, and they were repeated in order that she might hear them: a little flattery is generally acceptable, and is at all times excusable when, being founded on some truth, it may be considered only as the overflowing of gratitude.

The Countess often went to the village of Chezard, which was contiguous to her mansion, and the family whom she there liked the most was that of a peasant named *Grand-Pierre*. He had four children; three boys, of nine, sixteen, and seventeen years of age; and a pretty little girl, eight years old, named Juliet; in consequence of her being the god-daughter of the Countess, the latter had a particular attachment to this child, and often went to seek her, in order to accompany her in her rambles in the wood. It happened one day, while indulging in one of these rambles, that the Countess, in endeavouring to step over a ditch, fell, and received a severe hurt in her leg. Juliet wept; but the Countess consoled her, by assuring her that she suffered no pain, and that this accident would not be attended with any serious consequences. She, indeed, believed so, and took no care of it, but continued her walks; the consequence was, that the injury she had received increased to such a degree, as to become an alarming wound: being then no longer able to walk, she was obliged to be put to bed. A physician and surgeon were immediately sent for from the neighbouring town, who, when they arrived, dressed the wound, and pronounced it to be very serious. At the end of three weeks, they declared, that the cure would be excessively long, and that it was even probable that she would be unable henceforth to walk without crutches.

In the mean-time *Grand-Pierre* had several times presented himself at the mansion, in order to offer his services in ad-

ministering to the invalid a topical remedy, composed of plants from the adjacent mountains. This domestic recipe was a family secret which he derived from his progenitors. The ancestors of nobility bequeath a multitude of old parchments, and often those of the peasantry leave behind them admirable directions which tend either to preserve or restore health. It is very common to find among them that species of rustic philosopher's-stone,—that rural panacea which is found out without alembic or crucible, and of which, the salutary efforts are wonderfully seconded by moderation, labour, and temperance. The worthy Grand-Pierre possessed it, but he was refused admittance at the mansion; and the professional gentlemen, who had vainly exhausted all their skill, were not on that account the less disdainful of that of the peasant. The disorder continued for three months; the surgeon declared it incurable, charged well for his attendance, and, together with the physician, quitted the mansion.

Grand-Pierre chose this moment to return again to the mansion. When we have been the dupes of physicians, we willingly consent to risk becoming the dupes also of empirics; there is at least this advantage attending it, that hope is still prolonged. Grand-Pierre for this time was heard; he brought his preparation, applied it himself to the part affected, and for the space of fifteen days he came regularly, night and morning, to dress it. His success was complete; he effected a radical cure, and the Countess was soon in a condition to stand up, and even to walk without any assistance. Her joy was proportionate to the grief which she had before experienced, in thinking that she could no longer take her accustomed exercise. She was desirous of bestowing a handsome reward on the peasant, but Grand-Pierre refused it: "No!" said he, "I should prefer a gift which would not cost you so much money, and which would descend to my latest posterity. The spot of ground which forms all my property, is unproductive; grant me a diminution of the tithe, for it is not just that I should pay as much as those whose lands are more fertile: grant me then, this favour, that I, and my descendants for ever, shall pay the tithe only at the twenty-second sheaf."

"Most willingly;" said the Countess, smiling; "*pay the tithe at the twenty-second sheaf!*" there is a little contradiction

in the terms of your demand, but it is equitable at bottom ; and I should have granted it to you before the invaluable service which you have rendered me."—"You gave us so many things in the course of the year," replied Grand-Pierre, "that I should not have dared to solicit such a favour."—"Very well," continued the Countess, "the act which you desire shall be made out in due form, and I will sign it ; but I wish also to add to it a gift of gratitude. I owe to you the power of walking, and to you shall be consecrated my first promenade. You shall accompany me in it ; we will set out from the boundary of your field, and all the ground which I shall be able to walk over on that day (without over-fatiguing myself,) shall be added to yours, with the same diminution of tithe."

I shall not attempt to describe the transports of Grand-Pierre and his family. They waited until the health of the Countess was perfectly re-established, and her strength completely restored ; this was the interest of all. At length the great day was fixed ; it was then towards the latter end of spring. Heaven seemed to favour this act of beneficence : the air was mild and serene ; the sky being a little overcast, appeared expressly ordained for the pleasure of a long walk.

The Countess set out from the mansion at seven in the morning ; she first went to the church to return thanks to the Supreme Benefactor, and afterwards began her projected course. Having arrived at the nottage of Grand-Pierre, she there found a sedan, ornamented with branches and flowers, which borne by the two eldest sons of Grand-Pierre, was to follow her, in order to bring her back to the mansion by the fall of night. Juliet, and Jeannot, the youngest of her brothers, accompanied her on foot, and Grand-Pierre gave her his arm. Thus escorted, she gaily commenced her beneficent walk. Never had she been seen in better spirits ; never did she walk with so much pleasure : every step she made was a gift : she appeared to possess all the nimbleness of a girl of fifteen ; and the artless joy of the little family raised her's to the highest pitch. Grand-Pierre and his children cast their eyes with delight on the fields which they were about to walk over ; they marched, as it were, in a conquered country, and this enterprise was to cause the tears of gratitude alone to flow. At nine o'clock they stopped at the entrance of a small

wood, where the Countess, to her great surprise, perceived a beautiful bower, into which Grand-Pierre conducted her. Here she found fruits and cream; partook of a hasty breakfast, reposed for an hour and a half, and afterwards continued her walk. From hour to hour they forced her to sit down, although she always repeated, that she was not fatigued. Nevertheless, about four o'clock, they perceived that she began to slacken her pace; she spoke less, and was almost out of breath. Grand-Pierre immediately proposed to her to terminate her course, adding, that he was sufficiently rich, and wished for nothing more. But Juliet, perceiving at the distance of a hundred paces, a meadow enamelled with violets and primroses, earnestly entreated the Countess to make a little effort to go so far. The Countess replied, that her intention was not to stop until the decline of day. At these words, Juliet, transported with joy, ran towards the meadow, in order to take possession of it some minutes sooner, and Jeannot, her little brother, followed her. Having arrived at the meadow, the Countess there received nosegays from the children, which were presented to her with a joy so artless that she felt her strength restored for at least half an hour longer. At the end of that time, she found herself so fatigued, that of her own accord, she seated herself at the foot of an oak. Here Grand-Pierre renewed his entreaties for her return to the mansion: the Countess resisted but feebly. Grand-Pierre commanded his two eldest sons to approach with the sedan, when Jeannot, perceiving at a little distance some apple-trees in blossom, again took to his legs, notwithstanding the cries of his father, who angrily called him back. Jeannot reached the apple-tree; with the lightness of a bird he climbed up the object of his ambition, and having got to the top, he turned himself towards the Countess, extending his arms towards her. "Let us proceed," said the Countess, raising herself up with effort, "we must give him these apple-trees?" The generous father vainly opposed this resolution, by exclaiming against the insatiable avarice of Jeannot.

The good lady of Valangin, hobbling along, and, almost out of breath, dragged herself as far as the apple-trees, and the victorious Jeannot, descending from the tree with great eagerness, came and fell down at her feet, whilst Juliet threw herself into her arms. "Ah! it is I," cried Grand-Pierre,

shedding tears, "it is I, who ought to be for the rest of my life, at the feet of our good lady! my God," continued he, joining his hands, and raising his eyes towards Heaven, "bless her as she deserves, since we shall never be able to thank her enough!"*****—"Ah!" said the Countess, "I am no longer fatigued; come, let us proceed"****. In saying these words she wished to advance, when not only Grand-Pierre, but the children, stopped her. Juliet and Jeannot, in giving her their hands, formed a barrier around her which she could not easily surmount; besides, it was now nearly half-past six o'clock, and the day was beginning to decline. The conquest of the apple-trees, therefore, terminated this fortunate day. They placed the Countess on the sedan and carried her in triumph to her mansion. This promenade procured to Grand-Pierre fifteen acres of excellent land, and to the Countess the felicity of a well-spent day and a delightful memorial for the future. She retired to rest shortly after arriving at the mansion, and enjoyed ten hours of the most profound repose. On awaking, she exclaimed, "Oh! how salutary is exercise! It seems to me that I am twenty years younger:"*****Nevertheless, on rising, she felt a stiffness all over her; but far from suffering, she experienced with pleasure the slight inconveniences arising from it. This circumstance gave only the more value to the action of the preceding day; like warriors who are delighted to receive some slight wounds, the affecting testimonies of their exploits, the Countess gloried in the stiffness which she experienced. She said: "This is the consequence of my twelve hours' walk!" Let us pardon this little secret vanity;—when self-love has not been the motive of a good action, it is entitled to some share in its reward.*

* The foundation of this tale is true. There is still to be seen in the county of Valangin, valley of Ruz, near the village Chezard, a pretty considerable portion of land which pays the *tribute only at the twenty-second sheaf*, and that since the middle of the sixteenth century. It was, in fact, an old lady, named Juliet de Chalans, Countess of Valangin, who granted this privilege in perpetuity to a family of peasants whom she protected. She added to this favour the gift of as many acres of land as she could walk over in a long and single promenade. I have therefore only invented the accident and the cure, which have appeared to me to account for this singular species of benevolence.

FLORA'S PARTY.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Lady Flora gave cards for a party at tea,
 To flowers, buds, and blossoms of every degree;
 So from town and from country they throng'd at the call,
 And strove by their charms to embellish the hall.
 First came the exotics, with ornaments rare,
 The tall Miss Corcoris, and Cyclamen fair,
 Auricula splendid, with jewels new set,
 And gay Polyanthus, the pretty coquette.
 The Tulips came flaunting in gaudy array,
 With the Hyacinths, bright as the eye of the day;
 Dandy Coxcombs and Daffodils, rich and polite,
 With their dazzling new vests, and their corsets laced tight;
 While the Soldiers in Green, cavalierly attired,
 Were all by the ladies extremely admired.
 But prudish Miss Lily, with bosom of snow,
 Declared that "those gentlemen stared at her so,
 It was horribly rude,"—so retired in a fright,
 And scarce stay'd to bid lady Flora good night.
 There were Myrtles and Roses from garden and plain,
 And Venus's Fly-Trap they brought in their train,
 So the beaux throng'd around them, they scarcely knew why,
 At the smile of the lip, or the glance of the eye.
 Madam Damask complain'd of her household and care,
 That she seldom went out save to breathe the fresh air,
 There were so many young ones and servants to stray,
 And the thorns grew so fast, if her eye was away.
 "Neighbour Moss-Rose," said she, "you who live like a
 queen,
 And ne'er wet your fingers, don't know what I mean."
 So the notable lady went on with her lay,
 Till her auditors yawn'd, or stole softly away.
 The sweet Misses Woodbine from country and town,
 With their brother-in-law, the wild Trumpet, came down,
 And Lupine, whose azure eye sparkled with dew,
 On Amaranth lean'd, the unchanging and true;
 While modest Clematis appear'd as a bride,
 And her husband, the Lilac, ne'er moved from her side,

Though the belles giggled loudly, and said, "'Twas a shame
For a young married chit such attention to claim ;
They never attended a route in their life,
Where a city-bred man ever spoke to his wife."
Miss Piony came in quite late, in a heat,
With the Ice-Plant, new spangled from forehead to feet ;
Lobelia, attired like a queen in her pride,
And the Dahlias, with trimmings new furnish'd and dyed,
And the Blue-bells and Hare-bells, in simple array,
With all their Scotch cousins from highland and brae.
Ragged Ladies and Marigolds cluster'd together,
And gossip'd of scandal, the news, and the weather ;
What dresses were worn at the wedding so fine
Of sharp Mr. Thisle, and sweet Colombine ;
Of the loves of Sweet-William and Lily the prude,
Till the clamors of Babel again seem'd renew'd.
In a snug little nook sate the Jessamine pale,
And that pure, fragrant Lily, the gem of the vale ;
The meek Mountain-Daisy, with delicate crest,
And the Violet, whose eye told the heaven in her breast ;
And allured to their group were the wise ones, who bow'd
To that virtue which seeks not the praise of the crowd.
But the proud Crown Imperial, who wept in her heart,
That their modesty gain'd of such homage a part,
Look'd haughtily down on their innocent mien,
And spread out her gown that they might not be seen.
The bright Lady-Slippers and Sweet-Briars agreed
With their slim cousin Aspens a measure to lead ;
And sweet 'twas to see their bright footsteps advance,
Like the wing of the breeze through the maze of the
dance.
But the Monk's-Hood scowl'd dark, and, in utterance low,
Declared " 'twas high time for good Christians to go ;
He'd heard from his parson a sermon sublime,
Where he proved from the Vulgate, to dance was a crime."
So, folding the cowl round his cynical head,
He took from the sideboard a bumper, and fled.
A song was desired, but each musical flower
Had " taken a cold, and 'twas out of her power ;"
Till sufficiently urged, they broke forth in a strain
Of quavers and trills that astonish'd the train.

Mimosa sat trembling, and said, with a sigh,
" 'Twas so fine, she was ready with rapture to die."
And Cactus, the grammar-school tutor, declared
" It might be with the gamut of Orpheus compared ;"
Then moved himself round in a comical way,
To show how the trees once had frisk'd at the lay.
Yet Night-Shade, the metaphysician, complain'd,
That the nerves of his ears were excessively pain'd ;
" 'Twas but seldom he crept from the college," he said,
" And he wish'd himself safe in his study or bed."
There were pictures, whose splendour illumined the place
Which Flora had finish'd with exquisite grace ;
She had dipp'd her free pencil in Nature's pure dyes,
And Aurora retouch'd with fresh purple the skies.
So the grave connoisseurs hastened near them to draw,
Their knowledge to show, by detecting a flaw.
The Carnation took her eye-glass from her waist,
And pronounced they were " not in good keeping or taste ;"
While prim Fleur-de-Lis, in her robe of French silk,
And magnificent Calla, with mantle like milk,
Of the Louvre recited a wonderful tale,
And said, " Guido's rich tints made dame Nature turn pale."
The Snow-Ball assented, and ventured to add
His opinion, that " *All Nature's colouring was bad ;*"
He had thought so, " e'er since a few days he had spent
To study the paintings of Rome, as he went
To visit his uncle Gentiana, who chose
His abode on the Alps, 'mid a palace of snows.
But he took on Mont Blanc such a terrible chill,
That ever since that he'd been pallid and ill."
Half wither'd Miss Hackmatack bought a new glass,
And thought with her nieces, the Spruces, to pass ;
But bachelor Holly, who spy'd her out late,
Destroy'd all her plans by a hint at her date.
So she pursed up her mouth, and said tartly, with scorn,
" *She could not remember before she was born.*"
Old Jonquil, the crooked-back'd beau, had been told
That a tax would be laid upon bachelor's gold ;
So he bought a new coat, and determined to try
The long disused armour of Cupid so sly ;

Sought for half-open'd buds in their infantine years,
And ogled them all, till they blush'd to their ears.
Philosopher Sage on a sofa was prozing,
With dull Dr. Camomile quietly dozing ;
Though the Laurel descanted, with eloquent breath,
Of heroes and battles, of victory and death,
Of the conquests of Greece, and Bozaris the brave,
" He had trod in his steps, and had sigh'd o'er his grave."
Farmer Sun-Flower was near, and decidedly spake
Of " the poultry he fed, and the oil he might make ;"
For the true-hearted soul deem'd a weather-stain'd face,
And a toil-harden'd hand were no marks of disgrace.
Then he beckon'd his nieces to rise from their seat,
The plump Dandelion, and Cowslip so neat,
And bade them to " pack up their duds and away,
For the cocks crow'd so loud 'twas the break o' the day."
— 'Twas indeed very late, and the coaches were brought,
For the grave matron flowers of their nurseries thought ;
The lustre was dimm'd of each drapery rare,
And the lucid young brows look'd beclouded with care ;
All save the bright Cereus, that belle so divine,
Who joy'd through the curtains of midnight to shine.
Now they curtsy'd and bow'd as they moved to the door,
But the Poppy snored loud ere the parting was o'er,
Fon Night her last candle was snuffing away,
And Flora grew tired though she begged them to stay ;
Exclaim'd, " all the watches and clocks were too fast,
And old Time ran in spite, lest her pleasures should last."
But when the last guest went, with daughter and wife,
She vow'd she " was never so glad in her life ;"
Call'd out to her maids, who with weariness wept,
To " wash all the glasses and cups ere they slept ;"
For " Aurora," she said, " with her broad staring eye,
Would be pleased, in the house, some disorder to spy ;"
Then sipp'd some pure honey-dew, fresh from the lawn,
And with Zephyrus hasted to sleep until dawn.

MALVINA AND THE BRIGAND

BY EDWARD MATURIN.

Let Chymists toil like Asses,
 Our fire their fire surpasses ;
 Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches,
 The hour of attack approaches—
 To your arms brave boys.—*Beggar's Opera.*

In a ravine formed by the sides of two mountains which towered above it, there stood an outlaw's hold ; tangled weeds and stunted wood, forming to the eye an impenetrable pass, concealed the mouth of the retreat so perfectly as to destroy suspicion that man was its tenant ; and at the same time to form a dwelling for the Bandits, secure as well against the pursuit of justice, as the discovery of those whom chance might direct thither. The roof of the cave formed a small knoll above the ground, being entirely overgrown by grass and wild flowers, while on either side the rocks of the surrounding mountains, wildly scattered, and loosely hanging, giving majesty and boldness to the scene, presented a strong delineation of a similar image in Virgil. "*Desuper horrentia saxa.*"—Nature seemed to have adapted her eccentric wildness in the present picture to the recklessness and daring characters of its tenants ; few that passed the cave, were ever known to return ransomless ; even aged Monks formed no check upon the avarice or violence of the band ; and the helplessness of beauty, however strong in its appeal to sympathy and protection, was to the outlaws only an additional incentive to insult and violation. The present band had held it for several years, and so firm was their fealty to their lord in the cause of rapine, violence and wrong, that the present owner of the cave was the son of its former possessor. Thus, for some years an hereditary line of plunder and crime had been established, and the day or night traveller alike felt the depredating influence of the horde, which, ere release, he was bound by oath never to discover ; and whose number animated by a fierce courage, and trained in the exactness of military discipline, he found it vain to resist. In the adjacent fastnesses there were frequent excavations as well natural as artificial, formed by the industry of the band, in which its members alternately observed a vigilant *espionage* for their unsuspecting victims.

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On the night of which we are about speaking, the band of outlaws were seated round their rude table of rustic board, carousing over the success of recent depredation, and drinking lustily to the recurrence of a similar event. The apartment (if it might be termed one,) in which they sat, formed the figure of a parallelogram—damp and dark; a solitary lamp, whose light was aided by a cheerful blaze from the hearth, (the outlaws daring to kindle fire only in the night, apprehensive of betrayal by its smoke during the day) flung its dim light on a licentious inebriated group; some of whose features, marked with the traces of Italian beauty, had assumed a malevolent and some a pallid expression, as the harshness of ferocity, or the pains of conscience, had influenced their different dispositions. The band, whose discipline while at the board was somewhat relaxed, and the authority of the commander merged in the level of convivial fellowship, were seated in a disorderly manner on the rude benches; some of them engaged in games of chance, whose alternate success or disappointment communicated vivid expression to their images already much inflamed by their debauch. Their daggers were stuck in the table, and as the shade of the lamp above fell on the faces of some who were engaged in eager dispute with their fellows, on the subject of their different pursuits, amongst which distribution of spoil held an high place, it communicated a sinister light to the agitated and fierce expression of the outlaws, favourable to the darkness of the Italian countenance. The rude walls were partially covered by pieces of mouldering and decayed tapestry, for the purpose of repelling the damp, which in the end it absorbed; and were handsomely ornamented with weapons of assault, and articles of spoil, which cheerfully reflected the blaze of the hearth. A hag, whose tottering gait, and withered frame, bore testimony to a life spent in this haunt of crime, and devoted to the service of the outlaws, sat by the fire; her arms folded on her knees, and her form bent; she seemed perfectly heedless of the brawl of the debauched band; but her dark and sunken eye was indignant with expression, as she listened to a loose licentious tale, a Bacchanalian catch, or some miraculous exploit of blood or plunder confirmed by the fearful oath of the narrator. Grown hoary in the paths of vice, each day had increased her hatred

of it, and though she had lived for fifty years the life of a criminal anchorite, with no companions but the tumult of the outlaws, the groan of the captive, or the prayer for mercy, the abode of crime was still her home, and might be yet her grave. She had been mistress of the present outlaw's father, and though her lean and withered countenance exhibited boldness of outline, and the traces of early beauty, its softness had however been superseded by the habitual impression of fierce, relentless feeling ; and its expression might be said to be morose, and hard as the cheekbones which the sunken flesh but thinly covered.

The sun had at length, upon the succeeding evening, set on the outlaws' hold ; the ordinary external arrangements were formed for vigilance and precaution, nor with less care were those of revelry and pleasure completed within. Sarrano, in the conviviality of the table, at once forgot his own supremacy, or the discipline of the band ; jest succeeded jest, and tale followed tale, till the banditti, wearied by the repetition of those they had often heard, in the desire for that variety which never fails successfully to sustain excitement, claimed the history of the life of their chief, which he had often promised to narrate, but had not yet been able to fulfil. " Well," said Sarrano, as recollections swept across his mind ; " the tale is brief, and but for the impression which horror never fails to leave behind it, I should by this time have forgotten it. My father preceded me in the command of this cave ; and I need not inform the present company, at least if they hold the doctrine of hereditary descent, that he was bold and licentious ; but frequently amid the fragments of the moral ruin could be discovered the spirit of better feeling, bewailing its banishment, and the usurpation of guilt. Under his tutelage (and I could not have enjoyed a better), I was reared ; this moment exposed on the bleak mountain to the weapon of the assailed traveller, and the next, intoxicated in the carousal ; ear and sense alike enchained in the debauchery which surrounded me. My father was desirous I should become a daring robber like himself ; and thinking the laxity of moral discipline favourable to the reckless audacity and developement of an outlaw's virtues, was careful by my introduction at the midnight board to promote this branch of my education, and I need not say how much the event has

answered the wish. A passion for adventure and the fair sex, of whom our examples in this hold were rare and limited, was soon conspicuous in my early years ; and in search of both I often transgressed the laws of the cave as well as of my father's permission. It was my wont frequently to cross the mountains ; and disguising myself in the garb of those amongst whom I mingled, seek, in the crowd of faces I passed, such an one as love might seek for its partner : and to whom my young and ardent heart, which had already conceived a dislike for the outlaw's life, might unite itself in that world of happiness and perfection which the imagination of the youthful, loves to form and inhabit. *I found her* ; and on her features, softened by that benignity and gentleness of which Nature is so prodigal to the weaker sex ; and on her form, light and elastic as her steps, which seemed not to touch the earth—memory, mutilated, as she may be by the crime and darkness of my life, can even now dwell with a pleasure, tempered by that melancholy which enhances the contemplation of an happy past, and the hopes that lived but to be extinguished."

The stern soul of the outlaw, sympathized with his tender words ; and reclining his arm on the table, unmanned by the strength of memory, *he wept, he wept !*—" Infant, weak infant !" he muttered to himself ; as if ashamed his comrades should have seen his tear, he raised his head and proceeded :

" Her parents were poor and humble, but mine was not a mercenary heart, and that which might have suppressed the ardour of some, I felt only as an additional claim on sympathy and protection. With the usual thoughtlessness of my sex, who, when they woo a maiden, care only for the acquisition of an heart without the return of one ; *I wooed, and won*. But if I won, I also lost—the conquest was mutual, and I was her slave. Heavens ! how I loved," exclaimed Sarrano, raising his dark expressive eyes ; " and what did it bring me to ? The brief and transient favours love bestows ; the smile we have often sighed for, and which comes at last to the longing heart, as the shower to the earth it refreshes and fertilizes ; the whisper of acquiescence and acceptance of our vow spoken in secrecy, and the sweeter from the sense that we are screened by it from the cold ears, and callous hearts of

age and suspicion ; its intoxicating pleasures which by their transiency we can scarcely call our own, its sudden breathless meetings, where plenitude of feeling usurps the place of speech ; *and we can but look on each other, the images of our own hopes and fears !* Who can feel these fallacious pleasures that smile only to pierce, and say, love is *Paradise* ? Excuse me for this digression ; it was my *heart*, not I who spoke it. Love, however, prospered with me, and I had not only gained the heart of poor Malvina, but the favour and affection of her aged parents. I was wholly destitute of means to support the expenditure, or discharge the obligations of a married life ; and while I contemplated the hideous consequences of our union, the utter destitution into which the blindness and selfishness of passion would plunge an innocent and confiding female—would ye believe it ?—nay, I almost shudder myself at its recollection, I conceived the design of blasting the plant whose strength and beauty my own vows had not slightly contributed to support. Heavens ! hardened as my life has made me, this heart often sinks within when I think what a guilty wretch I was ; the mean and complicated stratagems I coolly adopted for the ruin of her I *professed* to love ; the vanity of triumph, and the contempt of the object which follows its conquest and overthrow ; the needless cruelty with which we edge the blow, rebuking our wretched victim for that weakness and folly which were but as chaff before the storm of passion and power ; when I think on this, Malvina and her cottage are ever before my eyes. I said I loved her, I did ; I also destroyed her, at least her happiness—and in later years I have wantonly endeavoured to justify an act, which honour forbade and *penury*,—no, not *penury*,—*passion* instigated. How can I paint the horror, when I was aware of the approaching emergency ; and the miserable girl with tears in her eyes, apprized me, if I loved her, secrecy was requisite. I can never forget the peal these words rung in mine ears, and the keen sense of want and destitution which her urgent entreaty revived to my mind. I had now really, if not nominally, entailed upon myself the arduous duties of a husband and father ; my spirit and finances equally unadapted for their performance. I stood silent and motionless, and the lovely Malvina, whom, contrary to the ordinary feeling of my sex, I loved even more strongly for her misery,

implored me to take her to any retreat, where indiscretion might find an asylum, and error might be secure from the malignant whisper of the world. She knew little whom she entreated, or what was the home, within whose walls she sought a refuge. I had hitherto wholly absented myself from this cave, and but one expedient presented itself to assuage the sorrows of my victim, and ensure to myself the means to realize her most reasonable wish. "My love," I cried, "I will never desert thee, grant me but two days, I will return to my *home*, (the word trembled on my lips) where I can easily find money; hitherto my appearance had been poor, we will together seek a lodging," I added, "and the guilty wanderers may yet be happy." That night I left her and slowly bent my steps to this cave, having previously divested myself of my disguise. In the heedless ardour which uniformly characterizes love, which regards insurmountable difficulties as mole-hills, and finds them only additional incentives to the attainment of desire, I had completely disregarded my penurious, dependent condition, and had involved myself in a connexion which demanded alike freedom of mind and circumstance. I felt myself virtually an husband, and my passion for the object which proclaimed me as such, while it demanded sympathy and care, required no less the anticipation than the satisfaction of her wants in her helpless and precarious state. So impetuous were my feelings, and so utterly disinterested my fondness, (for she now was mine, and time could not add another gem to the casket she had entrusted to my charge) I thought that no danger was too extreme, obstacle too great, or sacrifice too absolute for selfishness so accomplished, for the being I had ruined, the little happiness which life could yet afford her. I returned to the cave, and so long had been the absence, in whose justification I dare not allege the true cause, that I not only excited the indignation of my father, but the enmity and jealousy of the band. My mother was already dead; and my father, to whom licentiousness was the only stay and pleasure of life, had already—"

"Shame," exclaimed the hag, who had hitherto listened in silent interest; "shame on ye; the curse of your father's enemy is not sufficient to make his ashes tremble in their tomb! but his son must add one more breath to the

imprecation, and brand his memory with the revival of his crime."

"Be still, be still, poor wretch," said Sarrano, calmly but contemptuously, admitting the interruption, but not deigning to regard the being he addressed.

"Why should I be still," retorted Armina, "when ye drag this haggard, withered frame to hear a part in your tale of crime—I was"—

"We know it," rejoined Sarrano—"Be still, I say."

"My design," continued Sarrano, was to glean sufficient from the casualties of spoil and plunder to answer the purposes of expenditure, and acquire the requisite comforts for her I loved, and *destroyed*. An opportunity was not long needed. Shortly after my return to the cave, the courage and weapons of the band were called to action, for the purpose of securing the rich booty of some four or five Jews, who, having passed the Mediterranean with some rarities of the east, were crossing the mountains to seek a market for them, in the northern cities of Italy. They were willing to capitulate for terms of ransom, to which I need scarcely say the avarice of my father allotted no ordinary limits. The unbelievers were permitted to pass free; most of the merchandize, however, for which they sought so lucrative a mart, remaining in the hands of their predatory enemies. My father had not spoken to me since my mysterious absence and return, but auguring a firm and uncompromising ally from my conduct in the recent transaction, he relaxed the severity and distance of his manner; and we were reconciled. He did not, however, long enjoy the fruits of milder temper, or revived paternity; for, a large portion of the spoil, in consideration of my courage, having fallen to my share, I was anxious once more to return to that being, in the recollection of whom alone I had found alleviation for the momentary renewal of my allegiance to the sanguinary and cruel laws of the outlaw's code. In the moment of plunder there was but one image which soothed my conscience, and even justified the act which passion and memory had urged. That image was Malvina;—I saw her each moment of my short residence in this once hateful haunt; her utter solitude and helplessness rendered still more lonely and dependent by the babe which my imagination painted on her arm. That babe I felt was mine;

a new and beautiful tie to that being, of whose confidence and affection I needed no external memento.

The day at length arrived ; the day of liberation from the band, and of return to Malvina's arms. I still remember the fervour of delight and gratitude with which I flung off the garb of the brigand ; and dashing it into a mountain-stream, resumed the peasant costume, dear to me from the life of peace and innocence of which it spoke, and doubly enhanced from the recollection that it was that in which I had first seen Malvina, seen and won her. The morning sun had risen on me with his wonted brilliancy and cloudless joy, and while I surveyed his beams, my grateful heart hailed them as an omen of happiness and delight which awaited me in the domestic hearth. To consummate the picture which imagination painted, there was but one colour needed, and Malvina's image, while I contemplated it, was, I felt, already to my heart. The humble village, which adjoined the mountain, burst at length on my longing eyes ; and as I gazed on its cultured meadows, and sunny cottages, the eye involuntarily singled out one from the group ; the house of the mother and the simple babe, and about to be that of the penitent and the husband. She had previously informed me that she would leave her father's cottage, and ere my departure, with the few pieces I could command, I purchased the present one. My ardour and affection increased by separation ; I could not forbear, in the ecstasy of the moment, rushing into the cottage. Malvina sprung from the cradle where the innocent was lying ; and as I disclosed my future views of happiness, and weaned her from the bitter recollection of the past, which still hung heavily on her mind ; as I laid before her the fruits of my adventure, I was grieved to see a tear mingle with the joy with which she greeted our meeting and re-union."

"Ah ! my Lorenzo," she cried, "I grieve when I think from whence you drew this store."

I keenly felt the remark, inferring as it did, a suspicion of the object of my absence and adventure. "Grieve not," I replied ; "the money is the fruit of honest industry, and what else dare I offer so pure, confiding, and affectionate a woman ?" I felt the blood rising to my cheek, and silently accusing the falsehood I was compelled to fabricate. Anxious to be freed from any further inquiries, I passed to the cradle

where my babe was lying, and taking it from its sleep, in the sincerity of paternal feeling, I kissed it fervently: "God bless the babe;" cried I, "mayest thou be an happier man than thy father."

The affectionate Malvina heard the prayer, and her looks betokened solicitude for the speaker. I anticipated her question, and said—"My love, I spoke but of the past, I was then miserable; but while I look on thee and my child, I can scarcely speak for joy. In the present all is happiness."

(To be concluded.)

L. S. D.

BY WILLIAM GASPEY.

Vast is the importance which attaches to these cabalistic letters, as indicative of the representatives of the circulating medium. Not in the idle tomes of romance, not in the annals of history, not in the lucubrations of the poet are the fascination peculiar to this trio to be found; but in those huge manuscript folios and quartos which constitute the pride of a counting-house, and which respectively bear such attractive titles as the Ledger, the Cash-book, and the Bill-book, are L. S. D. to be seen in all the array of monied dignity. There these three misanthropes of the alphabet, despising the charms of "lettered ease," fly from the communion of their own species, and harmoniously mingle with the figures which compose the tradesman's *Book of Numbers*. And upon these signs of wealth how many a human destiny depends! How many a heart these ministers of Plutus have broken! Oh! what an admirable epitaph for the tomb of distress, L. S. D. would present!

Nor learning, nor wit, can confer the commendatory diploma which is found in a fortunate connection with these potent letters. Everywhere they are letters of introduction and of credit, to which the honorary titles of distinction must succumb. These proud Alphas of their race, the three pillars of commerce, hold omnipotent sway in all earthly concerns, and regard with contempt the puny flights of their fellows in literature. What is matrimony without these algebraic letters of opulence? The roseate chains of love are too fragile to hold the heart of man, unless the possessor of

youth and beauty can boast of these initials for her other attractions. These *money letters* are interpreted with facility by the rich, but they are hieroglyphics which poverty cannot decypher.

Such is the universal fame of the firm of L. S. D. Their touch has the power of alchemy, and their traces are glittering as the sands of Pactolus. These misers have hoarded millions of treasure; and they could purchase honours, titles, nay, the world itself. But the blessings of a peaceful conscience, and a perspective interest in a fairer and happier land, are beyond their attainment: these can only be secured by a reliance on a sublimer, though less assuming, association,—the divine literals I. H. S.!

COURT FAVOURS.

Upon a very important occasion, when Louis XVIII. had withdrawn to reflect in his closet, and had given the most particular orders to the guard that he was not to be interrupted, “even by Madame,” the Duchess of Angouleme is said to have presented herself, according to her custom, at the door of the cabinet, and demanded admission; the guard remonstrated, but the duchess was determined, and on the soldier crossing his arms to prevent her entrance, she coolly boxed his ears, and forced her way into the presence of the king. The duchess complained to the monarch, that the guard had committed a most disloyal offence, in opposing, with arms, a member of the royal family. To appease the feelings of the princess, the soldier was punished with three days’ imprisonment; and for doing his duty, rewarded by the king, upon his release, by being promoted to a company.

CHARITY LOTTERIES.

The Parisians, who are extremely charitable, introduce, at evening parties, lotteries for the poor. The prizes are, drawings, fancy works, &c., furnished by the ladies of the company; and trinkets, or other little elegant objects of luxury, contributed by the gentlemen. This amusement is productive of great relief to the starving population of Paris, who have no other support than what private charity affords, as there are no poor rates.

THE FIRST BUTTERFLY OF THE SEASON.

A superstition still exists in Devonshire, respecting the appearance of the first butterfly of the season, which, should the beholder succeed in capturing, ensures to him good luck throughout the year. The following illustration may claim a different result in the opinion of the youthful and unmarried.

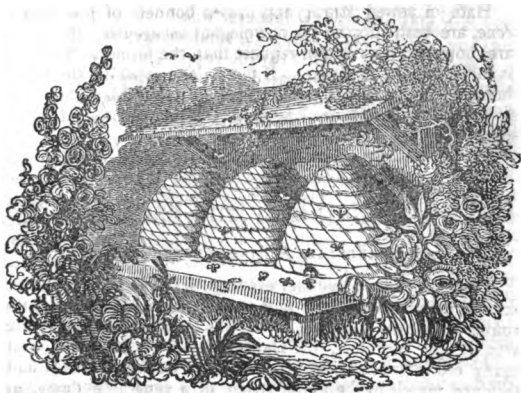
There lived in Dartmouth once, as stories tell,
 A bachelor of sixty, Simon Brown,
 Rich, and an ogler of each youthful belle ;
 Whilst wary mothers eyed him with a frown ;
 For 'tis a law in Hymen's chronicle,
 "That men with speedy offers must come down ;
 Not linger 'mongst the sweets."—At length a dimple
 Turned *clever* Simon Brown to *Simon Simple*.

Across the street, (and a cross street it was,
 Quips, cranks, and long lanes turning every way ;)
 Lived with her daughter Rose, one Widow Moss ;
 Yclept by waggish Brown, "*green moss and grey*,"
 Who gazing on Rose' blooming cheek's soft floss,
 And smile sunbeaming, melted quite away ;
 And like King Rufus, pierced by Tyrrell's dart,
 Became *mistaken* victim of a *heart*.

Great Shakspeare wrote "the course of love did ne'er—"
 (But, the quotation is now threadbare worn ;)
 Women are just as false as they are fair,
 And Simon found his *Moss Rose* had a *thorn*.
 She thawed not at his face of wintry care,
 But turned a deaf ear to his suit forlorn :—
 Between ourselves, she had a former lover ;
 A sailor-lad, who then was half seas over.

They had grown up from childhood, like twin flowers,
 That cling together on a single stem ;
 And wildly blooming 'mid their native bowers,
 Unheeding all, and all unheeding them ;
 They never dreamt of blight and darksome hours
 Which dim the sparkle of each earthly gem.
 Time came—the mother thought "As Jones was poor,
 'Twere better that he saw Miss Moss no more !"

- So they were parted ; and, far o'er the sea,
For gold he toiled beneath a burning sun ;
While, in her solitary chamber, she
Wept o'er the shattered web that love had spun ;
And morn and even blest the absentee ;
Till Simon, Cæsar-like, came, saw, and won,
That is, the mother ;—and the bridal morning
Was fixed, ere they had given the maid warning
- The morn arrived ; a sunny morn in spring ;
First came fair maidens strewing buds around,
Meantime the bells a merry peal did ring,
Soothing the sad heart with their silver sound ;
Next Simon and poor Rose were following ;
She with slow step, and eye that sought the ground ;
Her cheek was marbled by intense despair ;
He, for threescore, had quite a jaunty air.
- Neared was the church, when, lo ! of beauteous hue,
Emerging from its wintry shroud of dun,
A butterfly appeared to Simon's view,
Gleaning like thousand motelings in the sun ;
“ Ho, ho ! ” quode he, “ an' be the proverb true,
Good luck is mine ! ” And quickly did he run,
Leaving the bridal train in silent wonder,
To think what strange delusion he was under.
- Within his grasp, a moment, seemed the prize,
Then left him far behind with truant wile ;
Like meteor hope, which aye before us flies,
Beguiling most, when decked in brightest smile,
Attracted by a floweret's rainbow dyes,
The fly, its little span, did then beguile ;—
Exp. stultos docet, is a sapient dictum ;
Simon stole cautiously, and took his victim.
- Bearing the well-earned trophy of his chace,
The church he entered, and, beside the shrine,
Saw the priest joining, with benignant grace,
A youth and maiden by love's holy sign.
“ Rosa, my own ! ” he cried, with glowing face ;
“ Behold the butterfly !—good luck is mine ! ”
“ Good luck indeed ! ” she answered in arch tones ;
“ You've lost a plague for life ;—I'm Mrs. Jones ! ”



THE CHEERFUL BEE.

THOU cheerful Bee! come, freely come,
 And travel round my woodbine bow'r,
 Delight me with thy wandering hum,
 And rouse me from my musing hour:
 Oh! try no more yon tedious fields,
 Come taste the sweets my garden yields;
 The treasure of each blooming mine,
 The bud—the blossom—all are thine!

And careless of this noontide heat
 I'll follow as thy ramble guides,
 To watch thee, pause and chafe thy feet,
 And sweep them o'er thy downy sides;
 Then in a flower's bell nestling lie,
 And all thy busiest ardour ply;
 Then o'er the stem, though fair it grow,
 With touch rejecting, glance and go.

L. 38. 2.

R

O Nature kind ! O labourer wise !
 That roam'st along the summer ray,
 Glean'st ev'ry bliss thy life supplies,
 And meet'st prepared thy wintry day ;
 Go—envied go—with crowded gates,
 The hive thy rich return awaits ;
 Bear home thy store in triumph gay,
 And shame each idler on thy way.

THE KING OF THE PEAK.

A DERBYSHIRE TALE.—BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

It happened on a summer evening, when I was a boy, that several curious old people had seated themselves on a little round knoll near the gate of Haddon Hall ; and their talk was of the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Mannors, and many old names once renowned in Derbyshire. I had fastened myself to the apron-string of a venerable dame, at whose girdle hung a mighty iron key, which commanded the entrance of the hall ; her name was Dolly Foljambe ; and she boasted her descent from an ancient red-cross knight of that name, whose alabaster figure, in mail, may be found in Bake-well church. This high origin, which, on consulting family history, I find had not the concurrence of clergy, seemed not an idle vanity of the humble portress ; she had the straight frame, and rigid, demure, and even warlike cast of face, which alabaster still retains of her ancestor ; and had she laid herself by his side, she might have passed muster, with an ordinary antiquarian, for a coeval figure. At our feet the river Wye ran winding and deep ; at our side rose the hall, huge and grey ; and the rough heathy hills, renowned in Druidic, and Roman, and Saxon, and Norman story, bounded our wish for distant prospects, and gave us the mansion of the Vernons for our contemplation, clear of all meaner encumbrances of landscape.

“ Ah ! dame Foljambe,” said an old husbandman, whose hair was whitened by acquaintance with seventy winters ; “ it's a sore and a sad sight, to look at that fair tower, and see no smoke ascending. I remember it in a brighter day, when many a fair face gazed out at the windows, and many

a gallant form appeared at the gate. Then were the days when the husbandman could live—could whistle as he sowed; dance and sing as he reaped; and could pay his rent in fatted oxen to my lord, and in fatted fowls to my lady. Ah! dame Foljambe, we remember when men could cast their lines in the Wye; could feast on the red deer and the fallow deer, on the plover and the ptarmigan; had right of the common for their flocks, of the flood for their nets, and of the air for their harquebuss. Ah! dame, old England is no more the old England it was, than that hall—dark and silent and desolate—is the proud hall that held Sir George Vernon, the King of the Peak, and his two lovely daughters, Margaret and Dora. Those were days, dame; those were days.” And, as he ceased, he looked up to the tower, with an eye of sorrow, and shook and smoothed down his white hairs.

“I tell thee,” replied the ancient portress, sorely moved in mind, between present duty and service to the noble owner of Haddon, and her lingering affection for the good old times, of which memory shapes so many paradises; “I tell thee, the tower looks as high and as lordly as ever; and there is something about its silent porch, and its crumbling turrets, which gives it a deeper hold of our affections, than if an hundred knights even now came prancing forth at its porch, with trumpets blowing, and banners displayed.”

“Ah! dame Foljambe,” said the husbandman; “yon deer now bounding so blithely down the old chace, with his horny head held high, and an eye that seems to make nought of mountain and vale; it is a fair creature. Look at him! see how he cools his feet in the Wye, surveys his shadow in the stream, and now he contemplates his native hills again. So! away he goes, and we gaze after him, and admire his speed and his beauty. But were the hounds at his flanks, and the bullets in his side, and the swords of the hunters bared for the brittling; ah! dame, we should change our cheer: we should think that such shapely limbs, and such stately antlers, might have reigned in wood and on hill for many summers. Even so we think of that stately old hall, and lament its destruction.”

“Dame Foljambe thinks not so deeply on the matter,” said a rustic; “she thinks, the less the hall fire, the less is

the chance of the hall being consumed ; the less the company, the longer will the old hall floor last, which she sweeps so clean, telling so many stories of the tree that made it ;— that the seven Virtues in the tapestry would do well in avoiding wild company ; and that the lass with the long shanks, Diana, and her nymphs, will hunt more to her fancy on her dusty acre of old arras, than in the dubious society of the lords and the heroes of the court gazette. Moreover, the key at her girdle is the commission by which she is keeper of this cast-off and moth-eaten garment of the noble name of Manners ; and think ye that she holds that power lightly, which makes her governess of ten thousand bats and owls, and gives her the awful responsibility of an armoury containing almost an entire harquebuss, the remains of a pair of boots, and the relic of a buff jerkin ?”

What answer to this unceremonious attack on ancient things committed to her keeping, the portress might have made, I had not an opportunity to learn.

“ I marvel much,” said the hoary portress, “ at the idle love for strange and incredible stories which possesses, as with a demon, the peasants of this district. Not only have they given a saint, with a shirt of hair-cloth and a scourge, to every cavern ; and a Druid with his golden sickle and his mistletoe to every circle of shapeless stones ; but they have made the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Cockaynes, and the Foljambes, erect, on every wild place, crosses or altars of atonement for crimes which they never committed ; unless fighting ankle-deep in heathen blood, for the recovery of Jerusalem and the holy Sepulchre, required such outlandish penance. They cast, too, a supernatural light round the commonest story ; if you credit them, the ancient chapel bell of Haddon, safely lodged on the floor for a century, is carried to the top of the turret, and, touched by some invisible hand, is made to toll forth midnight notes of dolour and woe, when any misfortune is about to befall the noble family of Rutland. They tell you, too, that wailings, of no earthly voice, are heard around the decayed towers, and along the garden terrace, on the festival night of the saint who presided of old over the fortunes of the name of Vernon. And no longer ago than yesterday, old Edgar Ferrars assured me that he had nearly as good as seen the apparition

of the King of the Peak himself, mounted on his visionary steed, and, with imaginary horn, and hound, and halloo, pursuing a spectre stag over the wild chace of Haddon. Nay, so far has vulgar credulity and assurance gone, that the great garden entrance, called the Knight's porch, through which Dora Vernon descended step by step among her twenty attendant maidens, all rustling in embroidered silks, and shining and sparkling, like a winter sky, in diamonds, and such like costly stones—to welcome her noble bridegroom, Lord John Manners, who came cap in hand with his company of gallant gentlemen—”

“Nay, now, dame Foljambe,” interrupted the husband-man, “all this is fine enough, and lordly too, I’ll warrant; but thou must not apparel a plain old tale in the embroidered raiment of thy own brain, nor adorn it in the precious stones of thy own fancy. Dora Vernon was a lovely lass, and as proud as she was lovely; she bore her head high, dame; and well she might, for she was a gallant knight’s daughter; and lords and dukes, and what not, have descended from her. But for all that, I cannot forget that she ran away in the middle of a moonlight night with young Lord John Manners, and no other attendant than her own sweet self. Ay, dame, and for the diamonds, and what not, which thy story showers on her locks and her garments, she tied up her berry brown locks in a menial’s cap, and ran away in a mantle of Bakewell brown, three yards for a groat. Ay, dame, and instead of going out regularly by the door, she leaped out of the window; more by token she left one of her silver heeled slippers fastened in the grating, and the place has ever since been called the Lady’s Leap. And, now dame, I will tell thee the story in my own and my father’s way: The last of the name of Vernon was renowned far and wide for the inhospitality and magnificence of his house, for the splendour of his retinue, and more for the beauty of his daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. This is speaking in thy own manner, dame Foljambe; but truth’s truth. He was much given to hunting and hawking, and jousting with lances, either blunt or sharp; and though a harquebuss generally was found in the hand of the gallant hunters of that time, the year of grace 1560, Sir George Vernon despised that foreign weapon; and well he might, for he bent the strongest bow, and shot the

surest shaft, of any man in England. His chase-dogs, too, were all of the most expert and famous kinds—his falcons had the fairest and most certain flight; and though he had seen foreign lands, he chiefly prided himself in maintaining unimpaired the old baronial grandeur of his house. I have heard my grandsire say, how his great grandsire told him, that the like of the Knight of Haddon, for a stately form, and a noble, free, and natural grace of manner, was not to be seen in court or camp. He was hailed, in common tale, and in minstrel song, by the name of the KING OF THE PEAK; and it is said, his handsome person and witchery of tongue chiefly prevented his mistress, good Queen Bess, from abridging his provincial designation with the headman's axe.

“It happened in the fifth year of the reign of his young and sovereign mistress, that a great hunting festival was held at Haddon, where all the beauty and high blood of Derbyshire assembled. Lords of distant counties came; for to bend a bow, or bristle the deer, under the eye of Sir George Vernon, was an honour sought for by many. Over the chase of Haddon, over the hill of Stanton, over Bakewell-edge, over Chatsworth hill and Hardwicke plain, and beneath the ancient Castle of Bolsover, as far as the edge of the forest of old Sherwood, were the sounds of harquebuses and bowstring heard, and the cry of dogs and the cheering of men. The brown-mouthed and white-footed dogs of Derbyshire were there among the foremost; the snow-white hound and the coal-black, from the Scottish Border and bonny Westmoreland, preserved or augmented their ancient fame; nor were the dappled hounds of old Godfrey Foljambe, of Bakewell bank, far from the throat of the red deer when they turned at bay, and gored horses and riders. The great hall floor of Haddon was soon covered with the produce of wood and wild.

“Nor were the preparations for feasting this noble hunting party unworthy the reputation for solid hospitality which characterised the ancient King of the Peak. Minstrels had come from distant parts, as far even as the Scottish Border; bold, free-spoken, rude, rough-witted men; ‘for the selvage of the web,’ says the northern proverb, ‘is aye the coarsest cloth.’ But in the larder the skill of man was chiefly employed, and a thousand rarities were prepared for pleasing

the eye and appeasing the appetite. In the kitchen, with its huge chimneys and prodigious spits, the menial maids were flooded nigh ankle deep in the richness of roasted oxen and deer; and along the passage, communicating with the hall of state, men might have slid along, because of the fat droppings of that prodigious feast, like a slider on the frozen Wye. The kitchen tables, of solid plank, groaned and yielded beneath the roasted beeves and the spitted deer; while a stream of rich smoke, massy and slow and savoury, sallied out at the grated windows, and sailed round the mansion, like a mist exhaled by the influence of the moon. I tell thee, dame Foljambe, I call those the golden days of old England.

“But I wish you had seen the hall prepared for this princely feast. The floor, of hard and solid stone, was strewn deep with rushes and fern; and there lay the dogs of the chase in couples, their mouths still red with the blood of stags, and panting yet from the fervour and length of their pursuit. All the lower end of the hall, where the floor subsided a step, was spread a table for the stewards and other chiefs over the menials. There sat the keeper of the bows, the warder of the chase, and the head falconer, together with many others of lower degree, but mighty men among the retainers of the noble name of Vernon. Over their heads were hung the horns of stags, the tusks of boars, the skulls of the enormous bison, and the foreheads of foxes. Nor were there wanting trophies, where the contest had been more bloody and obstinate—banners and shields, and helmets, won in the Civil, and Scottish, and Crusading wars, together with many strange weapons of annoyance, or defence, borne in the Norwegian and Saxon broils. Beside them were hung rude paintings of the most renowned of these rustic heroes, all in the picturesque habiliments of the times. Horns, and harquebusses, and swords, and bows, and buff coats, and caps, were thrown in negligent groups all about the floor, while their owners sat in expectation of an immediate and ample feast, which they hoped to wash down with floods of that salutary beverage, the brown blood of barley.

“At the upper end of the hall, where the floor was elevated exactly as much in respect, as it was lowered in sub-

mission at the other, there the table for feasting the nobles stood ; and well was it worthy of its station. It was one solid plank of white sycamore, shaped from the entire shaft of an enormous tree, and supported on squat columns of oak, ornamented with the arms of the Vernons, and grooved into the stone floor, beyond all chance of being upset by human powers. Benches of wood, curiously carved, and covered, in times of more than ordinary ceremony, with cushions of embroidered velvet, surrounded this ample table ; while, in the recess behind, appeared a curious work in arras, consisting of festivals, and processions, and bridals, executed from the ancient poets ; and for the more staid and grave, a more devout hand had wrought some scenes from the controversial fathers and the monkish legends of the ancient church. The former employed the white hands of Dora Vernon herself ; while the latter were the labours of her sister Margaret, who was of a serious turn, and never happened to be so far in love as to leap from a window.

“ Suppose the table filled about with the gallants of the chace and many fair ladies, while at the head sat the King of the Peak himself, his beard descending to his broad girdle, his own natural hair of dark brown—blessings on the head that keeps God’s own covering on it, and scorns the curled inventions of man—falling in thick masses on his broad, manly shoulders. Nor silver, nor gold wore he ; the natural nobleness of his looks maintained his rank and pre-eminence among men ; the step of Sir George Vernon was one that many imitated, but few could attain—at once manly and graceful. I have heard it said, that he carried privately in his bosom a small rosary of precious metal, in which his favourite daughter Dora had entwined one of her mother’s tresses. The ewer-bearers entered with silver basins full of water ; the element came pure and returned red ; for the hands of the guests were stained with the blood of the chace. The attendant minstrels vowed, that no hands so shapely, nor fingers so taper, and long, and white, and round, as those of the Knight of Haddon, were that day dipped in water.

(To be concluded.)

THE WINDS !

BY H. C. DEAKIN.

The winds ! the winds are shouting loud,
 Mysteriously they pour
 Their songs of triumph to the cloud,
 Their wild dirge on the shore—
 They hurry on—they hurry on,
 Invisible and lone,
 O mighty and tremendous One !
 O storm-king ! where's thy throne ?

Shrouded on Chimborazzo's height,
 Mantled with clouds obscure,
 Sittest thou on thy rock of might
 Stern, fearless, and secure ?
 Lord of the thunder ! dost thou hurl
 Its awful vengeance forth,
 Making thy livid lightnings curl
 Around the quailing earth ?

I've heard thee in the dead of night
 Reign conqueror of the gloom,
 And in thy car of phantom light,
 Wail o'er the dead day's tomb !
 I've seen thee sweep the stars aside
 Like glow-worms from thy path,
 With all a tyrant's dismal pride
 Insatiable of wrath !

I've heard thee o'er the distant hill
 When earth was one sweet smile,
 And the sun delightedly stood still
 To gaze on it the while.
 When every river turned to gold,
 And every grove and bower
 Seemed in his radiance to be rolled
 In that transcendant hour.

And whilst I've heard thee I have thought
Of Paradisal hours,
And how the tempter ruin wrought,
Amidst the vales and flowers.
And whilst I've thought, I've heard thee rise,
Bringing thy thunders forth,
Dimming the glories of the skies,
The beauties of the earth !

Whence art thou, thing of viewless sound,
Omnipotent in pride,
Sweeping across Creation's bound,
With pale death by thy side ?
Whence art thou wheeling thro' all space,
With thy outstretching wing,
And clasping in thy cold embrace,
Earth and each living thing ?

I own in summer's bashful eyes,
When o'er the dreamy vales,
The silver dew its mantle weaves,
And incense fills the gales.
When every river rolls along,
And every fountain flings
Its low, still, eloquence of song
Upon the breeze's wings.

I own thy zephyrs are as sweet
As any infant's sigh,
Or lips of lovers when they meet,
With no intruder nigh.
Thy zephyrs ! that have rifled all
The bright vales and the flowers ;
O they're so sweet, they ev'n recall
The breath of of Paphian bowers !

But fickle as a woman's heart
And false as is her tongue,
Whatever hopes thy sighs impart,
They linger—last not long—

But terrible as is despair
To him who feareth death,
Thou spring'st from out thy lion-lair,
And thunder'st on our path.

Voice of the Heaven of Heavens on high,
Voice of the wond'rous One !
Who spread the soft cerulean sky
Beneath his viewless throne—
Voice of his anger ! when thou leap'st
From mighty mount and hill ;
Voice of his kindness ! when thou keep'st
Thy solemn dirges still !

Eternal anthem ! whence thou art,
Or where thou goest to,
Severing the sultry clouds apart,
Or breathing balmy dew—
Whether thou fill'st pale sorrow's breath,
Or wastest hope's bright wing,
Thou'rt like the bird that knows no rest,
From spring to sunny spring !

Lord of illimitable space,
Unconquered—unsubdued,
Spirit ! that hath no dwelling place,
Sovereign of solitude !
A dreadful hour is hast'ning on
Breathless—yet full of breath ;
When thou wilt sound with mighty tone
The trump of life and death !

And then thou diest ! thou soundest then
Thine own knell to the world,
Which will not hear thy voice again
With direful fury hurled.
For time and space, and earth and all,
Which thy wing sweepeth o'er
Will, at that trumpet's awful call,
Dissolve, and be no more !

Voice of a thousand storms ! to thee
 I strike my trembling lyre ;
 Thou sweetest thro' immensity,
 In many a tempest dire.
 But when the world, ev'n as a scroll,
 Is withered by God's ire,
 Where will thy living thunders roll ?
 Where will thy wrath expire ?

No more—Man's powers may not avail,
 To tell thy bitter fate,
 Thou'lt be an old forgotten tale,
 A ruin out of date ;
 But who will live, that tale to tell,
 When every lip is cold ?
 Earth's records have not left a spell,
 And I am not so bold.
Abbey Cottage, near Leek, Staffordshire.

LINES ON A. K. H.

BY WILLIAM GASPEY.

Long years have gone since thou wert borne to rest,
 Since earth has known the sunshine of thy smile,
 But, oh ! thine image lives within my breast,
 Like twilight glimmers through the ruined pile.
 Death cannot quench the memory of thee,
 Whose loveliness ne'er more may gladden me.

In dreams, when shades of those that are no more,
 Like guardian angels, watch around our bed,
 I see thy spirit, lovely as of yore,
 Ere wasting sickness bowed thy gentle head—
 I hear thy voice, and that pure rapture know,
 Which, waking, now ne'er blesses me below.

Oh ! if the spirits of the just may rove
 Through spots they hallowed in this lower sphere,
 Revisit, dear departed form of love !
 The heart that mourns thy transient sojourn here,
 And o'er my soul thy sacred influence shed,
 Blest monitor that comest from the dead !

MALVINA AND THE BRIGAND.

BY EDWARD MATURIN.

(Concluded from page 165.)

She was contented; and we were soon seated in the deliberation of our domestic arrangements. In the cave I had early been trained to habits of mechanical ingenuity, and having displayed some inclination and talent in the pursuit, was now determined in the acquirement of my future livelihood to call it to requisition and utility. I had bade the band farewell for ever; and on account of the secluded life which my father's perilous pursuit required, I never anticipated interference on his part; and indeed but little respecting him for his licentious vocation, never sought for a second meeting, and little expected one. By industry and future purity of life, I hoped to atone for the involuntary offences into which the pliability of youth had betrayed me, and in the mutual confidence and happiness of a being I adored, to merge the guilty and tumultuous recollections of the past. One thing, however, had crept into the felicity of our fireside; and that was the separation of Malvina from her parents, who, from the moment they had observed the infidelity of character of which I had been the cause, abandoned her. She often wept when she thought on the respected couple; but the tongue of the slanderer, as it is eloquent in guile and betrayal, is equally prompt in the alleviation of circumstance and remorse. I often kissed away her tears, and my angel would smile again. "Here is the hair of my departed love," drawing from his bosom a flaxen braid; and while he gazed on it, his more manly feeling struggled with and conquered his emotions. "No more of this," he said, quickly restoring the hair to his breast.

My trade prospered, and all went well. I had already established my reputation for thrift and honesty, and I felt myself almost too happy when Malvina presented me with a second pledge of our affection. Conscience pressed me for the wrong and indiscretion of which I had been guilty, and the purity of my own intentions but seconded the fervour with which Malvina entreated me to acknowledge her in

public as my wife ; for scandal, which flies with no ordinary speed, had already diffused our tale of dishonour and secrecy to every ear in the village. We were united by a monk who resided in the vicinity, and the blessing of "mother church" expiated the inadvertency of youth, and removed the brand which the ill-natured world stamped upon the innocent, unhappy offspring. She was now *my wife* ; and would this new tie had been never bound round my heart, or at least had lingered there till mutual death released it. My happiness was intense, unspeakable ; but, oh ! *how brief*.

A few short months, too short, alas ! had rolled over us as husband and wife—all in all to each other, as the stem to the parent tree ; we loathed to part even in the morning, when the duties of my trade required my absence ; but, heavens ! will this ear ever forget the cheerful song with which Malvina was wont to hail her humble partner, when returning to his cottage after the day of labour. I see her now, he said, in a musing strain, sitting by the cradle, singing cheerfully her evening song, as she alternately watches her babe, and turns with the humble joy of a cottager's wife, to survey the neatness and order with which the delicate hand of the fair housewife had arranged everything for her husband's return. But to my tale of horror and misery—I had received a lucrative engagement some few miles from our cottage, whose discharge must necessarily occasion a short absence from Malvina. I had been to her a fond and faithful husband, and therefore merited her love ; but ye will scarcely believe the girlish ardour with which she hung on me, and endeavoured to dissuade me from my resolution of departure.

"Why do ye fear me, Malvina?" I cried, "I leave ye but for a short space, and will soon return; the period of my absence will be easily beguiled by the tenderness of maternal duty—and here," I added, giving her some pieces, "is money; expend it as you will. I never can fear improvidence or want of caution."

She took the money ; *but she wept*. Oh ! that that tear had sunk upon mine own heart with the voice of warning, or the infallibility of omen. I took my departure,—a thousand kisses on my cheek, and a thousand entreaties for my safe and speedy return.

My adventure was prosperous and lucrative beyond my

most sanguine expectation ; and when my thoughts reverted to home and Malvina, I felt an honest pride within me as I looked upon the gains of upright industry, and anticipated the smile and warm embrace which yet awaited my return. I had been already one week absent ; and that to a young husband is a period of suspense and anxiety, but the space was short I felt, and a few brief hours would see a beloved wife in my arms. I left my employer with an industrious name, and returned on my way once more to Malvina, my babes, and my cottage. The night was dark ; but my longing eyes could plainly see the cheerful blaze as it glimmered through the lattice, and sent its cheering glow through the surrounding darkness. The door of my cottage was closed ; and as I approached it nearer to raise the latch, I heard a cry within of distress, and, as I thought, of supplication also. *It was Malvina's* : I rushed forward, the door was bolted within ; the pain and anguish of the moment gave me the strength of despair, and with a fearful energy, I collected all my force, and burst it in. Heavens ! what was my horror, when I beheld my wife on her knees, imploring the safety of her honour from a gigantic figure who stood over her, and was, as I entered, about to offer violence. He started from his position when he saw me, and as I contemplated the strong proportion and height of my antagonist, I felt but little hope of success in the issue of a personal contest. But my heart swelled within me, as my wife rushed to my arms, and her tear of insult and terror fell upon my cheek. The man was disguised with mask and mantle—he spoke not a word ; but deeming the conquest easy, darted on me, and tore Malvina from my arms. Indignation boiled within me, and spurned the cool reflection of prudence ; my brain was burning, and in the madness of the moment, I grasped a knife which lay before me ; and, my frenzy heightened by the action of my opponent, who plucked from beneath his mantle a dagger, and waved it in defiance, I rushed upon him, and wounded him in the breast. The blood flowed freely—I dropt the knife ; I knew not where I stood ; a sea of horrors floated before me ; and the peaceful, happy cottage was changed to darkness, and thronged with the images of a guilty and distracted mind—my entrance, the action and its consequence, had been so rapid and violent, as to preclude the possibility

of sight and recognition. My sight, my hearing, every sense alike failed me, when the stranger who had previously regarded me as I stood over him, feebly rose from the ground, and faintly crying "*my son, my own son,*" slowly left the cottage. *I was a murderer,—a parricide.* My home was now a hell; and the beautiful form of Malvina, as she clung to me, I unconsciously dashed from my arms, and a fearful curse burst from my lips. I felt I could no longer stand a happy man on the hearth which resounded with the cry of murder; and ignorant and reckless whither I went, I rushed from the cottage. Home, wife, and children, were alike forgotten, and consciousness deserted me, till I found myself at the feet of the holy father who had sealed the first dawn of my happiness, and was now to hear the confession of a self-accusing parricide. I hurried on in my recital; while the monk, assured of my penitence and contrition, gave me encouragement and hope of pardon. He listened to my hasty confession, till, asking me had I known the victim of my rashness and passion? I involuntarily stammered out the one word "*father.*" The monk started to his feet, and violently clasping his hands, abjured me on my life to leave his presence; saying, that I could not now expect hope here, or salvation hereafter. I rose from my knees; blood was before me, and my father's exclamation rung in mine ears. The last sanctuary on earth for the criminal and the penitent had closed its door upon me; I rushed from his apartment, despair goading me to the last violence upon myself. The world was before me; and a bleak unfathomable precipice yawned at my feet. I scarcely knew I moved, yet the incredible rapidity of my flight brought me the next morning in the midst of a populous city. I recovered the unconsciousness of the horrors of my condition, and, though not known, had sufficient discretion to guard against any contingent danger by the change of the blood-stained garb, which I buried in the earth, and the purchase of the raiment of an artisan. My wife, my children, where are they now? I often thought: but though I would have willingly sacrificed my life once more to look on them, I felt I dare not return to the cottage, and revive the terrors of guilt;—imagination, painting in vivid and glaring colours, needed no assistance from location or reality. Day after day passed on; I endeavoured to calm

the suggestions of my harrassed mind, by the pursuit and occupation of my trade ; it was vain. The little gold I had about me at the moment of my guilt, was already expended ; I, the once happy and industrious cottager, was already reduced to the filth and poverty of the mendicant, and disease, from the morbid state of mind and feeling, laying her hand upon me, completed my cup of misery and indigence. In charity, some strangers, (for I was wholly unknown, and suspicion had already whispered round the probability of guilt, from the haggard wildness of my features,) conveyed me to a Lazaretto. Charity and medical assistance soon produced a favourable change in my condition, and I was dismissed from the asylum of the sick, which my despair and anguish had prayed to be my grave. It was not so however, and the desert of the world once more received the parricide and the wanderer.

Famished, penniless, and worn in mind and body, not a morsel for my lips, and not a pillow for my head, I felt by the silence and suspicion with which I was regarded, as though my tale was stamped upon my brow for the passer to read. The murder of design and prepense may aggravate the horrors of conscience ; but few have shrunk before the additional glow with which blood is tinged, when we see it flow at our own hands from the loins of the father who begat and nurtured us. My blow was passionate and unintentional, but in the hours of remorse which succeeded, it fell with a deadlier weight upon my own heart. I lived from day to day upon the alms which charity flung me ; much as my spirit revolted against the boon which I could have cast in the giver's teeth, necessity compelled me to accept it. My trade, my peace, and honesty had all abandoned me in my own eyes, and I was compelled to regard myself as the last and tottering fragment of the ruin. I had already, though unwillingly, shed blood ; and guilt, who is not slow in the seduction and conquest of her votarists, whispered me that now nothing awaited me but the desperate and licentious course of the Brigand, for which the innocence of my early years had conceived so deeply-rooted an antipathy. But then my wife and children,—I crushed the thought, as my own hope and happiness had in a moment been crumbled before me, and bidding farewell for ever to every gentler thought or feeling,

resolved to list myself in the bands of guilt and desperation. Doubtful how I should realize my design with secrecy and success, a casualty relieved my perplexity. As I was one day walking, a man, in a costume similar with my own, and carrying a basket, followed by three more bearing hampers, passed me; he was evidently hurried and rather seemed desirous to proceed unobserved. Eternally harrassed by the brooding of my own thoughts even in the most thronged and tumultuous parts of the city, however, the features of the man and his retinue struck me as those I had once known, and still remembered.

"Antonio!" I cried. The man turned round, with an expression that evidently betrayed fear of his detection.

"I well remember that day," exclaimed one of the band; "you may hold yourself my debtor for the consequence of our meeting."

"I do," replied Sarrano, "and acknowledge it. Do you not recollect me?" said I.

"Well," replied Antonio. "We have often missed you in our excursions, and wondered the cause of your absence."

I could scarcely stand, when, at Antonio's words, Malvina and my cottage, the murder and its hideous consequences, darted through my brain with the heat and rapidity of lightning. "I have been since," I answered, "pursuing a trade, a more peaceful and happier life than yours."

"Away with such doating, as trade and honesty," said Antonio; "give me the mountain, the midnight and the spoil; and for my part you may freely take the more mechanical and laborious task of trade, with the stinted penurious gains it gives in a year, which the Brigand asks but one successful night to procure."

These reckless words, which would in a brighter and more innocent hour have withered my heart, fell on it now with reviving influence. Involuntary guilt and despair had cast my lot, and revolting as it was, I must draw and abide by it. My words died upon my lips as I endeavoured to pronounce the word "*father*." Antonio unsuspectingly answered—"We have lost our chief, and given him honourable burial in the mountain."

He proceeded then to narrate the horrible story which had rung eternally in my own ears; that my father had left the

cave that night on a secret expedition of license and amour to which he was often addicted, and that some cowardly revengeful villain had stabbed him. "I only hope," concluded Antonio, "that some good fortune may conduct his steps within our snare, and I marvel but his revenge and secrecy will be paid back on his own heart with tenfold interest."

During this torturing recital, how often I wished the work of death had been completed by my own destruction. However, I was so far secure,—the author of the blow was as yet unknown; for my father had evidently not disclosed the event, and deeming that the only circumstance which favoured my return to the cave. Upon Antonio's recommendation I resumed the pursuit of my youth, and by the unanimous sanction of the troop was honoured with the succession to my father, and the pre-eminence which I now enjoy. Time may pass, and the precarious danger and startling events of my life, may demand my exertions and arrest my attention; but the lapse of the one, or diversity of the other, can never erase the horror of my act: and memory, while she charms, pains also, when I revert to Malvina, my children, and my cottage. *We have never since met.*

MARRIAGE.

I would fain hear from those marriage haters but a shadow of reason, why I should not pronounce a modest wife the greatest of human blessings. She is the safety of that house whose affairs she administers. She is the tender and faithful nurse of your children. She is the joy of your health and your cure and relief in sickness, the partner of your good fortune and comfort in your bad. She soothes and breaks the headlong violence of youth, and tempers morose austerity of age. Will any one offer to persuade us that the education of children, which are the very images of our bodies and pictures of our minds, and in whom we see as it were our very selves born again anew, affords not a delight sincere to the last degree? or that it is no satisfaction when we come to obey the laws of fate, to see a son of our own to whom we bequeath those honours and possessions of our families which we received from our parents?

THEATRICALS IN CHINA.

The Chinese drama has not yet thrown off its swaddling clothes. There are no such things as permanent theatres ; the directors of dramatic entertainments move about from place to place with their company, which is wholly composed of their own slaves. When they make a halt, they erect a stage in some public square, or else in a tavern ; and it is either the inhabitants of the district who defray the expense of the representations, or some wealthy individual, who dips into his own pocket for the purpose of amusing the public. On these occasions, a species of wooden barn is raised with all possible speed, roofed in with leaves of the bamboo, and divided off into two partitions ; the one being the stage itself, and the other, a dressing room for the performers. This stage stands about four feet and a half above the ground, and is open on three of its sides ; the spectators stand round about in the open air, and it is entirely destitute of a curtain, or any sort of scenic decoration. Before the performance begins, the director comes forward with a scroll, designating the title of the piece about to be enacted ; and during the progress of the play, he hands in chairs, screens, tables, &c. which are intended to represent towns, mountains, forts, rivers, and the like. Every actor, upon first making his appearance, announces the character which he has undertaken to represent, and describes the part which it is his duty to perform ; for instance, when it is part of his theatrical avocation to open a door, he exclaims, " Look ye ; here is the door," though no signs of such an article is to be discovered,— " I am going to open it." Here he places himself in the attitude of a person opening a door ; and his audience require nothing further. Every detail in the performance is given in a similar manner ; and it must be scarcely necessary to add, that all approach to dramatic fiction is consequently destroyed. The Chinese tragedy, which usually gives the whole birth, parentage, and history of some great national event or public crime, lasts for several days, and engrosses every hour from morning till evening, when the day's labour closes with a battle royal, which is incontestably the most amusing scene in the whole performance.

EARLY HOME.

There are few minds so callous as to resist the scenes of their childhood, without experiencing some emotion. And whether these are in the crowded city, amidst all the coarse and ordinary objects of vulgar life, or in the lonely valley, with its green hills and gliding streams, the same feelings swell the heart, as the thoughts of the past rush over it: for they speak to us of the careless days of our childhood, of the gay dreams of our youth, of the transient pleasures of our prime, of the faded joys of our old age. They speak to us of parents now sleeping in the dust, of playfellows in a far distant land, of companions altered or alienated, of friends become as strangers, of love changing into indifference. They speak to us also, it may be, of time mis-spent, of talents misapplied, of warnings neglected, of blessings despised, of peace departed.

Fairer scenes may have been viewed than those on which the eyes first opened; but in them we behold only the inanimate objects of nature, which however they may charm the senses, or fill the imagination, yet want the deep and powerful interest which seems entwined with our existence, and which gives a local habitation and a name so powerful a mastery over us.

POLISH FEMALE HEROISM.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POLISH LADY.

The enthusiasm which my countrywomen displayed in the last struggle with Russia, was soul-stirring and almost indescribable. Judge what were the feelings of the people of Warsaw, when they witnessed above a hundred village maidens march through the town in full gala, each with a spade thrown across her shoulder, to lend their aid in strengthening the fortifications of Praga. A young woman, the elegance of whose form was the theme of universal admiration, advanced at the head of her fellow-heroines, waiving one of the national banners, which bore a device that spoke to every heart amongst us. In the midst of the train,

Madame Kalewska, one of those matrons whose hoary years and exalted character recalled the patriarchal age of human kind, was an object of general interest. On either side she was supported by one of her grand-children.

The female peasantry deserted their distaffs during the preceding winter. Instead of circling around that social occupation, they spent their hours in making lint. "If our sons and husbands," I have heard them observe, "should drive out the enemy, our lands will yield us flax enough in the spring. If they fail, what will they need but a winding-sheet?"

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF SOME
LATE AUTUMNAL FLOWERS.

BY MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.

Those few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far.

And why ?—They are the last !
The last ! the last ! the last !
Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd,
That sister of the past !

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
Ye're types of precious things ;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid, wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends) ;
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
 A life into a day,
 The last day spent with one
 Who, ere the morrow's sun,
 Must leave us, and for aye?

Oh! precious, precious moments!
 Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
 The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
 Because like those the nearest
 To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
 I woo your gentle breath
 I leave the Summer rose
 Few younger, blither blows;
 Tell me of change and death!

STANZAS.

I love that quiet spot of green
 Where many a streamlet flows,
 In lines of silvery white between
 The banks of brier and rose;
 There first the voice of beauty broke
 On boyhood's fever'd dream—
 There first this throbbing heart awoke
 Beneath her seraph beam—
 And found in Woman's voice and eye
 That wealth which worlds could not supply.

The cottage lattice half conceal'd
 With woodbine's varied hue,—
 And where the ivy's growth reveal'd
 The white walls shining thro'.
 And fairer, dearer than all these
 The love that dwelt within—
 The heart whose nature was to please,
 The passion without sin.
 But then I felt that time should be
 When love nor life would bloom for me.

Yet I repined not, nor repine,
 If my cold clay may rest,
 Where the white rows of lilies shine
 Like pearls above thy breast.
 Thou lovely spot!—'Tis soothing where
 Our young affections rose,
 Mid those we loved and valued here,
 To sink into repose.
 In peace with all below, above,
 In hope of our Redeemer's love.

Cork.

SIGMA.

THE EVERGREEN LEAF.

"Farewell," exclaimed Rosa, "dear Ronald away,
 My father decrees it, and we must away;
 Yet tho' I complain, and bow to his will,
 In secret, in silence, I'll think of you still;
 In dreams those dear features before me shall rise,
 Your bright sunny hair, and your happy blue eyes;
 My love defies all that the future can bring,
 Like the *evergreen leaf* on the *emerald ring*."

The maiden is borne to a far distant isle,
 New friends court her favour, new lovers her smile,
 Her tears are forgotten, a stranger is near,
 Who breathes the fond language of love in her ear;
 Black are his ringlets, and dark is his brow;
 Oh! where is her sunny-hair'd favourite now?
 Alas! is affection so fleeting a thing?
 Unlike the *green-leaf* on the *emerald ring*!

Rosa be faithless! no, dull are the eyes
 Of the girl who detects not her lover's disguise:
 He darkens the tint of his features in vain;
 The *expression* so dear to her still must remain;
 No stranger is there, it is Ronald she hears,
 And answers his vows with her eloquent tears;
 Then say not that love is a frivolous thing—
 'Tis the *evergreen leaf* on the *emerald ring*.

A VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

BY M. DAMOISEAU.

Before our departure from Marseilles, we had heard much talk of Lady Hester Stanhope; and we felt the most ardent curiosity to inform ourselves as to the truth or falsehood of the various statements that were abroad, relative to her extraordinary character and mode of life. Accordingly, we made every effort in our power to obtain the means of an introduction to her,—but in vain. Nor were we induced to place any strong reliance on that *spirit of enterprize* which determined us not to stick at trifles in endeavouring to accomplish the various objects of our journey. In fact, though by no means too modest to object, as a *dernier resort*, to the expedient of introducing ourselves, we had good reason to believe that even *that* would fail us: for we had heard the story of M. l'Abbé des Mazures, who, during his last journey to Jerusalem, had, at his earnest request, been admitted to pass the threshold of her ladyship's domicile, and even to eat a good dinner there, but had not been able to penetrate further, or to gain an interview with her ladyship—she alleging that the mere sight of a sinner like herself would, in all probability, subject the holy man to perform an additional pilgrimage to Mount Carmel in expiation of the enormity!

In fact, I had given up all hope of compassing the desideratum in question; when, judge of my gratified surprise at finding, on our return from St. Jean d'Acre, an express invitation from Lady Stanhope to visit her, at the Monastery of Abra, which she then occupied. It is unnecessary to say, that our preparations for the journey were few and brief. Mounted on Arabian horses, and preceded by a young Turk, who acted as a guide, we immediately set out; and, pre-occupied as I was with thoughts and anticipations respecting the extraordinary person I was about to visit, I found it impossible not to be struck and impressed with the wonderful character of the scenery through which we had to pass. As, however, words are vain as a medium of conveying ideas correspondent with this scenery and the impressions it is calculated to call forth, I shall abstain from using them. One circumstance, however, I must mention, as the effect of it,

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in connexion with the scenery in which it occurred, was singularly striking. In the midst of one of these superb solitudes, we suddenly saw, advancing towards us, a troop, or rather a string of strangely clad persons, each mounted on an ass; the centre of the procession being formed by an extraordinary figure, mounted on a superb white charger, and bearing the appearance of a sort of living spectre,—the lofty cap which crowned its head being ornamented with immensely long flowing veils, which descended to the very feet of the figure, and concealed it wholly from view. My guide informed me that this mysterious personage was a newly-made bride of one of the most distinguished of the Druzes, who inhabit this district; and that she was on the road to join her husband.

At length, we arrived in sight of the convent inhabited by the object of our visit—the virtual queen of Palmyra—for as such Lady Stanhope may be regarded. On reaching the outer entrance of the convent, I rang the bell attached to it, and the gate was immediately opened by an Arab, who conducted me into an open vestibule, carefully closed the gate by which I had entered, made signs to me to wait his announcement of my arrival, and then left me. Here I remained alone for more than half an hour, holding my horse by his bridle (for none of my attendants had been allowed to enter with me,) and not a little surprised at being allowed to dance attendance so long, after so pressing an invitation as I had received. At last, a young and exceedingly pretty female made her appearance, dressed in a Greek costume, but speaking perfectly good in French. Having ascertained, by addressing me in that language, that I was in fact the traveller expected by her mistress, she expressed great pleasure, clapping her hands, and loudly exclaimed, (without leaving me,) “My lady! my lady! It is the Frenchman. Come! come!” On which her ladyship immediately made her appearance. Her dress was that of a Scheick of the Bedouin Arabs: such, at least, was the fashion of her attire; but in point of material and costliness, it was much richer than the dress worn by those Princes of the Desert.

Lady Stanhope immediately approached and offered me her hand in the most frank and familiar manner, at the same time apologizing for having kept me so long waiting, declaring

that, seeing me approach, she had mistaken me for an Englishman; "and," said she, "I never receive any of my countrymen if I can possibly avoid it; and if you had happened to have been one of them, all the civility I could have offered you after your long journey to visit me, would have been a dinner in this vestibule." She then conducted me to a small apartment, without furniture of any kind, with the exception of ottomans, on which having seated ourselves, pipes were brought, one of which her ladyship took, and we immediately commenced smoking and conversing. The chief subject of our conversation was Napoleon, about whom Lady Stanhope expressed an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm. After some time a repast was served, in the Arab fashion, of which her ladyship partook, but not of the wine which accompanied it. This latter was of two sorts, and of the most exquisite quality,—the wine of Cyprus, and the golden wine of the mountain. After the repast we again conversed for a considerable time, and at length I retired to my apartment.

The next day I arose early, and, her ladyship not being up, I paid a visit to her stud of horses. At about ten, Lady Hester left her tent,—which was pitched on the terrace of the building, outside,—and immediately joined me, for the purpose of making some inquiries of me respecting the state of her favourite Arabian horse, which had just fallen lame; and she expressed herself not a little delighted at my pointing out the cause of the evil, and the means of its immediate cure. This horse was of the most perfect beauty. Her ladyship had received it from a distinguished Arab Chief of many tribes, named Nasser. Her ladyship afterwards shewed me several mares, one of which, in particular, appeared to be the object of her special care; the reason of which I learned to be, that a Turkish Santon had declared to her it was reserved for some mysterious destiny. This mare was afterwards sent to Paris, where it was purchased by the Duchess d'Angouleme, and was known by the name of *Nichab*. Among her ladyship's stud I also observed a filly, two years old, the back of which was as hollow as a Turkish saddle,—a form which her ladyship regarded as a singular beauty; and she assured me that this came of a race, the pedigree of which could be traced up to the stud of King Solomon!

Having passed the whole of the second day in the residence

of Lady Stanhope, and been inexpressibly amused and interested by that singular mixture of oddity and elevation of which her character consists, I quitted her under the most favourable impressions as to the treatment I had received at her hands.

As the history of this extraordinary person is but little known, I shall here relate that portion of it which is connected with her present position. Lady Hester Stanhope is the daughter of Lord Chatham,* and niece of the celebrated William Pitt,—a relationship which may go far to account for the dignified energy of character which she has displayed under various circumstances of her life. Her person is noble and imposing, but more calculated to inspire respect and admiration than affection. Still she exhibits traces of a remarkable degree of beauty. Moreover, she has great and various acquirements, a singular degree of quickness and penetration, and a resolution that nothing can intimidate. Tired of the common-place routine of society in her own country, and possessing a considerable fortune, entirely at her own disposal, she determined to seek, in travel, that excitement which her soul could not exist without. Accordingly, she fixed upon the various parts of the Levant and Palestine as the first objects of her investigation. Having engaged an English vessel, and provided herself with a numerous suite of attendants, she landed first at Smyrna, at a moment when the plague was raging in that city, and she was almost immediately attacked by it, and was for some time considered to be at the point of death. Contrary to all expectations, however, and apparently as if by miracle, she suddenly recovered, and immediately proceeded to Constantinople, where the Sultan—who was at that time usually but little courteous to strangers—received her in the most gracious and distinguished manner, assigning her a residence within the walls of his own palace, and causing the most marked attention to be paid her by every one, including the Sultanas themselves. But these marked civilities could not long detain Lady Stanhope from the objects for which she had set out on her travels.

* This is not correct. Lady Hester Stanhope is the eldest daughter of Charles, third Earl of Stanhope, who married Lady Hester Pitt, daughter of the first Earl of Chatham; consequently, Lady H. Stanhope is a niece of William Pitt, but not by the descent indicated in the text.

Having supplied herself, by the kindness of the Sultan, with *firman*s, directing the various Pachas to afford her every facility during her journey, she again set out on her way to the provinces of the interior, where, on her arrival, she was received with the most distinguished marks of respect and deference, the fame of her great wealth and her extraordinary character having preceded her; and the Scheick Bechir having placed at her disposition the Convent of Abra, near ancient Sidon, and also another residence, delightfully situated on the mountain itself, Lady Hester determined on fixing her abode there, it being about two hours' distance from Monkta, the residence of the Scheick. She also immediately engaged, as Dragoman, a M. Baudin, a Frenchman by birth, who, by a residence of many years with his uncle, a merchant of Aleppo, had become perfectly familiar with the various dialects of the east. This person, whose intelligence and integrity fully warranted such a step, Lady Stanhope shortly afterwards constituted her chief agent in all her intercourse with the natives, as well as with Europeans. During the winter Lady Stanhope inhabited the Convent of Abra, but in the summer she took up her residence on the mountain, occasionally making excursions in the neighbourhood, and even visiting Jerusalem, Palmyra, &c. ; of which latter place, on the occasion of one of her visits, the inhabitants gave her the name of Queen, in token of their sense of her splendid liberalities.

It is said that since the period of Lady Hester Stanhope's residence in Syria, the most happy changes have manifested themselves, in the condition and character of the people in the neighbourhood of her domicile. One instance, in particular, is worth recording. They had, on its first offer to them, the most insurmountable dislike to the potatoe, the cultivation of which Lady Stanhope was anxious to introduce among them. They would rather die of hunger than be persuaded to partake of it. Under these circumstances, Lady Stanhope, with her usual shrewdness, took advantage of that national, and, apparently, *natural* disposition to robbery which prevails among this people:—she caused the fields which she had planted with potatoes, to be carefully watched and guarded. The consequence was, that they were immediately beset by thieves, the potatoes carried off, with the connivance of the

watchmen, tasted, approved, and ever since they have been eagerly sought and studiously cultivated.

With respect to the religion of Lady Stanhope, it appears to be that of Islamism : she lives wholly in the oriental manner, surrounded by a vast number of slaves and other attendants, who profess and evidently feel a sort of reverence for her, amounting to a religious sentiment. She has, however, a great number of European attendants ; her establishment is conducted on the most splendid and extensive scale, and she frequently despatches messengers to Paris and London, for any objects that she may need, chiefly as presents to the Scheicks, and other chiefs, whose good graces she would cultivate. She enjoys the most perfect health, and there is little doubt that this celebrated, and, in many respects, justly distinguished woman, will live many years to enjoy the singular mode of life she has adopted, and to disseminate around her the various blessings which her wealth is capable of creating.

NOBLE ARTISTS.

The Princess Elizabeth, when young, was not only a warm patron of the Fine Arts, but a professor also. A series of engravings from beautiful drawings made by her Royal Highness, were published many years ago, under the title of "Cupid turned Volunteer." To these prints were appended poetical illustrations, written by Thomas Parks, Esq. The present Duchess of Bedford has likewise infinite taste in art ; many of her drawings, made during her residence in Rome, where she was instructed by the younger Hayter, are absolute gems. The Duchess has likewise received lessons in drawing from Edward Landseer, whom the Duke of Bedford has always warmly patronized. The Duchess of Buccleuch, whilst in Rome, was a constant visitor at the studio of Canova and Thorwalsden, and the painting rooms of Camuccini, Hayter, and Eastlake. This accomplished lady, during her tour, made many drawings, which are highly appreciated by artists who have been permitted to see them.



PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.



MEMORY'S PAINS.

Can I forget the hours of bliss
 That fled with Love and thee ?
 Can I forget the parting kiss
 Thy fondness dealt to me ?
 Can I forget the tender ties
 That binds our souls together,
 Thy last sad looks, thy farewell sighs,
 And prove my faith a feather ?
 O no, the dove its plume may change,
 The summer rose its bloom,
 But mine's a heart that cannot range,
 Nor cool, save in the tomb.
 O no, by all the pangs we have prov'd,
 By joys remember'd ever,
 I feel, though e'en no more belov'd,
 I can forget thee never.

LONDON FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Light green satin robe, the *corsage* made high, but partially open on the bosom ; is trimmed with a double lappel, bordered with black antique lace. The sleeves are half high ; the shirt is finished with a deep flounce with a standing heading ; both the heading and the flounce are edged with lace. Satin bonnet, a new and very light shade of fawn ; it is of the French cottage shape, and drawn, the drawings interspersed with rows of *bouillionnee* ; the trimming consists of velvet flowers placed *en gerbe*, and striped fawn ribbons. Shot silk shawl trimmed with a *ruche* of the same.

EVENING DRESS.—India muslin *robe peignoir*, over pale blue satin, the body fitting close to the shape, but very open on the bosom ; is trimmed with a fall of the same material, scalloped at the edge ; this stile of trimming is continued in the short tunic stile down the front, and round the middle of the skirt. The sleeve, tight at the upper part, and of the bishop form at the lower, is finished with a round open *mancheron* of the Italian form ; it is ornamented with a knot of ribbon corresponding with the *ceinture*. Tulle cap of a small size, and placed very backward ; the border consists of a

double bias fold, between which *coques* of ribbons are placed : a full knot at the back completes the trimming.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

Well, dear readers, here we are once more in the midst of satins, velvets, furs, and all the other costly *et ceteras* that our London *belles* employ for their winter toilettes ; the gay and light apparel of summer has completely disappeared ; the reign of simplicity is over, and that of splendour has commenced : let us see what it offers most worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

Cloaks and shawls will divide the vogue in out-door costume ; the first in plain walking dress are expected to be principally of very fine merinos, or figured cashmere. The form will be the same as last year, except that sleeves will be smaller. Some are not confined at the waist, but they are a very small minority. Shawls of cashmere, or black satin trimmed with fur, will also be in great request in walking dress ; at present they are more numerous than cloaks, but before the end of the month, these latter will be in a majority. We have seen also some shawls of English cashmere, the grounds either black or a dark hue, and the patterns and colours rich without being shewy.

Terry velvet and saun are both employed for walking bonnets ; we see also some Leghorn straw ones, trimmed with velvet. Bonnets have evidently diminished in size, and a good many of those worn in plain walking dress are of the cottage form, and trimmed with ribbon only. The greater number are, however, ornamented in a *moreshe wy* style with flowers, and in some, but few instances, with feathers.

Furs enjoy this season even more than their usual vogue ; for besides boas, which at this moment are indispensable, and muffs, which will be so by and bye, furs are employed for trimming both shawls and mantles. Silver bear, which has not been used for very many years, has come into very great request for these trimmings. Silk fringe, in imitation of fur, is also in general favour. We must not omit to state, that as soon as the cold weather has fairly set in, fur tippets, of a very large size, descending in points behind and before, will be in great vogue.

In carriage dress we again find mantles and shawls, but of

a description much more elegant than those we have been speaking of. Some of these cloaks are of satin, either black or rich full colours; they are cut bias, so as to fall easily but without fulness round the shoulders, and to be excessively wide at the lower part; this would have a bad effect, were it not that the pelerine, which is of the *mantelet* form, and very large, adds an elegant finish to the upper part, and gives sufficient fulness without muffling up the figure; the sleeves sit rather close at the upper part, but are very large from the elbow; the lining may be either *gros de Naples* or satin, but it must be of a brilliant hue, as cherry colour, blue, or emerald green; the trimmings vary, bias bands of velvet, black lace, embroidery in silks or chenille, and furs, that is to say, ermine or sable, are all equally fashionable. Another cloak, which, from its resemblance to the Witzchourn, is called the Russian mantle, is composed either of cashmere or satin. This cloak, which is excessively ample, has the folds confined round the waist by a rich cord and tassels. The pelerine is very large, it descends in points before, which are terminated by tassels. Some of these cloaks are trimmed with an embroidery in chenille, but the greater number are bordered with ermine. The lining may be either *gros de Naples* or silk plush.

Velvet shawls square, and of a very large size, are likely to be the most in favour. We have seen some with the borders embroidered in wreaths of flowers of extraordinary beauty. Others trimmed with bullion fringe, and a good many with fur.

The grand question of the forms of hats and bonnets is not yet absolutely settled, but there is no doubt that the size will be reduced. We have seen some that appear to us to be quite in the happy medium; their form is something between a hat and a bonnet, a low crown placed very backward, and a long but moderately deep brim. The materials for these bonnets are either plain velvet or Terry velvet *glacé*; some of the most elegant are of a pale lavender *glace de rose*, and trimmed with feathers and ribbons to correspond; the former is disposed in a bouquet, and placed on one side: the most elegant of the plain velvet bonnets are trimmed with shaded feathers and watered ribbons.

Although several fancy materials, composed of a mixture

of silk and wool, have appeared for morning dress, we have reason to believe that they will not be so fashionable as very fine merinos, cashmeres, and *gros de Naples*. Cashmere is, we think, the material that will be most in favour for *robes de chambre*. We have already seen some, the colour a new and very pretty shade of grey, lined with *groseille*; the only alteration that we observe in these dresses is, that the collar is much larger and of a round form. They are always worn over a muslin high dress. There is no doubt that pelisse robes will retain their vogue in half dress; those that have appeared as yet present no alteration in the forms, but the majority are decorated with fancy silk trimmings of new patterns.

The materials for evening dress are really magnificent. Watered silks and satins, *gros de Tours*, figured Pekins, and changeable satins *glace*, of rich and varied patterns and most brilliant colours, have already appeared. As to the forms, very little variation is expected; pointed *corsages*, moderately low round the back and shoulders, but descending in front *en cœur*, will continue their vogue. The sleeves are not expected to alter except for their trimmings, and as these will be more a matter of fancy than a settled mode, we can say nothing respecting them till the season is farther advanced. Short trains, which had made some progress last season, will, it is expected, be very generally adopted this winter; and there is some talk of the introduction of hoops, but we have every reason to believe that this report is premature.

Turbans, particularly of the Jewish kind, are coming much into favour. Some are composed of crape, others of gauze, and we have seen a few, but very few, of cashmere. Ostrich feathers, which are generally shaded, and birds-of-paradise, are the ornaments employed for turbans. Fashionable colours are red currant colour, crimson, lavender, dark and light grey, and different shades of brown, yellow and rose.

PARIS FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

MORNING CONCERT DRESS.—The robe is composed of one of the new striped and figured silks, the front of the skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with *bouillonnes* arranged in a new form; the *corsage* opening before in the heart stile, and high be-





hind, is made with a falling collar bordered with *bouillonnee*, four rows of which also ornaments the top of the sleeve. The head-dress is a pale pink *chapeau demi capote*, a horizontal crown, and rather deep brim: the trimming consists of a tasteful intermixture of ribbon and lace.

DINNER DRESS.—Short velvet robe, amber and black, *corsage en demi cœur*; the back plain, the front descending in full folds. Victoria sleeve trimmed with black lace; a trimming of lace, intermixed with knots of ribbon, descends down one side of the skirt, and a row of lace encircles the border. Point lace collar. White satin hat, the brim decorated inside with dahlias, inserted in blond lace: the crown is ornamented with a blond lace drapery, and a sprig of flowers.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

Our fair wanderers begin to return to their *chere* Paris; how, indeed, can they stay away from it at a moment so important as that of deciding upon their winter toilettes? Mantles and shawls are the order of the day. We may cite, as the most elegant of the latter, those of *peluche glatee*, it is black and fin colour, of a large size, and pointed; another, still more *distingue*, is composed of figured velvet, *marron glace de noir*. Those of satin, trimmed with bias bands of velvet *chinee*, though much less expensive, are nevertheless very elegant, and in very general request. All are of an extremely large size, wadded and lined with satin, or *gros de Naples*. Another kind of shawl, which, as far as the form is concerned, is the most novel of any, is the shawl mantle; they are the same form as the others, and are composed either of satin or velvet, but there are two large folds arranged on each side, which answer in some degree the purpose of sleeves. These shawls may be stiled a very commodious *juste milieu* between the shawl and the mantle for walking dress, as they have all the comfort of the one with the lightness of the other.

As to mantles, those for *neglige* afford us little room for observation or description; they are of the usual form, composed of either silk or woollen materials, figured or striped, with a very large pelerine, either rounded or pointed behind. Those for carriage and evening dress are extremely elegant;

some are of black satin, made short, but extremely full, with the collar and trimming of velvet *chinee*, a material which has very much the effect of ermine. Others of plaided *pou de soie*, ponceau and green squares of a very large size; these mantles are long and very ample, they are lined with red, and trimmed all round with a rich bullion party-coloured fringe, corresponding with the mantle; a large pelerine of silk, and a smaller one of velvet, are trimmed *en suite*.

Felt hats and bonnets are, for the moment, very much in request; it is, however, a mere fancy, which probably will not last long, but as it is at once light and warm, it is well calculated for an autumnal bonnet; those of pearl grey are in very great favour, they are trimmed with silk cords and tassels to correspond, or knots of ribbon with bouquets of flat feathers, &c.

Velours glace and *velours epingle glace*, are and will continue to be the favourite materials for hats and bonnets; the brims of both have a good deal diminished in width, but not in length. The ornaments are velvet flowers, or short bouquets of feathers. Some few black satin bonnets have appeared, and we think are likely to continue their vogue during the winter; they are drawn, edged with *ruches*, and trimmed on one side with black lace, intermingled in a very novel manner with sprigs of small flowers in very vivid colours.

Velvet *velours epingle*, fancy silks, and satins, with a great variety of taffetas, *gros de Tours*, levantines, and *poults de soie*, have appeared for dinner and evening dress. We may cite, among the most splendid of these materials, satins of a dark ground, with a rich pattern in gold colour; these robes trimmed with gold blond lace, will have a magnificent effect.

Turban caps will continue their vogue in evening dress: so also will small dress hats; these latter, indeed, seem as if they never would go out of fashion: one that struck us as particularly elegant is of *groseille* velvet, trimmed with a single white ostrich feather, which droops upon the shoulder. The colours in request are *groseille* ponceau, violet, Spanish brown, lavender, and pearl grey, rose, and different shades of yellow.



THE DOOMED SHIP.*

A LEGEND OF THE ATLANTIC.

LIGHTLY the south wind kissed the sea,
 As it slept in deep tranquillity,
 And the crescent moon was bathed in light,
 Like a silver loop of the curtained night,
 And the stars were twinkling bright and high,
 Like human eyes, in the ample sky.

* Among the superstitions which prevailed in the colonies, during the early times of the settlements, there seems to have been a singular one about the phantom ships. The superstitious fancies of men are always apt to turn upon those objects which concern their daily occupations. The solitary ship, which, from year to year, came like a raven in the wilderness, bringing to the inhabitants of a settlement the comforts of life from the world from which they were cut off, was apt to be present to their dreams, whether sleeping or waking. The accidental sight from shore of a sail gliding along the horizon in those, as yet, lonely seas, was apt to be a matter of much talk and speculation. There is mention made by one of the early New England writers, of a ship navigated by witches, with a great horse that stood by the main-mast. I have met with another story, somewhere, of a ship that drove on shore, in fair, sunny, tranquil weather, with sails all set, and a table spread in the cabin, as if to regale a number of guests, yet not a living being on board. These phantom ships always sailed in the eye of the wind, or ploughed their way with great velocity, making the smooth sea foam before their bows, when not a breath of air was stirring.—*Washington Irving*.

L. 38. 2.

U

Along the shore of the beautiful bay,
The Kazie ploughed on her stately way;
The spray was dashed from her cleaving prow,
And fell like gems to the waves below,
And the mariners laughed with joy to see
The track she left on her foaming lee.

Time glowed on its axle. Away, like light,
The hours had fled in their traceless flight.
The ship had entered the heaving main,
And sullenly ploughed the untrodden plain.
The sailors slept; but the face of the sky
Was darkened by clouds that were coming nigh,
And the vessel rocked to the rising swell,
And the sails flapped loose, or idly fell,
And the helmsman's brow grew troubled fast,
At the giant clouds went driving past.

* * * *

Now, as far on the sea as the sight could lie,
Where the ocean joined to the stooping sky,
Seen dim through the mist like the moon in her wane,
Strange gleamings of light flashed again and again.
A moment—the blood, like electrical light,
Rushes back on the heart—the doom'd ship is in sight!
And up to the sky went a shrieking of fear,
As the light on her quarter flashed fearfully near.

Ah! well may the gray-haired seaman tell
The tale of that vessel he knows so well;
That the spirits of some who were murderers at sea,
On the deck of that ship are known to be,
With a sense of life and a perishing thirst,
On the sight of the living in storm they burst,
For ever in chase, with a fearful way,
Of relief for whose coming they may not stay.

* * * *

Nearer, still nearer, their shouts are heard;
They are chasing a ship with the speed of a bird:
The furrow is deep in the waters they sever—
And the ship they pursue has gone down for ever!

On came the prison of souls to view,
Enveloped in clouds of a fiery hue;

Her bellying sails gave way to the blast,
And bent the lithe topsail and stately mast,
While in strong relief on the lucid glow,
Was painted each spar of the "mariners' foe."
On—fearfully on!—the warm blood froze,
As the shriek of undying thirst arose—
An instant—she passed! and the trough of the sea
Received the trim form of the gallant Kazie,
Another—and like the fleet swallow that flings
On the blue summer heaven his rapturous wings,
The gallant Kazie to the waters leant,
And sprang on her course like a shaft well sent.
The mariners still, with a trembling lip,
Tell the stirring tale of the fated ship;
Yet still do they venture abroad on the sea,
And tread the trim decks of the gallant Kazie.

THE KING OF THE PEAK.

A DERBYSHIRE TALE.—BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

(Concluded from page 188.)

"There is wondrous little pleasure in describing a feast of which we have not partaken; so pass we on to the time when the fair dames retired, and the red wine in cups of gold, and the ale in silver flagons, shone and sparkled as they passed from hand to lip beneath the blaze of seven massy lamps. The knights toasted their mistresses, the retainers told their exploits, and the minstrels with harp and tongue made music and song abound. The gentles struck their drinking vessels on the table till they rang again; the menials stamped with the heels of their ponderous boots on the solid floor; while the hounds, imagining they heard the call to the chace, leaped up, and bayed in hoarse but appropriate chorus.

"The ladies now reappeared, in the side galleries, and overlooked the scene of festivity below. The loveliest of many counties were there; but the fairest was a young maid of middle size, in a dress disencumbered of ornament, and possessed of one of those free and graceful forms which may be met with in other counties, but for which our own Derby-

shire alone is famous. Those who admired the grace of her person were no less charmed with her simplicity and natural meekness of deportment. Nature did much for her, and art strove in vain to rival her with others; while health, that handmaid of beauty, supplied her eye and her cheek with the purest light and the freshest roses. Her short and rosy upper-lip was slightly curled, with as much of maiden sanctity, perhaps, as pride; her white high forehead was shaded with locks of sunny brown, while her large and dark hazel eyes beamed with free and unaffected modesty. Those who observed her close, might see her eyes, as she glanced about, sparkling for a moment with other lights, but scarce less holy than those of devotion and awe. Of all the knights present, it was impossible to say who inspired her with those love-fits of flushing joy and delirious agitation; each hoped himself the happy person; for none could look on Dora Vernon without awe and love. She leaned her white bosom, shining through the veil which shaded it, near one of the minstrels harps; and looking round on the presence, her eyes grew brighter as she looked; at least so vowed the knights, and so sang the minstrel.

"All the knights arose when Dora Vernon appeared. 'Fill all your wine-cups, knights,' said Sir Lucas Peverel, 'Fill them to the brim,' said Sir Henry Avenel. 'And drain them out, were they deeper than the Wye,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon. 'To the health of the Princess of the Peak,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish. 'To the health of Dora Vernon,' said Sir Hugh de Wodensley: 'beauty is above titles; she is the loveliest maiden a knight ever looked on, with the sweetest name too.' 'And yet, Sir Knight,' said Peverel, filling his cup, 'I know one who thinks so humbly of the fair name of Vernon, as to wish it charmed into that of De Wodensley.' 'He is not master of a spell so profound,' said Avenel. 'And yet he is master of his sword,' answered De Wodensley, with a darkening brow. 'I counsel him to keep it in its sheath,' said Cavendish, 'lest it prove a wayward servant.' 'I will prove its service on thy bosom where and when thou wilt, Lord of Chatsworth,' said De Wodensley. 'Lord of Derley,' answered Cavendish, 'It is a tempting moonlight, but there is a charm over Haddon tonight, it would be unseemly to dispel. To-morrow, I meet

Lord John Manners to try whose hawk has the fairer flight, and whose love the whiter hand. That can be soon seen; for who has so fair a hand as the love of young Rutland? I shall be found by Durwood-Tor, when the sun is three hours up, with my sword drawn—there's my hand on't, De Woddensley;' and he wrung the knight's hand till the blood seemed startling from beneath his finger nails.

" 'By the saints, Sir Knights,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon, 'you may as well beard one another about the love of "some bright particular star and think to wed it," as the wild wizard of Warwick says, as quarrel about this unattainable love. Harken, minstrels; while we drain our cups to this beauteous lass, sing some of you a kindly love-strain, wondrously mirthful and melancholy. Here's a cup of Rhenish, and a good gold Harry in the bottom on't, for the minstrel who pleases me.' The minstrels laid their hands on the strings, and a sound was heard like the swarming of bees before summer thunder. 'Sir Knight,' said one 'I will sing ye, Cannie Johnie Armstrong, with all the seventeen variations.' 'He was hanged for cattle stealing,' answered the knight, 'I'll have none of him.' 'What say you to Dick of the Cow, or the Harper of Lochmaben?' said another, with something of a tone of diffidence. 'What! you northern knaves, can you sing of nothing but theivery and jail-breaking?' 'Perhaps your knightship,' humbly suggested a third, 'may have a turn for the supernatural, and I'm thinking the Fairy Legend of young Tamlane is just the thing that suits your fancy.' 'I like the naïvete of the young lady very much,' answered the knight, 'but the fair dames of Derbyshire prize the charms of lovers with flesh and blood, before the gayest Elfin-knight that ever ran a course from Carlisle to Caerlaverock.'—'What would your worship say to William of Cloudesley?' said a Cumberland minstrel, 'or to the Friar of Orders Grey?' said a harper from the halls of the Percys.

" 'Minstrels,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish, the invention of sweet and gentle poesy is dead among you. Every churl in the Peak can chant us these beautiful but common ditties. Have you nothing new for the honour of the sacred calling of verse, and the beauty of Dora Vernon? Fellow—harper,—what's your name? you with the long hair and the green

mantle,' said the knight, beckoning to a young minstrel who sat with his harp held before him, and his face half buried in his mantle's fold ; ' come, touch your strings and sing ; I'll wager my gold-hilted sword against that peasant feather in thy cap, that thou hast a new and a gallant strain ; for I have seen thee measure more than once the form of fair Dora Vernon with a ballad-maker's eye.—Sing, man, sing.'

"The young minstrel, as he bowed his head to this singular mode of quest, blushed from brow to bosom ; nor were the face and neck of Dora Vernon without an acknowledgment of how deeply she sympathized in his embarrassment. A finer instrument, a truer hand, or a more sweet and manly voice, hardly ever united to lend grace to rhyme.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

Last night a proud page came to me ;
 Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free ;
 The moon is up at midnight hour,
 All mute and lonely is the bower ;
 To rouse the deer, my lord is gone,
 And his fair daughter's all alone,
 As lily fair, and as sweet to see ;
 Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

The stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon,
 O'er Chataworth hill gleam'd brightly down,
 And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,
 With love and joy blush'd deeply red.
 Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,
 A whisper'd vow and a gentle kiss ;
 And one of those long looks, which earth
 With all its glory is not worth.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,
 The smiling brook flow'd gentlier by ;
 Life, fly thou on, I'll mind that hour
 Of sacred love in greenwood bower ;
 Let seas between us swell and sound,
 Still at her name my heart shall bound ;
 Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,
 To sooth me and to charm my sleep.

“ ‘Fellow,’ said Sir Ralph Cavendish, ‘thou hast not shamed my belief of thy skill; keep that piece of gold, and drink thy cup of wine in quiet, to the health of the lass who inspired thy strain, be she lordly, or be she low.’ The minstrel seated himself, and the interrupted mirth recommenced, which was not long to continue. When the minstrel began to sing, the King of the Peak fixed his large and searching eyes on his person, with a scrutiny from which nothing could escape, and which called a flush of apprehension to the face of his daughter Dora. Something like a cloud came upon his brow at the first verse, which, darkening down through the second, became as dark as a December night at the close of the third, when rising, and motioning Sir Ralph Cavendish to follow, he retired into the recess of the southern window.

“ ‘Sir Knight,’ said the lord of Haddon, ‘thou art the sworn friend of John Manners, and well thou knowest what his presumption dares at, and what are the lets between him and me. *Cavendo tutus!* ponder on thy own motto well.— ‘Let seas between us swell and sound:’—let his song be prophetic, for Derbyshire,—for England has no river deep enough and broad enough to preserve him from a father’s sword, whose peace he seeks to wound.’ ‘Knight of Haddon,’ said Sir Ralph, ‘John Manners is indeed my friend; and the friend of a Cavendish can be no mean person; a braver and a better spirit never aspired after beauty.’ ‘Sir Knight,’ said the King of the Peak, ‘I court no man’s counsel; hearken to my words. Look at the moon’s shadow on Haddon dial; there it is beside the casement; the shadow falls short of twelve, If it darkens the midnight hour, and John Manners be found here, he shall be cast fettered, neck and heel, into the deepest dungeon of Haddon.’

“ All this passed not unobserved of Dora Vernon, whose fears and affections divined immediate mischief from the calm speech and darkened brow of her father. Her heart sank within her when he beckoned her to withdraw; she followed him into the great tapestried room. ‘My daughter,—my love, Dora,’ said the not idle fears of a father, ‘wine has done more than its usual good office with the wits of our guests to-night; they look on thee with bolder eyes, and speak of thee with a bolder tongue, than a father can

wish. Retire, therefore, to thy chamber. One of thy wisest attendants shall be thy companion.—Adieu, my love, till sunrise!’ He kissed her white temples and white brow; and Dora clung to his neck, and sobbed in his bosom;—while the secret of her heart rose near her lips. He returned to his guests, and mirth and music, and the march of the wine-cup, recommenced with a vigour which promised reparation for the late intermission.

“The chamber, or rather temporary prison, of Dora Vernon, was nigh the cross-bow room, and had a window which looked out on the terraced garden, and the extensive chace towards the hill of Haddon. All that side of the hall lay in deep shadow, and the moon, sunk to the very summit of the western heath, threw a level and a farewell beam over river and tower. The young lady of Haddon seated herself in the recessed window, and lent her ear to every sound, and her eye to every shadow that flitted over the garden and chace. Her attendant maiden—shrewd, demure, and suspicious, of the ripe age of thirty—yet of a merry pleasant look, which had its admirers—sat watching every motion with the eye of an owl.

“It was past midnight, when a foot came gliding along the passage, and a finger gave three slight scratches on the door of the chamber. The maid went out, and after a brief conference suddenly returned, red with blushes from ear to ear. ‘Oh, my lady!’ said the trusty maiden,—‘oh, my sweet young lady,—here’s that poor young lad—ye know his name—who gave me three yards of crimson ribbon, to trim my peach-bloom mantle, last Bakewell fair. An honestest or a kinder heart never kept a promise; and yet I may not give him the meeting. Oh, my young lady, my sweet young lady, my beautiful young lady, could you not stay here for half an hour by yourself?’ Ere her young mistress could answer, the notice of the lover’s presence was renewed. The maiden again went—whispers were heard—and the audible salutation of lips; she again returned more resolute than ever to oblige her lover. ‘Oh, my lady—my young lady; if ye ever hope to prosper in true love yourself—spare me but one half hour with this harmless kind lad. He has come seven long miles to see my fair face, he says;—and, oh, my lady, he has a handsome face of his own.—Oh, never let it be

said that Dora Vernon sundered true lovers!—but I see consent written in your own lovely face—so I shall run—and, oh, my lady, take care of your own sweet handsome self, when your faithful Nan's away.' And the maiden retired with her lover.

"It was half an hour after midnight, when one of the keepers of the chace, as he lay beneath a holly bush listening, with a prolonged groan, to the audible voice of revelry in the hall, from which his duty had lately excluded him, happened to observe two forms approaching; one of low stature, a light step, and muffled in a common mantle:—the other with the air, and in the dress, of a forester—a sword at his side, and pistols in his belt. The ale and the wine had invaded the keeper's brain, and impaired his sight; yet he roused himself up with a hiccup and a 'hilloah,' and 'where go ye, my masters?' The lesser form whispered to the other—who immediately said, 'Jasper Jugg, is this you? Heaven be praised, I have found you so soon;—here's that north country pedlar, with his beads and blue ribbon—he has come and whistled out pretty Nan Malkin, the lady's favourite, and the lord's trusty maid.' I left them under the terrace, and came to tell you."

"The enraged keeper scarce heard this account of the faithlessness of his love to an end,—he started off with the swiftness of one of the deer which he watched, making the boughs crash, as he forced his way through bush and glade direct for the hall, vowing desertion to the girl, and destruction to the pedlar. 'Let us hasten our steps, my love,' said the lesser figure, in a sweet voice; and unmantling as she spoke, turned back, to the towers of Haddon, the fairest face that ever left them—the face of Dora Vernon herself. 'My men and my horses are nigh, my love,' said the taller figure; and taking a silver call from his pocket, he imitated the sharp shrill cry of the plover; then, turning round, he stood and gazed to Haddon, scarcely darkened by the setting of the moon, for the festal lights flashed from turret and casement, and the sound of mirth and revelry rang with augmenting din. 'Ah, fair and stately Haddon,' said Lord John Manners, 'little dost thou know, thou hast lost thy jewel from thy brow—else thy lights would be dimmed, thy mirth would turn to wailing, and swords would be flashing from thy por-

tals in all the haste of hot pursuit. Farewell, for a while, fair tower, farewell for a while. I shall return, and bless the time I harped among thy menials and sang of my love—and charmed her out of thy little chamber window.’ Several armed men now came suddenly down from the hill of Haddon, horses richly caparisoned were brought from among the trees of the chace, and the ancestors of the present family of Rutland sought shelter, for a time, in a distant land, from the wrath of the King of the Peak.”

THE HEIRESS.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired little girl, used to sit, in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite to my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred sonnets, and tell over as many tales in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and reported to be rich. Often and often, I sat, after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquillity steal over my own bosom. Such was Eliza Huntly when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I had been absent from the city, when, walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman, and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend who was by my side, pulled my elbow,—Do you not remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived together in Walnut-street?—I did remember—it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romances; and at last she acted out a neat romance herself. She came out into the gay circles of life under the auspices of her guardians. It was said by some she was rich—very rich; but the amount of her wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however, the current, and as was generally believed, well founded report, was sufficient

to draw around her many admirers, and, among the number, not a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlight parlour, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a playful humour happened not to have the ascendancy, she put on a serious face, told him she was honoured by his preference, but that there was one matter which she wished well understood, before, by giving a reply, she bound him to his promise.

"Perhaps you may have thought me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labour under a mistake on that point; I am worth eighteen hundred dollars—"

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started, as if electrified; "Eighteen hundred dollars," he repeated, in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprize; "yes ma'am," said he awkwardly, "I did understand you was worth a great deal more—but—"

"No, sir," she replied; "no excuses or apologies; think about what I have told you—you are embarrassed now; answer me another time;" and rising, she bid him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went next day to her guardians, to enquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too came from one who had succeeded to a large portion of her esteem; but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found a like result. He, too, left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She some time after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timorous diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check him in his hopes, and in process of time he made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent; it is to virtue, worth, and beauty, said he, that I pay my court; not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth

more than gold. She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married ; and after the union was solemnized, she made him master of her fortune with herself. " I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars," said she to him ; but " I have never said how much more ; and I never hope to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

It was actually so ; but still her husband often tells her that in herself he possesses a far more noble fortune.

J.O.

THE SABBATH BELL.

It is a bliss which none may tell
To listen to the Sabbath bell,
As o'er the earth it breathes along,
In pleasant chime, its morning song.

Beats there a heart which doth not feel
Some throb responding to the peal ?
Some thought of moments past away—
Of scenes still touched by Memory's ray ?

Sweet Sabbath bell ! thy joyous strain
Bears back my soul to youth again,
When 'mid the loved—the lost—I found
No thrill but Pleasure's at the sound.

And many a Sabbath sun uprose
To light the happy steps of those
Who trod, with me, the woodland road
That leads unto thy blest abode.

But all are gone ! I stand alone,
Pining away, and weary grown ;
I hear the lay which once they loved—
Too dear to leave my soul unmoved !

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell !
Still kind to me, thy matin's swell ;
And when from earthly things I part,
Sigh o'er my grave, and lull my heart !

Cork.

ENDYMION.

PETER THE GREAT, AND THE SHIPWRECK.

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

His name alone contains a volume of noble matter, but perhaps no history of that extraordinary man, and yet more extraordinary monarch, could convey so perfect an idea of his character, as the little circumstance we are about to relate. It is connected, too, with a magnificent tribute to his memory, erected by a princess not unworthy of having been engrafted into a family manifestly ordained by Providence to preside over an empire constituted of many distant and differently mannered people, with that patriarchal sovereignty which reduces the fierce to wholesome subjection, draws the wild to ameliorating civilization, and, planting industry with a noble emulation amongst all orders, gradually transforms a rude multitude into a great nation.

Such was the view of the Tzar Peter, when, at the age of seventeen, he found his inheritance filled nearly one quarter of the globe; and yet he had not a disciplined soldier to defend its frontiers, nor a ship on the sea; nor a merchant, to tell the tale of a traveller, and excite the ambition of his fellow-subjects how to render their country equal in consequence, in a political sense, with the vast extent of territory it occupied.—But to do all this, Peter determined,—and to do it in person! He laid aside his rank for awhile, and, leaving a regency behind him, travelled into foreign countries to seek whatever might advantage his own. In Holland he learnt how to become a merchant; in England, how to construct a navy; in Germany he studied the military art; and in every one he worked himself, till he became master of all they could teach, by the sweat of his own brow. And, returning to Russia, full of the commission of paternal sovereignty he had been acquiring the means to perform, he spread its adjoining seas with his fleets; he covered its shores with commerce; he filled its wide wildernesses with populous cities, and an active peasantry; he disciplined native armies, to protect the whole; and, when he died, he bequeathed this noble platform for a glorious empire to his descendants to complete, and the blessings of twenty-seven millions of people to unction their imperial crown.

L. 38. 2.

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It was to commemorate this new founding in the west, of the once great Scythian empire in the east—and on the rock of a patriotic sovereignty!—that the Empress Catherine II. (who had married, and succeeded the grandson of Peter the Great) in the midst of her splendid reign, gave directions to have a superb statue erected in the most conspicuous part of the city of Saint Petersburg, in honour of her illustrious predecessor and example. Its situation was to be in the grand square called Saint Isaac's, which is open to the Neva in front. The figure of the monarch was to be placed on horseback, on the summit of a high rock; while the noble animal should appear proudly rearing, as if obeying the impulse of his master's mind, who, extending his right arm forwards, shows all was not yet accomplished which he had designed for the mighty progress of his country.

During the setting up of the work, it was concealed from public inspection, by a wooden enclosure; which, when the whole was finished, was to be knocked at once asunder, and, falling to the earth, show forth the father of Russia to his people. And so it was; but as the little tale attached to the incident is connected also with the moment of his statue being displayed to the world, we shall describe a few features of that scene, as they were related to us by an eyewitness.

On the memorable day of the work's completion, Catherine II. surrounded by her court, took a station admirably calculated for beholding, at one glance, the glorious monument she had commanded to be raised. A line of troops intervened between the stage of action and the populace, leaving a wide unoccupied space betwixt it and the platform where the empress sat. At a signal by the discharge of a cannon, and amidst the clarion of drums and trumpets, the scaffolding which concealed the work, fell flat to the ground. A general shout rent the air; and while all eyes were fixed on the noble piece of sculpture which seemed ready to spring from its rock amidst them, a venerable looking person burst suddenly through the ranks of the soldiers, and, rushing towards the towering pedestal, prostrated himself before it. The confusion so strange an incident produced, immediately excited Catherine's attention, and she sent to inquire into the cause. In a few moments, the object of the tumult was

brought before her—a grey-headed, but athletic old man, habited in a seaman's uniform of the time when the naval victories of the emperor she now commemorated, astonished and claimed the admiration of all Europe.

"Who art thou?—What art thou?" demanded her majesty, in a gracious encouraging voice; for large drops of tears were then rolling down his rough cheeks.

"I am an old seaman of my master, Peter the Great, yonder," answered he;—"I served many years under his command; and, with his own hand, he pulled me from a watery grave! To-day I heard that I might see his face again, even in that image, and, beholding it, I could not but throw myself at his feet.—Oh, had I breathed out the life there, that has so long survived him, I should have been happy; for, under God, he gave me all!"

The empress, with tears in her own eyes, turned to the nobleman near her who had charge of the marine-pensions, and asked, reprovingly, why she had not heard of this venerable person before?

"Ah, heaven bless your majesty!" interrupted the old man, "none here are to blame for my obscurity: more than sixty years have past since I came in the way of the court's great officers: I have lived, from the day of my revered master's funeral, on the spot his last act for me has made holy to me and mine; and, but for this great occasion, I should never have mingled with a crowd again. All whom I knew in this city when I saw him stike its first pile into the earth, are gone down into their graves; and what should I do amongst men that cannot remember him?"

The empress was much struck by the old seaman's energetic simplicity; that very simplicity impressing her with its truth; and, investigation amongst certain registers of the times he referred to, putting his veracity beyond a doubt, she settled an honourable pension upon his family; and the humble but true historiographer was often brought to be an inmate of the palace, where he daily became a more and more cherished favourite of every member of the imperial family until the hour of his own death, which did not happen till the year 1796, when his age exceeded a hundred. Over and over again, as Robinson Crusoe might have been expected to have been solicited to recite his adventures, had he

been brought in his own proper person, that of Alexander Selkirk, to be a venerated guest in the private chambers of British royalty!—so did the Nestor-like Resen (for that was the Russian veteran's name) sit amongst the eagerly listening youthful descendants of his imperial master (they would not allow his aged limbs to stand), and recount his own story and the nobler annals connected with it.

He had been born of foreign parents, who, from some family circumstances, had settled themselves as fishers in that part of the coast which borders on the Gulf of Finland, near the mouth of the river Neva; and his native village was called Lachta. When a boy, he followed the business of his father, and was regarded by his contemporaries as the boldest fisher in the gulf; but being of a brave, as well as venturous spirit, he gladly joined some equally daring young men, and set forth to seek his fortune along more enterprising shores. Russia had not a ship on the Baltic at that time; but in the dock-yards of England, to which the genius of his country seemed to have led him some years afterwards, he met, though then unknown to him, the young tzar, the future father of the navies of Russia! But he appeared to Resen to be no more than a Muscovite boyard (or private gentleman)—a Mr. Peter Michaelow—zealous, like himself, to learn the way of winning a good seaman's laurels, and to carry them back full and flourishing to his country. From that hour, he attached himself to the pursuits and fortune of his future sovereign, before he knew him to be such; and thence became his faithful follower by land and water, through the perils of his exploring voyages along the Archangel coasts; through all his glorious expeditions from shore to shore across the Baltic and Black seas; and he could even tell of the cold Caspian and the perpetual fires of Bakou, which owned the flag of Peter.

But in all these histories, there were three points which most particularly engaged the attention of one of the imperial listeners, who loved to draw near the venerable narrator, and call again and again on him for those tales of other times. The first was, when Peter, one day inspecting the foundations of St. Petersburg, took the mallet from the hand of a workman, who, he observed, was continuing his exertions to complete his day's labour, though seized with sudden illness;

and the monarch finished the task himself. By this act, warning his overseers to attend to the condition of the labourers, and not to work them beyond their power; and yet showing them, that, when able, every man, from the highest to the lowest, was expected to do his duty.

The second incident that most peculiarly delighted the young inquirer, was, when Peter, crowned with victory on the taking of Narva by assault, entered the hall of the town-house, then crowded with the inhabitants who had flown thither for brief refuge, and laying his blood-dyed sword on the table before them, exclaimed—"Behold! This is not the blood of your people, but of my own soldiers, whom I have slain to save the lives of the citizens of Narva!"

Resen was with him when he besieged that town by sea and land. And when taking it at last by storm, his revengeful troops, remembering how many of them had been made prisoners by Charles XII. in sight of its walls, began to pillage and murder without mercy, utterly neglectful of the czar's repeated commands to the contrary, for the greater part of them were the foreigners of his army; therefore, he could only throw himself before their headlong fury, and often it would have been in vain, had not his own sword hewn down the determined arm of massacre.

The third narrative that made the princely heart which sought it, beat and glow, was as follows—and Resen told it, never without the blessings and the tears with which grateful affection embalms the memory of its benefactors.

He described himself as being in the prime of his own manhood, when he returned with his sovereign from the last of his triumphs in the east; but Peter brought back with him the painful effects of an old wound he had formerly neglected; and while in the full enjoyment of the peace and prosperity he had spread over the many nations of his empire, (which had changed his ancient hereditary title of czar to the more universal one of emperor,) the latent injury broke out afresh, and confined him for several months to his chamber. At length the cure seemed made; and, supposing himself equal to some of his former active pursuits, he went on board one of his yachts, and proceeded to the Ladoga lake, where he visited one of the new works on its banks; from thence, finding that the little voyage had enlivened his

spirits, and, he said, "done him good!" instead of disembarking at St. Petersburg, he sailed down the Neva to the open sea of the gulf; meaning to land at Lachta, (Resen's native village,) and then take horse, to view some manufactories, and a military station he had lately established at a place called Sisterback, not far distant.

The day had been fine; but on drawing towards evening, the weather suddenly changed, and, it being November, it was deemed prudent the emperor should hasten to shore. The boat was put out, and he landed; but he had scarcely set his foot on the beach, where he was reverentially met by the inhabitants of the village, who had thronged forward at sight of the yacht, before the storm burst at once, as from the bottom of the sea, and the clouds above it. The waves rose, and raged against the high jagged rocks of the coast: and the wind roared from the wild sky, like cannonades, or thunder. In a few minutes, a black, shadowy curtain seemed let down over the tremendous scene Peter had left behind him; but he turned to look on it, for he thought he heard the voice of men mingling with the yell of the tempest; and the veil of elemental horrors was not so thick as to prevent his anxious gaze descriing a boat that was to have followed him from the yacht, with some soldiers returning to Sisterback, and a few seamen to guide it. He saw it struggling against the surge that was driving it towards the furious breakers, with a desperation that showed the men within knew not what to do.

"Oh!" continued Resen, "can I ever forget that moment! The emperor saw the boat dashed on a shoal, and the sea bursting over it mountains high. He instantly despatched a stout little vessel that lay near where he had landed, with a proper complement of fresh hands, to go to the assistance of the soldiers. But he soon perceived that these intended pilots were either too terrified to press forward with all the skill they could, or were really incapable of managing their vessel so as to extricate the other from jeopardy!"

The poor men in the yacht-boat he could discern were now almost exhausted by fatigue; and in despair when they saw the shore-vessel kept aloof from them, a cry, as of perishing nature, escaped some of them. At this, Peter sprung into his own boat; and calling on them to follow him who

had hearts to dare for their brethren. Resen was among the foremost. By the united impulse of an energy like his own, they soon drew towards the sufferers as near as the breakers there would allow; but the emperor still finding himself too far off to be of the requisite use to them—for it was an experienced guide through those rocks and shoals they needed—plunged into the boiling sea; and his arm, and the all-sustaining arm of a Mightier! soon found him a way into the perishing boat.

“Oh, what a sight for that little crew!” cried Resen, “who had seen themselves given up for lost, and abandoned by their very comrades!—to see their sovereign, the Emperor of all the Russias, risking his own life for theirs! I myself had beheld him, while in the sea by his side, for I had followed my adored master when he jumped overboard—I beheld him sink, and rise, and sink again under the whelming waves, in his swimming passage to their boat: and I beheld no more, till my ear heard, as if waked from the dead, the shout of the despairing men, as if an angel had descended amongst them, when he sprung into their vessel—and dragged me, almost insensible, over its stern with him!”

Resen could never proceed from this point of his narrative, without giving a pause to the flood-gates of his heart. Suffice it then to say, that the piloting knowledge of their sovereign, united with his manual skill and activity, recalled the simultaneous exertions of every one around him; and, that his life was with them, now redoubled every sinewy pull. Resen, too, was soon rallied to the useful powers, which the idea that his master had suuk to rise no more had alone taken from him; and the boat so manned, was rapidly got off the shoal into navigable water; and, in a few minutes afterwards, brought safely to shore by its happy monarch.

He was received there no longer like the mere prince—no longer like the sovereign alone, who had made his empire great and his people prosperous. It was something dearer than these high vice-gerents of heaven they now saw before them; they beheld, indeed, the father of Russia, who had saved the wives of these men from becoming widows—their children from being orphans; and had preserved joy and peace in the cottages of humble industry; where, but for

him, in another hour, there would have been desolation and lasting distress!

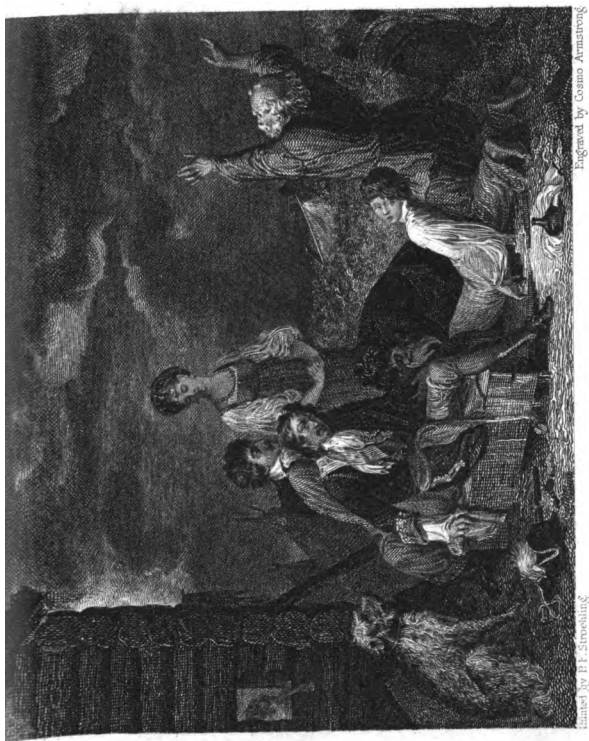
Resen's own father and mother, and beloved sister, had thronged with the rest down to the beach; and when they saw that dear, and long-wandered, and but so lately-restored relative rescued before their eyes, by the hand of the heroic monarch, after whose example he had so endangered himself in the cause of humanity, they forgot every ceremonial of man which would divide the grateful spirit from approaching that of its benefactor.

The old fisherman, from whom his dauntless follower had drawn his first breath, threw himself at the feet of the emperor, and embraced the hand that had given him back his son. His young and tender daughter, who felt her fraternal heart turn to none as it did to her brother, could not express her gratitude; but, awe-struck in the attempt, fainted on the bosom of her venerable grandfather. The mother of Resen trembled under her sacred joy, and could not come forward. Peter looked on the group, and then he looked to heaven. The soul of Resen, too, was prostrate before his God.

"May the greatest of blessings the God of goodness can bestow on man, be poured on this gracious head!" was the cry of the multitude, when the door of the fisherman's hut closed upon their emperor in Lachta; and every member of the happy family hastened to bring clothes to cover their beloved monarch, while his own, which the sea had drenched, were drying. And so the night passed away.

The yacht, meanwhile, had found shelter from the severity of the storm, behind a headland not far distant; and in the morning, with the crew which had remained in it, appeared in front of the beach, to carry back its sovereign to St. Petersburg. But how did it find him? Had the prayers of pious gratitude prevailed in a manner they wotted not of? Did the earth no longer deserve this patriotic prince? or had he fully performed his commission on it? and were the words pronounced—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

For—oh! the mystery of Providence!—notwithstanding the strictest care to avert ill consequences, the cold of the water at such a season, and the anxiety of his mind during



Engraved by Cosmo Armstrong

THE ACTORS OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Painted by P. F. Strobbs

his bodily exertions, had brought on a relapse of his disease, accompanied by a fever ; which, before the vessel that conveyed him reached St. Petersburg, had reduced him to the most imminent danger.

On being carried into his palace, he was laid on a couch ; and Catherine I. an empress worthy of his bosom, though her own birth-place had been a peasant's cottage, watched by his pillow day and night, her soul, in prayer, attendant on the unwearied services of her body, which took no rest. But her stay on earth was to be taken from her. He might, indeed, bequeath her his imperial crown ; but it was the imperial heart that was the empire she prized ; and a few years proved it. Meanwhile he, Peter the Great, the mighty Emperor of all the Russias, closed his eyes on all sublunary grandeur ; his " good deeds alone following him " into that grave, where the poorest soldier, and the greatest prince, alike await the last trumpet of the Captain of their salvation.

" Yes ! " exclaimed the old seaman, " it was in the first month of the year 1725, soon after the *blessing of the waters on the Neva*,—at which sacred anniversary the severity of his illness would not allow him to be present,—that he resigned his earthly commission into the hands of Him who gave it. And well may I say, who knew him from the beginning of his reign to its end, that his life ceased as it had begun—a sacrifice for his people. And it spoke to all who mourned him, even from the tomb."

" And its voice is yet heard !—Resen ! " answered the prince, to whom he so often related the story.

" May it be so ! " returned the veteran ; " and I, who thus speak to his imperial descendant of the fourth generation, shal then feel that my days have been prolonged beyond my maser, even to behold the object of his prayers ;—that *Russia should never want a man to stand before the Lord, in the grace of His anointed, for ever !* "

The young prince bowed down his head in silence at this ; and the aged narrator proceeded—" But when I, a humble follower of his example, saw the gates of the grave shut upon him, what had I more to do with the great and the mighty ? I retired to my native village ;—I spared the old age of my father the perils of the ocean, in his precarious

trade; and, when he ceased to need my cares, then my sister, who had married and become a widow:—for her and her orphans, my little sail was spread and my net cast. And thus I abided, in the seclusion of memory and duty, till my master's image called me to his feet again; and now his children's children bless me and mine. O! then, has not that sacred voice spoken from the grave for me!" And the old man wept upon the hand of the prince, on which he had bent his grey hairs.

"Yes," replied the prince, "it has spoken—and for many. It does speak—and, with heaven's will, shall speak—to my heart and my soul, till I am called to where he is now? Father of them who trust in thee, hear my prayer!"

When the young heir of all the Russias uttered these last words, he had forgotten the presence of aught but the Divine Being to whom he addressed himself; and kneeling on the ground, with his hands closed upon his breast, and his eyes rivetted on the heavens, his spirit was, indeed, at the foot of the throne of his Maker; and it was not in the power of all the after-communications which the world and its ambitions pressed on him, to quench or dim the fire which then hallowed his lips. The map of Peter's life was then unrolled to him; and a fair parchment spread for his own.

And will not future history tell of the lands he traversed, to bring home the roots and the fruits of learning and science from them all? Will it not tell of schools, of colleges, of hospitals, of refuges for the desolate, he founded? Will it not show a vast empire of many nations ameliorated into one people by the Christian principles of universal brotherhood? Will it not exhibit the monarch also saving the lives of the meanest of his subjects at the peril of his own? At the tremendous inundation of the Gulf of Finland, when it met the overflowing of the Lake of Ladoga on the plain of the city of St. Petersburg, in the spring of 1825! just one hundred years after Peter the Great had so preserved one perishing crew not far from the mouth of the Neva; here, on its very banks, did Alexander the First, in a little boat, piloting it from point to point, save thousands of his people; and then gave them that shelter by his parental care which the wild waters had rent away. Indeed, it was then said,

and it is true, "that his hand and his heart were like the ark of God;" for the temple of the Christian's hope was in his bosom; and where that is, all must "be good."

But the prayer was yet to have its amen! And so it came to pass. He, too, was to be "gathered [to his people]"—"the just made perfect"—in the prime of his days! And his setting sun has left a bright track. Nor has a shadow yet eclipsed the golden road—on which the radiant characters are ever visible—"Behold! and do ye likewise!"

LINES FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

BY WILLIAM GASPEY.

"But those times are o'er
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more."
H. K. White.

Now Winter holds the earth in icy chains,
And in his sullen, cheerless grandeur reigns,
Young Summer now forsakes the frozen isle
Remoter climes to brighten with her smile;
And nought there blooms for Winter's rugged brow,
Save wreaths of holly and of mistletoe.

But though the rolling seasons of the year
So varied in their attributes appear,
There is not one among them we can name,
That is without its own peculiar claim;
And even Winter's desolate career
Records a day of universal cheer.

And ever hallowed be that day to man,
When, to complete Salvation's holy plan,
Jehovah sent his only Son below,
The powers of death and hell to overthrow;
Divine atonement to present for sin,
And the bright crown of martyrdom to win.

That festive day, how many a beauteous face
Home's happy circle in past years would grace,

How many a guileless and devoted heart
 Would in the evening's merriment take part,
 Whom ne'er may Christmas-day on earth again
 Welcome with greetings to the social train.

Still crack the glowing embers on the hearth,
 Still sounds the voice of carol and of mirth,
 Still opes the ancient hospitable door ;
 But at the joyous crowded board no more
 The loved companions of our youth appear,
 To keep the festival that crowns the year.

Few are the coming years ere we shall be
 Far from the halls of Christmas revelry ;
 Departed for that land—that self-same bourne,
 Where rest the friends o'er whose remains we mourn ;
 Where earth's said pilgrim casts his care away,
 And the soul knows an endless Christmas-day !

I'LL LOVE THEE EVER.

BY CHARLES MAY.

Clear, my life, that clouded brow,
 And let me see thee smile—
 Why should our parting pain thee so ?
 It is but for awhile.
 Say, can I slight so fond a heart,
 Believe me, never ?
 Hear my vow before we part,—
 I'll love thee ever !

Beauty's beaming eyes, sweet maid,
 To *smiles* may kindle mine—
 Yet deem not once thy love betrayed,
 Each *sigh* shall still be thine.
 For can I slight so fond a heart,
 Believe me, never !
 Hear my vow before we part,—
 I'll love thee ever !

SIR HENRY LEE AND THE PURITAN.

About mid-day in the month of September, in the memorable year 1652, a soldier entered, after a moment's hesitation, the ancient park of Woodstock, long celebrated as the scene of kingly sports, for no part of England abounded more in game than the ample woods of Oxford. The stranger, by the sanctified severity of his looks, no less than by the peculiar fashion of his dress, showed that he was an adherent of Oliver; and, although he evinced some respect for the place, he walked forward with the air of one privileged to indulge either his curiosity or that spirit of meditative piety which made the Puritans of the day enamoured of loneliness. He had not proceeded far down the shaded walk when he saw two persons, a male and female, approaching him. They were engaged in deep conversation, and the soldier, to avoid their observation, retired beneath one of the huge trees which skirted the path.

In the mean time, the gentleman and lady continued to advance, directing their course to a rustic seat, which still enjoyed the sun-beams, and was placed adjacent to the tree where the stranger was concealed.

The man was elderly, yet seemed bent more by sorrow and infirmity, than by the weight of years. He wore a mourning cloak, over a dress of the same melancholy colour, cut in that picturesque form which Vandyke has rendered immortal. But although the dress was handsome, it was put on and worn with a carelessness which showed the mind of the wearer ill at ease. His aged, yet still handsome countenance, had the same air of consequence which distinguished his dress and his gait. A striking part of his appearance was a long white beard, which descended far over the breast of his slashed doublet, and looked singular from its contrast in colour with his habit.

The young lady, by whom this venerable gentleman seemed to be in some degree supported as they walked arm in arm, was a slight and sylph-like form, with a person so delicately made, and so beautiful in countenance; that it seemed the earth on which she walked was too grossly massive a support for a creature so ærial. But mortal beauty must

share human sorrows. The eyes of the beautiful being showed tokens of tears, her colour was heightened as she listened to her aged companion; and it was plain, from his melancholy yet displeased look, that the conversation was as distressing to himself as to her. When they sate down on the bench we have mentioned, the gentleman's discourse could be distinctly overheard by the eves-dropping soldier, but the answers of the young lady reached his ear rather less distinctly.

"It is not to be endured," said the old man, passionately; "it would stir up a paralytic wretch to start up a soldier. My people have been thinned, I grant you, or have fallen off from me in these times—I owe them no grudge for it, poor knaves; what should they do when the pantry has no bread and the buttery no ale? But we have still about us some rugged foresters of the old Woodstock breed—old as myself most of them—what of that? old wood seldom warps in the wetting;—I will hold out the old house, and it will not be the first time that I have held it against ten times the strength that we hear of now."

"Alas! my dear father," said the young lady, in a tone which seemed to intimate his proposal of defence to be altogether desperate.

"And why, alas?" said the gentleman, angrily; "is it because I shut my door on a score or two of these blood-thirsty hypocrites?"

"But their masters can as easily send a regiment or an army, if they will," replied the lady; "and what good would your present defence do, excepting to exasperate them to your utter destruction?"

"Be it so, Alice," replied her father; "I have lived my time and beyond it. I have outlived the kindest and most prince-like of masters. What do I do on the earth since the dismal thirtieth of January? The parricide of that day was a signal to all true servants of Charles Stuart to avenge his death, or die as soon after as they could find a worthy opportunity."

"My dearest father," said the young lady, weeping as she spoke, "what can I say to comfort you?"

"Comfort me, say'st thou, girl? I am sick of comfort—an honourable death, with the ruins of Woodstock for my

monument, were the only comfort to old Henry Lee. Yes, by the memory of my father! I will make good the lodge against these rebellious robbers."

"Yet be ruled, dearest father," said the maiden, "and submit to that which we cannot gainsay. My uncle Everard——"

Here the old man caught at her unfinished words. "Thy uncle Everard, wench! Well, get on. What of thy precious and loving uncle Everard?"

"Nothing, sir," she said, "if the subject displeases you."

"Displeases me?" he replied, "why should it displease me? or, if it did, why should'st thou, or any one, affect to care about it? What is it that hath happened of late years—what is it can be thought to happen that astrologer can guess at, which can give pleasure to us?"

"Fate," she replied, "may have in store the joyful restoration of our banished prince."

"Too late for my time, Alice," said the knight; "if there be such a white page in the heavenly book, it will not be turned until long after my day. But I see thou would'st escape me. In a word, what of thy uncle Everard?"

Alice saw that the subject displeased her father, Sir Henry Lee, and therefore wished to decline proceeding, but the knight was positive, and she was obliged to tell him that, in the event of being ejected from Woodstock, her uncle would gladly afford them an asylum. This proposition filled the old man with rage; Sir Everard had joined the Puritanic party, and therefore placed himself in irreconcilable opposition to Sir Henry. His detestation of his politics had rendered him averse to a youthful affection which had grown up between Alice and her cousin Markham, and he now attributed her desire to avoid violence to her anxiety to be near her lover. "My father, my father," said Alice, in a deep tone, "what can thus have altered your clear judgment and kindly heart? Accursed be these civil commotions! not only do they destroy men's bodies, but they pervert their souls, and the brave, the noble, the generous, become suspicious, harsh, and mean! Why upbraid me with Markham Everard? Have I seen or spoke with him since you discharged him my company, with terms less kind—I will speak it truly—than was due even to

the relationship betwixt you? Why think I would sacrifice to that young man my duty to you? Know, that were I capable of such criminal weakness, Markham Everard were the first to despise me for it."

Sir Henry was moved, and he spoke more kindly. He promised to endure his misfortunes with more patience, and to behave even with politeness should one of the commissioners appear. As he spoke, the military preacher abandoned his leafy screen, and stalking forward, stood unexpectedly before the old cavalier, who stared at him as if he had thought that his expressions had actually raised a devil.

"Who art thou?" at length said Sir Henry, in a raised and angry voice, while his daughter clung to his arm in terror, little confident that her father's pacific resolutions would abide the shock of this unwelcome apparition.

"I am one," replied the soldier, "who neither fear nor shame to call myself a poor day-labourer in the great work of England—umph!—Ay, a simple and sincere upholder of the good old cause."

"And what the devil do you seek here?" said the old knight, fiercely.

"The welcome due to the steward of the lords commissioners," answered the soldier.

"Welcome art thou as salt would be to sore eyes," said the cavalier; "but who be your commissioners, man?"

The soldier, with little courtesy, held out a scroll, which Sir Henry took from him betwixt his finger and thumb, as if it were a letter from a pest-house; and held it at as much distance from his eyes, as his purpose of reading it would permit. He then read aloud, and as he named the parties, one by one, he added a short commentary on each name, addressed, indeed, to Alice, but in such a tone that showed he cared not for its being heard by the soldier.

"Friend," said the soldier, "I would willingly be civil, but it consists not with my duty to hear these godly men, in whose service I am, spoken of after this irreverent and unbecoming fashion. I prithee forbear, for manners' sake if not for conscience—grisly oaths suit ill with grey beards."

"Nay, that is truth, if the devil spoke it," said the knight; "and I thank Heaven I can follow good counsel, though old Nick gives it. And so, friend, touching these



Drawn by W. Hastings.

Engraved by J. Shury.

Sir Henry Lee and the Puritan.

same commissioners, bear them this message; that Sir Henry Lee is keeper of Woodstock Park, with right of waif and stray, vert and venison, as complete as any of them have to their estate—that is, if they possess any estate but what they have gained by plundering honest men. Nevertheless, he will give place to those who have made their might their right, and will not expose the lives of good and true men, where the odds are so much against them. And he protests that he makes this surrender, neither as acknowledging of these so termed commissioners, nor as for his own individual part fearing their force, but purely to avoid the loss of English blood, of which so much hath been spilt in these late times.”

“It is well spoken,” said the steward of the commissioners; “and therefore, I pray you, let us walk together into the house, that thou may’st deliver up unto me the vessels, and gold and silver ornaments, belonging unto the Egyptian Pharaoh who committed them to thy keeping.”

“What vessels?” exclaimed the fiery old knight; “and belonging to whom? Unbaptized dog, speak civil of the martyr in my presence, or I will do a deed misbecoming of me on that caitiff corpse of thine.” And shaking his daughter from his right arm, the old man laid his hand on his rapier.

His antagonist, on the contrary, kept his temper completely, and waving his hand to add impression to his speech, he said, with a calmness which aggravated Sir Henry’s wrath, “Nay, good friend, I prithee be still, and brawl not—it becomes not grey hairs and feeble arms to rail and rant like drunkards. Put me not to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, but listen to the voice of reason. See’st thou not that the Lord hath decided this great controversy in favour of us and our’s, against thee and thine? Wherefore, render up thy stewardship peacefully, and deliver up to me the chattels of the *man*, Charles Stuart.”

“Patience is a good nag, but she will bolt,” said the knight, unable longer to rein his wrath. He plucked his sheathed rapier from his side, struck the soldier a severe blow with it, and instantly drawing it, and throwing the scabbard over the trees, placed himself in a posture of defence, with his sword’s point within half a yard of the steward’s

body. The latter stepped back with activity, threw his long cloak from his shoulders, and drawing his long tuck, stood upon his guard. The swords clashed smartly together, while Alice, in her terror, screamed wildly for assistance. But the combat was of short duration. The old cavalier had attacked a man as cunning of fence as he himself, or a little more so, and possessing all the strength and activity of which time had deprived Sir Henry, and the calmness which the other had lost in his passion. They had scarce exchanged three passes ere the sword of the knight flew up in the air, as if it had gone in search of the scabbard; and burning with shame and anger, Sir Henry stood disarmed, at the mercy of his antagonist. The republican showed no purpose of abusing his victory; nor did he, either during the combat, or after the victory was won, in any respect alter the sour and grave composure which reigned upon his countenance—a combat of life and death seemed to him a thing as familiar, and as little to be feared, as an ordinary bout with foils.

Sir Henry had hardly been discomfited when two auxiliaries rushed to his assistance. These were the park ranger Joceline Joliffe and the knight's faithful dog, Bevis. Sir Henry, however, enjoined forbearance; and having ordered his domestic to put the steward of the commissioners into possession of the lodge, he expressed his determination of spending the ensuing night in the hut of the ranger, to which he purposed to depart instantly. This resolution gave Joceline and Alice much concern; they represented the hut as inconvenient, and suggested the propriety of departing for an inn: but the knight was obstinate, and, putting his daughter's arm within his, he set out for the residence of the ranger. On his arrival the door was closed; he called, but no answer being returned, he put his foot to the frail impediment to his entrance, and burst it open. The interior of the dwelling was now revealed to him, and in the centre of the floor, and with a posture indicative of embarrassment, stood a youthful stranger in a riding suit.

"This may be my last act of authority here," said the knight, seizing the stranger by the collar, "but I am still Ranger of Woodstock for this night at least—who, or what art thou?"

The stranger dropped the riding-mantle in which his face was muffled, and at the same time fell upon one knee. "Your

poor kinsman, Markham Everard," he said, "who came hither for your sake, although he fears you will scarce make him welcome for his own."

Sir Henry started, but recovering his composure, he darted a look of the utmost severity first upon his daughter and then upon the stranger. Markham, divining the ideas that were then passing through his mind, hastened to inform him that he came not to Woodstock for the purpose of any clandestine interview, but to persuade Sir Henry to give the commissioners peaceable possession of Woodstock until arrangements could be made with the protector for reinstating him in his possessions.

These proposals of friendship were treated with indignant anger, and Markham left the hut without having effected the purpose of his visit. The unworthy manner with which he had been treated, however, did not prevent him from studying his uncle's interests; and, accordingly, in a short time, through his influence with Cromwell, Sir Henry and his fair daughter were once more inmates of the lodge.

One evening, as the good old knight and his fair daughter were condoling with each other respecting the absence of Albert Lee, who had not been heard of since the fatal battle of Worcester, Alice thought she saw, in the dim twilight, a strange face, peculiarly harsh and suspicious, looking in through the window. The knight grasped his sword, and this indication of displeasure so alarmed the intruder that he let go his hold, and fell to the ground. Here Bevis seized him, but was instantly commanded, in a suppressed voice, by Joceline Joliffe to desist, and while Alice was filled with amazement, her brother Albert raised the casement and leaped into the parlour. He enjoined them to suppress every demonstration of joy, as the Puritan was still in the house, and to give a hospitable reception to his page, Louis Kerneguy, the son of a loyal Scotch baron.

The knight assented, and the page, who was no other than King Charles in disguise, entered. He played his part exceedingly well, and as it was not considered prudent to disclose his condition, he remained in the lodge, while Albert departed in the hope of procuring some safe means of conveying him to France.

While alone at the lodge, Charles commenced making

love to Alice, and information of his proceedings having reached Markham Everard, that young soldier felt the utmost indignation at what he considered the stranger's assurance. Putting on a slight disguise, he repaired to the park of Woodstock, and opportunely meeting the fugitive prince, he demanded an explanation. Charles could not give a satisfactory one, and a meeting was accordingly appointed. They met next morning a little after sunrise, but before they had taken their ground Alice made her appearance, and in her eagerness to adjust their difference the secret of the king's presence escaped her. Markham, though allied to the cause of his enemies, was too high-minded to take advantage of his misfortune, but on the contrary assisted in aiding his escape. His services, thus timely rendered, reconciled him to Sir Henry: he was once more admitted on intimate terms at the lodge, and a few months saw him lead to the altar the beautiful and blushing Alice. On the death of Cromwell, he exerted himself in the king's behalf, and was one of those who mainly contributed to bring about the restoration, an event which Sir Henry Lee lived to witness.

ROSA.

Nothing is more uncertain than the attainment of human happiness; it is a phantom of which mankind are ever in ardent pursuit, but which ever skilfully eludes their grasp: when man conceives himself approaching the object of his search, the unreal bliss is most distant; and when he would embrace it, the delusion vanishes.

I spent part of a late summer on the continent; and, in the course of my rambles, I found myself, one evening, approaching a pretty, picturesque little village, situated at the foot of the Alps. The beauty of the surrounding scenery, illumined as it was by the last rays of the setting sun, determined me to defer proceeding on my journey until the following morning; having, therefore, sought out the only *auberge* of which the village could boast, and given my horse in charge to the ostler, I walked out to enjoy the refreshing evening breeze. It appeared to be a festival; each face glowed with good humour and joy; and the dance, under the wide-spreading and luxuriant trees, appeared to be conducted

with more than usual spirit ; at least, so it seemed to me, and time proved I was not mistaken.

Having enjoyed the pleasures to which such a scene must give birth in every breast not totally devoid of sensibility, I returned to the inn ; and, during supper, inquired of my host the cause of the uncommon festivity I had witnessed. He informed me, that one of the principal farmers of the village had a daughter named Rosa, who had been long loved and wooed by a young Alpine hunter, whose poverty had hitherto presented what appeared to the pride of the farmer, an insurmountable objection ; but, having had, in the early part of that day, the good fortune to save the life of his mistress, her father had, in gratitude, consented to their union, and it had been agreed that the ceremony was to be performed in the course of a few days. They were well known to the rest of the villagers, who sympathized most heartily in their joy.

Having thanked my host for his narrative, and after expressing my wishes for their prosperity and future happiness, I retired to rest, and on the following morning pursued my journey.

After a sojourn of some months at the place to which I was then directing my steps, I prepared to return to France, and proceeding leisurely on my way, found myself again, after two days' journey, among Alpine scenery. While yet enjoying the magnificent views around me, twilight began to obscure the distant parts of the landscape, and the rising mists to envelope the extreme point of each Alpine giant. These appearances reminded me, as they have many others in a like situation, that I was still some distance from the château, where I had designed to pass the night ; and consequently that it was necessary to exert the speed of my horse to reach it, ere darkness hid the paths I should pursue. I was without a guide, for having traversed the road before, I thought myself perfectly able to recollect the way. That such, however, was not the case, I became too fatally convinced, for, absorbed in the contemplation of the scene around, I had suffered my horse to stray from the beaten path. This was, under my circumstances, an unpleasant discovery ; especially as I knew the country to be infested with fierce banditti, in

no ordinary numbers ; nor could I observe the slightest sign of human habitations.

The night closed rapidly in ; and all my attempts to regain the path were useless ; and at every step the scene around grew more wild and barren, until total darkness excluded it from my gaze. Suddenly I recollected that the village where I had rested on my first approach to the Alps, could be at no great distance ; and cautiously advancing, I looked anxiously around for some confirmation of this welcome recollection. Several distant lights convinced me that my conjecture was right, but as they were at some distance, and total darkness reigned between them and the spot where I stood, prudence commanded me, however unwillingly, to defer a further approach until the moon had arisen. I had not long to wait ; and, guided by her softening and cheering light, I discovered a dark and somewhat narrow path, formed by high bushes on either side, which, in many places, united at the top, and entirely excluded the moon-beams ; this, I entertained no doubt, would lead to the village, and I accordingly determined to pursue it.

At this moment my situation was anything but enviable : every moment expecting an attack from banditti, though I had hitherto rode unmolested. It was in passing one of these places where, as I have mentioned, the light was, by the density of the foliage, wholly prevented from entering, that I heard a shriek, so shrill, so deeply impressive of mortal anguish, as to chill my very soul. In another moment, however, I concluded that some travellers had been attacked, and, drawing my pistols from their case, prepared to hasten to their assistance. The cry appeared to come from a very trifling distance. Startled by the sudden sound, my animal reared up, while it was with the greatest difficulty I retained my seat. The deathly silence which succeeded, was, perhaps, more appalling ; but, in another moment, a similar cry burst upon the ear ; and, at the same time, a form resembling that of a woman, approached from the thickest of the darkness, and stood in motionless agony a few yards before me. My horse remained perfectly still, although his excessive trembling gave evidence of the fright which possessed him. Precisely where the vision stood, a single ray of light fell ; and

by its aid, I plainly discovered it to be a woman; her clothes in tatters, and her long hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. Ere I had time to utter a word, she shrieked again, and, wildly screaming, "Save him! save him!" rushed past me into the depth of darkness. The object of his fear was gone, and my horse bounded swiftly forward. For several minutes I lost all command over him, and when I did succeed in stopping his course, I found we were entering the village in which I had before been a sojourner.

I speedily sought out the *auberge*, and luckily found the landlord had not retired to rest. Without alighting, I informed him of the woman I had seen, and of my suspicions respecting her; concluding by entreating that he would procure some assistance, and return with me to the spot. With a mournful look and expression he informed me that she was a poor maniac, well known in the village; and that all endeavours to seize her would be vain.—Having seen my horse comfortably lodged for the night, and taken some refreshment myself, my host reminded me of the tale I had heard when previously passing through the village; and proceeded to relate further, that on the morning preceding that which was to witness their union, Rosa's favourite little dog chanced to fall from one of the precipices near the village, and hung suspended at a trifling distance from the top. His situation was speedily discovered by Rosa, and excited the liveliest emotions of grief in her gentle bosom. Her lover determined to rescue the animal, and in spite of her fears, procured a rope, and attaching it to a tree, near the edge of the rock, gently lowered himself down. He was the most agile youth in the village, and would no doubt have succeeded, had not the untrusty line broke, and precipitated him into an abyss, so deep, that all the efforts of his comrades even to recover his body were vain.—Here the good man paused; and I thought I perceived a tear to steal down his cheek. A feeling, better, perhaps, than mere curiosity prompted me to inquire into the fate of Rosa.—"You saw her." These few words unfolded a tale of deep soul-harrowing melancholy.

P. W.

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

“And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle. And there was a great cry in Egypt, for, there was not a house where there was not one dead.”

Exodus, xii. 29, 30.

’Tis midnight—’tis midnight o’er Egypt’s dark sky,
And in whirlwind and storm the Sirocco sweeps by;
All arid and hot is its death-breathing blast;—
Each sleeper breathes thick, and each bosom beats fast.

And the young mother wakes, and starts in her rest,
And presses more closely her babe to her breast;
But the heart that she presses is death-like and still,
And the lips that she kisses are breathless and chill.

And the young brother clings to the elder in fear,
As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad on his ear;
But that brother returns not the trembling embrace—
He speaks not—he breathes not—death lays in his place.

And the first-born of Egypt are dying around;
’Tis a sigh—’tis a moan—and then slumber more sound:
They but wake from their sleep, and their spirits are fled—
They but wake into *life*, to repose with the *dead*.

And there lay the infant, still smiling in death,
Scarce heav’d its young breast as it parted with breath;
And there lay the boy, in youth’s budding bloom,
With the calmness of sleep, but the hue of the tomb!

And there fell the youth, in the pride of his prime,
In the spring-tide of life, and perchance too of crime;
And unnerv’d is that arm, and clos’d is that eye,
And cold is that bosom which once bent so high.

And the fond mother’s hope, and the fond father’s trust,
And the widow’s sole stay, are returning to dust.
Egypt has not a place where there is not one dead,
From the proud monarch’s palace to penury’s shed.

And the hearths of that country are desolate now,
And the crown of her glory is struck from her brow,
But while proud Egypt trembles, still Israel is free,
Unfetter’d, unbound, as the wave of the sea.

H. R.



THE WIDOW'S STORY.

AN IRISH PICTURE,—BY THOMAS FURLONG.

“ No help,—no hope,—no joy for me !”

The drooping mother cried ;

“ Why was I left through life to pine,

Where none around give word, or sign

Of feeling or of sympathy ?

Why, when I lost my only pride,

Why liv'd I when my William died ?”

“ Poor soul !” said I, “ thy words are wild,—

Thy looks are strange and sad.”

“ It was not always so,” said she ;

“ I once could join in others' glee,

I once could smile when others smil'd,

But grief has made me mad.

My boy !—my boy !—my darling child !—

To see him by their bayonets fall,

And get no justice after all ;

L. 38. 2.

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A curse upon the Orange crew,—
Curse on the purple and the blue.
I weep, though two long years have pass'd,
Since my poor William breath'd his last.

“ I heard the drum—I heard the fife,
I mark'd not what they play'd,
Till near me, arm'd for feud and strife,
In orange and in blue array'd,
With flags preserv'd from days long gone,
The grinning yeomanry walk'd on.

“ Fresh were their knots of purple hue,
The wearers all look'd gay,—
The ugly tune struck up again ;
I listen'd for a time,—and then,
By what they play'd, I quickly knew,
It was their walking day :
That bitter fife—that drowsy drum,
Told that July the twelfth was come.

“ And shouts arose and signs went round,—
Mischief was in each eye ;
My boy and I had walk'd along,
We ventur'd through that noisy throng,
I saw that William turn'd and frown'd,
I bade him pass them by ;
We pass'd,—by laugh and jibe assail'd,
We pass'd from 'midst our foes ;
We went where holier thoughts prevail'd,
Where gentler sounds arose ;
Calmly upon our way we trod,—
We sought in peace the house of God.

“ We reach'd our little chapel soon,
We knelt as mass went on—
The yeomen play'd their ugly tune—
Close by the chapel door they play'd ;
We blam'd them for the noise they made,
And wish'd that they were gone :
Oh ! many wish'd it, but in vain,—
They play'd it o'er and o'er again.

" The bell rang out,—the sacred host
 The priest had rais'd on high,
 Throughout the place the pressing crowd,
 In reverential homage bow'd.
 But in that hour, rever'd the most
 By every soul assembled there,
 What met each outrag'd ear and eye,
 When all were bent in silent prayer?
 The ribbon ruffians ventur'd in,
 And dar'd their mockery to begin,
 By beating up each filthy air,
 And laughing loud at all they saw,
 At all that we beheld with awe.

" Close by the door my William knelt,—
 His colour went and came ;
 I trembled, for I saw and felt
 That anger shook his frame.
 Just at his side the drummer stood,
 And loud that drummer play'd ;
 My boy did bear it as he could,
 He bore the noise he made.
 At last one sound, more loud than all,
 Did crown the wild uproar :—
 My William rose,—I saw his hand
 Stretch'd forth to dare that taunting band !
 I saw the scoffing drummer fall
 Beside him on the floor !
 What followed next, can I recall ?
 Oh, heavens ! I must remember all !

" I mark'd the bayonets as they shone !
 I heard a ruffian cry,
 ' Here's one that will not flinch or start,—
 Here's for the sneaking Papist's heart !'
 I heard my William's parting groan,—
 I stood and saw him die !
 I saw his murderers march away,
 Pleas'd with their frolic of the day.

" Then, start not, if my words are wild,—
 What words can woe supply ?

I know the murderers of my child!—
 I see the gang with blood defil'd!—
 I meet them,—see them every day,—
 They boldly cross me on my way,
 And swear as they pass by,
 No justice here will juries give;
 But let me try in hope to live,—
 Let me my cause to heaven resign,—
 Aye! 'Vengeance, saith the Lord, is mine.' ”

GRIEVANCES.

BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

How weak is human nature, which in the absence of real, is thus prone to form to itself imaginary woes.—*Blair*.

Yes! it is hard, *very* hard, that man should be condemned to reside in a *vale of tears*, from the hour of his entrance into this world until the moment of his departure from it;—it is hard that a weight of misery should be destined to overwhelm him from his cradle to his grave; and harder still is it, that the said misery should be principally of his own making, seeking, or finding, and consequently admitting of but little amelioration and consolation. The evils of life naturally class themselves under two heads, major and minor; but as the dignity, fortitude, and equanimity of human nature effectually preclude it from succumbing under those *trivial* disagreeables, loss of health, character, fortune, friends, &c.; whilst, alas! more important *grievances* vex, perplex, and harass it beyond calculation, and past rational endurance, we will, in this paper, make mention only of the latter; and, considering the nature of said *grievances*, we shall feel rather astonished if, after enumerating a few of them, our readers do not agree with us in the opinion, that they are, indeed, *insupportable*!

Ex: gr:—The sight of “that good-for-nothing woman, Mrs. Leyden,” is an intolerable *grievance* to Mrs. Pollifex, simply because Nature has acted unfairly in making Mrs. L. her rival in personal attractions.

The eulogiums passed upon Mr. Norton's wine are terrible *grievances* to his friend Mr. Morton; not because Mr. M. keeps a bad cellar—far from it: he has *prided* himself upon

his wines ever since he commenced laying in a stock of them for himself, and is piqued to the heart that those of his friend N., or of anybody, should now equal or rival his own.

Colonel and Mrs. Sullivan lead a life of misfortune and misery; their *grievances* commenced immediately after marriage, and are likely, in spite of every adjunct to comfort and happiness supplied by friends, fortune, and situation in society, to continue to the end of the chapter; for in no one thing do this wrangling, unamiable, and ill-matched pair agree; their hourly and daily *grievances* originate, we fearlessly assert, with themselves, and must remain irremediable, until they obtain a *practical* knowledge of the terms, *mutual forbearance*, and *mutual accommodation*.

Sophia Henly is beautiful, her sister plain, though the possessor of very considerable talents; therefore the heart of the former is a prey to rancour and discontent, because she lacks the mental powers and acquisitions of Maria; whilst the latter is thrown into a state of everlasting sorrow and despair, from too acute a sense of her deficiency in personal attractions; every glance at herself in her mirror is a mortification and grievance; and when the unhappy girl exclaims—"O! that I were the most stupid of mankind, so that I were but beautiful!" Sophia sighs forth—"Would that I were as ugly as sin, so as I were but *clever*!"

Mr. Calkin is a bachelor, who in his youth choosing to love nobody but himself, finds in his age that he is hated by everybody, and is *miserable*.

To Miss Everett, an elderly spinster, the not being married is an intolerable *grievance*: she learnt, whilst yet in the nursery, that wedded life was the *summum bonum* of human felicity; and that it was a *disgrace* to any woman not to obtain a husband; this lack of felicity, and this disgrace, now but too surely attending herself, she is one of the most miserable of her sex, and likely in all probability so to continue.

Lord Emmerson has been for years the most wretched and aggrieved of men, because his political opponent, and private enemy, Sir Martin Felix, is the *happiest*.

The Hon. Gregory Beresford is scarcely less miserable, because, go where he will, he is doomed to hear the eulogy of his friend, Fred Ormond, whom he beat out-and-out at Eton,

but who has proved one of the most talented and rising men of the day ; whilst his honourable self, utterly incapable of doing more than quoting his old stock of college classical lessons, to the posing of schoolboys, and dumb-foundering of squireens, has during life, obtained nothing better than the reputation of possessing a very retentive memory.

Lady — was for many months the great leader of metropolitan ton, and, if we may apply the terms without derogation to her rank, *premier violon*, and *prima donna*, at Willis's *dignity balls* ; but, alas ! for Lady —, one season — one unlucky season — the Princess *Premier-pas* usurped her authority, and has reigned ever since, with sovereign and rather despotic power, over the London dynasty of fashion ; thereby planting a thorn in the bosom of her deposed rival, which is a *grievance* indeed !

But why proceed to enumerate those individuals upon whom fall heavily those real misfortunes, those mortal *grievances*, from which, it may be, not one of the inhabitants of this woful world is entirely exempt ! Are not these sort of afflictions so numerous as to defy notation by human pen ? nay, as even to baffle the power of human ingenuity to conceive ? And are not the *aggrieved* too often rendered so by envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness ? by wrath, dissimulation, covetousness, and discontent ? by idleness, *ennui*, pride, impatience, and *all* vicious, disagreeable dispositions, not to mention those dark and serious passions of which, in this brief paper, we take no account ? Are there not the sufferers by such ? the tormented by the evil humours and fantasies of others ? as well as the ingenious tormentors of themselves ? Do not those exist, who exert all their industry to discover subjects upon which to enact — *misery* ? And are not these individuals better pleased to dwell in an unhappiness of their own fabrication, than to enjoy those good and pleasant things pertaining to life, against which, it seems, they carry on eternal warfare ! Such there are ! The *miserable* if their dinner is ill-dressed ! The *wretched* if the wind happens to blow due north or east ! Such there are ! the rejecters of happiness — the wooers of its very reverse ! To such do we peculiarly address ourselves ; and to such we proffer, irony and banter, of course, apart, a word of honest exhortation and advice : —



M^r. JORDAN

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Growlers and grumblers! approved seekers and sufferers of grievances! and stoic supporters of what many would consider severe calamities! continue, pray continue, by all means, thus to prove your gratitude to the great Creator who once pronounced all things good, and who formed man (in spite of the sin and sorrow which surrounds him here,) principally for the enjoyment of *happiness*! Continue to show your piety, by controverting the ordinations of Providence, and your sense, by choosing evil rather than good, darkness rather than light! We charge you, never by any accident to regard the admirable, wonderful, magnificent, beautiful, and soothing works of creation, as *pleasures* and benefits conferred upon you by the All-Gracious! never to feel the smallest degree of astonishment and delight at the productions of man's talents and ingenuity; nor to imagine for one moment that your Creator has allowed human art and science to perform miracles for the further comfort and delectation of yourselves, or any of His mortal subjects and children! Above all, we charge you never to commit so gross a treason against your principles, as to give any of your fellow-creatures credit for possessing talents, virtues, and agreeable qualities; or if you do, be miserable, that they equal or surpass *yourselves*, in gifts and graces; and, briefly, do your utmost to render society and yourselves wretched, and to *imagine* a thousand GRIEVANCES, where, in good, sober earnest, NONE exist!

MRS. JORDAN.

In addition to her many other good qualities, Mrs. Jordan possessed a heart susceptible of the most tender and humane emotions, called into instant action by the least approach of misery or distress. During her short stay at Chester, where she was performing, as usual, to crowded and enraptured houses, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was, by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison; a small debt of forty shillings having, in a very short time, by the usual process of the glorious uncertainty, Item, this that and the other, been worked up to a bill of eight pounds. As soon as this good creature heard of the circumstances, she sent for the attorney, paid his demand, and observed, with an

much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume, "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, sent on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit. On the afternoon of the same day, the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan, with her servant, was taking her usual walk on the Chester walls, the widow with her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a long kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and with difficulty exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, Madam! you have saved me and my family from ruin." The children beholding their mother's tears, added their plaintive cries, and formed together a scene too affecting for so sensitive a mind to behold, without the strongest sensations of sympathetic feeling, affording, I should conceive, a sort of heavenly pleasure not to be described, and felt but by those whom Providence has blessed with a soul of sufficient magnitude. The natural liveliness of disposition Mrs. Jordan was well known to possess, would not easily be damped by sorrowful scenes; nevertheless, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down the cheek of sensibility, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner replied, "There, there, now it's all over; go, good woman; God bless you, don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but this good Samaritan insisted on her silence and departure, which at last she complied with, sobbing forth thanks, and calling down blessings on her benefactress.

It so happened that another person had taken shelter in the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as our heroine observed him, came forward, holding out his hand, and with a deep sigh exclaiming, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord the world were all like thee." The figure of this man plainly bespoke his calling; his countenance was pale and woe begone, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered a figure thin and spare. The penetrating eye of our fair philanthropist soon developed the character and profession of this singular-looking person, and with her wonted good-humour and playfulness, retiring a few paces, she

replied, "No; I won't shake hands with you." "Why?" "Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil." "The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister so cheerfully obeying the commands of my great Master, without feeling a spiritual attachment, that leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?" "Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say, but—a—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like *me* when I tell you who I am." "I hope I shall." "Well, then, I tell you I am a player; (the preacher turned up his eyes and sighed;) yes, I am a player; you must have heard of me,—Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again put forth his hand, and with a complacent countenance replied, "The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art; his goodness is unlimited; he hath bestowed on thee a large portion of his spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should!"

Thus reconciled, the rain having abated, they left the porch together, whilst the deep impression this scene, together with the fascinating address of our heroine, made on the mind of the preacher, overcame all his prejudices, and the offer of his arm being accepted, the female Roscius of the comic English drama, and the melancholy disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm, affording, in appearance at least, rather a whimsical contrast, till the door of her dwelling put a period to the scene. At parting, the preacher again took her hand. "Fare thee well, sister, (said he;) I know not what the principles of people of thy calling may be, for thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practice equals thine, I hope and trust, at the Great Day, the Lord will say to each, *Thy sins are forgiven thee.*"

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

Having put up our horses at a stable in the neighbourhood, we went straight to the house; and Major B—— having in-

formed a domestic that he had business with the Senora, we were ushered into an upper apartment, where we awaited her entrance for some minutes. At length the door opened, and a lady of middle stature, but finely proportioned, made her appearance. Her countenance was of the most pleasing cast, her dark eyes beaming with expression, her nose lightly arched, and her mouth displaying, when she spoke or smiled, a row of teeth like polished ivory, and giving instant animation to her whole countenance. Her age did not appear to accord with what a reference to historic data would attribute to her, for, though approaching the "mezzo del cammin," the colour on her cheeks, and the lively expression of her features, still arrayed her in the mantle of youth. She received us in the most courteous manner, and conversed for a considerable time with Major B——, who, as my interpreter, alluded to the interest attached to her character in England, and to the fact of her portrait having been drawn, not only by our artists, but by the greatest of our poets; of which she seemed to be aware, but by no means vain, and testified her acknowledgment of the compliment by a smile of winning sweetness. It is said she has had numerous offers of marriage since her residence at Hernani; but on that point she is inexorable—a determination which enhances the interest of her character, and the universal regard in which she is held.—*Verge's Rambles in Spain.*

THE TRAVELLER BENIGHTED.

BY M. L. BEEVOR.

The winds are up—and deeply moan
Far o'er yon desert sea!
They speak!—(would, I were not alone!)
Like spirits, fearfully!

A thousand clouds of night and storm
Hang sullen on the sky;
Dark, on this heath, each demon form
Flits, sadly shrieking by!—

Murk, is the moonless night:—it brings
Wild terrors to the breast;
Yon hoding bird of darkness sings
The Murderer to rest!—

I've reach'd the gallows now,—and felt
From heaven, no pure, cold tear :
This dew's from him, who's left to melt
In chains,—and wither here !—

He swings, and clanks :—whilst snow, and storm,
And warm sun's fresh'ning ray,
Fall on that ghastly, sick'ning form
Whose marrow drips away !—

A light !—a light !—alas ! 'tis gone—
Elf of the wilderness !—
Closer I wrap my cloak,—and on
With plodding footstep press !—

In soul ; I see that hearth burn clear,
Which glads my peaceful home ;
The wholesome board is spread, whose cheer
None touches till *I* come !

But not to night—No ! not to night,—
Shall I feast mirthfully :
Dear wife ! sweet home, of love, and light,
Look not to night for me !

My GRACE !—thou'rt peering out to view
This elemental strife ;—
Sigh not for me :—*thou* bear'st it too,
Dear love !—for such is *life* :—

A stormy, fearful wilderness
Where men benighted stray :—
Bound to a home of loveliness,
They wander from the way !—

Close the door Grace :—a blast sweeps by
Too keen for frame like thine :
Sweet star ! the home for which I sigh,
Ere morning shall be mine !

A LEGEND.

BY CHARLES MAY.

Cold, cold, as the stone of her father's tomb,
 Is the heart of his only child—
 The orphan has met her early doom
 On the drear and desert wild.
 For his monarch her father gave his blood,
 And this is that monarch's gratitude !

A wanderer, far from his native home,
 By faction's impious hand,
 The prince was driven, neglected to roam
 Alone in a foreign land.
 In the realm where his fathers had filled the throne,
 Not the meanest hut could he call his own !

The father, then, of this heart-broken maid
 Revered the insulted laws,
 Drew forth, undaunted, the patriot blade
 In his own and his country's cause :
 Yet though his sovereign's safety he wrought,
 With his heart's best blood was that purchase bought.

On the spot where triumphed and died the brave,
 His country reared a tomb
 Of marble, meet for the warrior's grave
 Who met such glorious doom,
 'Mid courtly dames was the daughter placed :
 Well her beauty that noble circle graced !

With passion warm, but lawless and wild,
 The monarch loved the maid—
 Say, did he wed his protector's child ?—
 Ah, no ! the fiend betrayed.
 Cold, cold bleak winds, tell the stranger the rest,
 For ye've blackened the orphan's throbless breast !

THE POOR MAN'S DAUGHTER.

Women are frail too,
 Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women ! help Heaven ! men their creation mar
 In profiting by them.—*Shakespeare.*

On the right hand side of the road from Kilrush to Clare lie the ruins of a poor cottage, which was lately inhabited by a peasant, who enjoyed the singular felicity of being contented with the gifts which Fortune had bestowed upon him. This poor but honest man exemplified daily the compatibility of divine and moral laws ; for whilst, in the field, he endured the " penalty of Adam," he was never known to act contrarily to the most rigid integrity, always blessing Heaven for his share of worldly things, and never repining because he saw profusion bestowed upon others less grateful. The Christian, who is taught to expect rewards hereafter, is not always so purified from terrestrial hopes as not to retain much of the Israelites' creed in anticipating some manifestation of Heaven : perhaps it is only the vanity of human nature which increases the value of possessions by attributing them to Divine interposition ; or it may be owing to the exaggeration of partiality, which sets such an exorbitant value on the gift, that nothing less than Omnipotence could bestow it : certain it is we are either willing to flatter ourselves by an indirect approval of our conduct, or we endeavour to account for that which is enveloped in mystery by acknowledging " all is of God." This poor man's possessions were few, but these were of great value to him : his health enabled him to live independently of absolute want, and his daughter Sally endeared him to that life which he laboured to prolong. These two gifts (for such he called them) were to him such a blessing and such a happiness, that his gratitude to Heaven was incessant, being his first acknowledgment in the morning, and the last in the evening ; and so intertwined were both with his existence, that the loss of one would have destroyed his enjoyment of the other.

Beauty is the gift of Nature ; and, as equal care is bestowed on the formation of all, it is no wonder that the daughters of Poverty are sometimes handsome. Sally was one of those perfect figures which could only be conceived by the

genius of Phidias, but never could be portrayed by the chisel of a statuary ; nor did the beauty of her face lessen the admiration which her form excited, being at once intelligent, animated, and lovely. Sally was blessed by the aged, and beloved by the youthful ; and so docile was her disposition, and so unaffected her manners, that envy was found nowhere to lessen the general esteem in which she was held ; whilst the absence of vicious greatness from that part of the country awakened no apprehension that guilt would be allured to the destruction of virtue, beauty, and innocence. Every blessing brings with it something to detract from human happiness, on the same principle that no metal is found unaccompanied by alloy ; and, were not many evils entailed upon Ireland by the wilful expatriation of the aristocracy, their absence might be pardoned for the security which it affords to unsuspecting virtue. If the non-existence of crime be a proof of innocence, the Irish peasantry are entitled to the praise of enviable morality ; for cases of seduction are seldom known among them, whilst the incontinent are disallowed, by public reprobation, to consort with society.

Sally, accustomed to playmates innocent as herself, apprehended no evil from associating with those who, though now growing fast to manhood, were once her school-fellows ; and, being ignorant of the nature of crime, her conduct was not regulated by any fears of indiscretion : she was seen joyful in the harvest-field, where her sex are found, in Ireland, gladdening the reaper's toil ; and on the farmer's floor her smile dispensed pleasure among her companions, whether spinning or quilting. Sally's cheerfulness of temper was so well known, and her simple powers of pleasing so well acknowledged, that she was never unemployed, as all were eager to have her in their family. The little sums thus acquired by laudable industry she regularly deposited in her father's hand, whose approving kiss was the best reward of duty : she knew her father was poor, and this knowledge regulated her economy. When going to market with eggs or poultry, she saved her Sunday shoes by walking within a mile of the town barefooted,* and kept every gown twelve months

* Notwithstanding the privations of the peasantry in Ireland, no people possess a greater desire for decency. The following extract

before she put it on of a week-day : the superfluity of a new-patterned handkerchief was purchased by the labour of after-hours ; and one riband cost her the minute savings of six months. Nor was her father less laboriously careful : he often walked three miles a day to work for sixpence ; and, when even that could not be procured, his little field behind his hut was prepared for the future supply of potatoes. The reward of industry was evident in the poor man's cottage : one room was filled with an annual supply of the national esculent, and the little white dresser had many rows of variegated delf ; whilst warm clothes were worn by the old man, and neat ones by his daughter every Sunday at chapel. As Sally approached her eighteenth year, it is not to be supposed she wanted admirers : many paid her attention, but her preference distinguished a youth who was serving his time to a rustic carpenter. This lad had given so many proofs of industry and application to his business, that the old man readily consented to his being admitted as Sally's future husband. Tom O'Driscoll (this young man's name) anticipated so much felicity in the society of Sally, when religion had sanctioned their union, that he waited with impatience for the expiration of his apprenticeship ; but, as he was to live by labour, he could not be too soon industrious : he therefore employed his leisure hours in preparing for housekeeping by making half a dozen oak chairs, two tables, and a bedstead. Sally admired this proof of his wishes to make her happy, and cheered the drooping age of her father by sly insinuations of the cradle ; and more than once, by studied mistake, called him grandfather. Happiness was visible in the poor man's countenance as the idea of seeing himself perpetuated in a future

from "A Report of the present State of the disturbed Districts in the South of Ireland", the author knows to be candid and true :—

"They are so much attached to dress, that they would deprive themselves of sufficient food, and live on one meal of potatoes in the day, without complaint, to obtain good clothing : their being in rags, therefore, is a strong indication of extreme misery. They are exceedingly partial to shoes and stockings, the want of which they consider a degradation ; those who find difficulty in procuring them seldom wear any, except on holidays and Sundays ; and, in travelling, carry them in their hands, for the sake of economy, and of having their feet unconfined on the journey. The women travel to chapel and to fairs on the same principle until they get near their destination, when they stop at a stream to wash their feet, and put them on."

race darted into his face—like the flash of sun-beams on a dilapidated ruin, making decay more apparent.

Thus the old man continued to be happy, and the young people lived in anticipation of their future felicity, when a stranger one day stepped into the cottage where Sally was spinning, and asked for a drink of water, which was given him, not without many apologies for not having something better. The day being warm, the stranger prolonged his stay, under the pretence of resting, whilst he insidiously was profiting by the inexperience of this unsuspecting girl, collecting from her candid answers the history of her circumstances; and, on his going away, slipped into her hand a note, whilst his quick departure prevented her from returning the undeserved remuneration for a seat and a drink of water. Money has charms for all: even those who are unable to resist it, when surreptitiously offered, are always ingenious in fabricating excuses for retaining it. Sally, after a moment's doubt, concluded her visitor was one of those amiable characters mentioned in fairy tales, who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." His liberality was evident, whilst his motive could not but be pure, as he was neither displeasingly familiar nor known in the country. She never expected to see him again, as he did not promise to return. These thoughts were dissipated by the entrance of a travelling pedlar, who, spreading out his wares, succeeded in tempting Sally to become a purchaser of garters, ribands, scissors, and pins, for which she paid with the stranger's note; but no sooner was the itinerant merchant gone than a difficulty arose in her mind that she could not overcome but by concealment: her father was to remain ignorant of the transaction, not so much from a fear of his anger, as that it should give him trouble; for he had sometimes lately dwelt on the danger of girls accepting presents from men, particularly from those whose superior station in life precluded any degree of intimacy.

Sally was the next day at her usual task, when, at the same hour as before, the stranger made his appearance: a better dress and greater confidence were the only difference she could perceive. As he told her he was then on his return homewards, it seemed to account for this second visit; and, as he kissed her cheek on going away, she thought there was

no occasion to be angry, the gentleman being young and handsome. To Sally's surprise, he came the next day, bringing with him a silk handkerchief, which he familiarly tied round her neck; and, on her signifying her displeasure by a repulse, he fell on his knees, whilst, in terms the most passionate, he declared his love, calling heaven and earth to witness his honourable intentions: acknowledging her beauty, he indignantly spurned the idea of hiding such excellence in retirement, telling her, as he tumultuously kissed her hand, that he had rank and fortune to bestow upon her the moment she would honour him with her heart. The high and cultivated have been found too weak in resisting the seducer's art: no wonder, then, that simple girls have been ensnared. Sally, on hearing the compliments bestowed upon her, examined her glass, and believed herself handsome: whilst the earnestness of her admirer appeared like sincerity, his gentlemanly appearance and refined address gained upon her heart, until at length she consented to become his bride.

The evening fixed on for her departure from her father's cottage was early in the month of May; and, as it approached, she regarded it not without dread. Her lover might be false, and the bare possibility of his being so was sufficient to awaken the keenest apprehension: but his promises were fair, and she relied upon them and the strength of her own virtue. The evening came, and, as if it were to be the last, her rustic lover paid her a visit: a few days were to terminate his servitude, when the whole of his acquired and created property was to be removed to his wife's abode, and this evening himself and the old man were regulating how they should dispose of it. Several times he inquired if Sally was ill, she looked so dejected; and several times he pressed her hand, to give her courage to overcome what he thought were maiden apprehensions. Never was he happier than on his departure that night; for Sally, knowing he was deceived, though he was still dear to her, gave him an ardent kiss, which, if interpreted rightly, said, "This is the last." At length the hour came: Sally was ready; and, taking farewell of her unconscious and sleeping father, joined her lover, who quickly conveyed her to Ennis, where she had courage enough to demand the fulfilment of his promise. Her lover knew he had conquered her heart, but he dared not venture

to invade her virtue : to satisfy her, and escape, as he thought, with impunity, he took her to a rejected priest, significantly called, in Ireland, "*Tuck-em*," where the ceremony was performed ; but, when concluded, the clergyman required, as well as his fee, the bridegroom's signature, acknowledging his marriage, at the same time handing Sally her certificate. Often are the protections of virtue mysteriously evinced : this villain thought the unfortunate priest was too ignorant and too wicked to note the marriage ; and the surprise of the unexpected discovery of his error so confounded him, that, in the confusion of his own ideas, he signed the book "*Richard M'Naughton*."

"The birth of the crime," says an eloquent orator, speaking of seduction, "is the death of enjoyment :". M'Naughton was no sooner satiated with the company of his wife than he wished to be freed from her. Her innocent appeals to his love were tiresome ; her affectionate fondness was troublesome. He took her to Killarney, under the pretence of amusement ; settled in a neat cottage ; and bought a boat, for the purpose of sailing on its delightful lakes. Here he lived from all society but that of Sally and a confidential man—apparently kind, but often dejected and gloomy. One evening he pretended business to the next town, desiring his man to amuse his mistress by sailing on the waters, which impart a thousand beauties to the islands and hills of Killarney. Sally, all confidence, apprehended no danger, but was surprised in the evening to find her husband, on his return, outrageously turbulent, directing all his anger towards his devoted servant, whilst the cause was as unknown to her as this conduct was inexplicable.

The next evening M'Naughton, accompanied by Sally and his man, went on the lakes as usual. It was in the midst of summer : all Nature rejoiced in the beauties of creation, and romantic loveliness every way met the gazer's eye, whilst his ears were feasted with the melody of a thousand echoes, reciprocally repeated from dell and hill. Every valley was an undulated expanse of water ; and from every rock tumbled, in harmonious cadence, a natural cascade. Yet, enchanting as all around really was, Sally was the loveliest object which the sun then illumined : her heart, attuned by innocent gaiety to the charms of every beautiful scene, was this even-

ing full of the sublime imagery which the hand of Nature has here unsparingly pictured; and, as if the conceptions of the soul were delineated in the features, Sally's face showed an accordant sublimity with what her eyes beheld. Cursed Ambition! thy withering maledictions blast the fair impressions of virtuous beauty, and blind thy votaries to the pleasure of sublime conceptions:—no object is too lovely to escape immolation on thy guilty altar; and no crime too heinous, when the perpetration is to facilitate an admission to thy rewards. Poor Sally fell a sacrifice to thy atrocious spirit!

The father of Sally, and her betrothed husband, O'Driscoll, alarmed by the flight of the common object of their affections, pursued her, with unceasing solicitude, from town to town, and had on this evening arrived in Killarney, where they got intelligence of Sally's retreat. On going to the cottage, they discovered that herself and paramour were in the boat on the lake: glad of once more having the prospect of beholding his child, the old man, supported by O'Driscoll, clambered over rock and hill until they got a view of the boat as it drifted along with the current of the water. The sight of the poor man's child drew from his reverend eyes a flood of tears; nor could O'Driscoll refrain from weeping as he vowed revenge on her seducer. For some time they could view the easy progress of the boat; but a turn in the lake, and an intervening hill, hid it from their sight, when presently they heard a dreadful scream; another—and another—fainter and fainter. A thousand fears for Sally rushed upon her father, who, gaining the summit of the hill, saw, immediately under him, the dead body of his child cast into the water, where it instantly sunk. "Murderous villains!" he exclaimed, and fell into O'Driscoll's arms.

On recovering, the old man directed O'Driscoll to look down the precipice, but all there was silent: on the opposite side of the lake they saw the boat without any one in it. "Alas!" said the poor man, "we came one hour too late to save Sally from destruction; but let us secure her body, and lay it beside her mother, where I now wish to be laid myself." The town where they went for assistance was not far off: the people came in crowds to see if such imputed

atrocious was true, and could not be convinced until the body of Sally was dragged on shore, mutilated and disfigured. A general sensation of horror was spread through the country, and the fearless conduct of one youthful magistrate apprehended the murderer, M'Naughton, who, it appeared, was allied to some families of the highest respectability in Ireland, whose interest with the executive was so powerful, that the judge who tried him, acting in a manner which would have immortalized a Roman, ordered his immediate execution, lest a reprieve might be obtained,

Twelve months after, the guilty servant of M'Naughton was tried and convicted: before execution, he confessed that his master was on the eve of being married to a young lady of fortune, provided by his sister; and that, fearing the claim of Sally might be substantiated, he resolved to murder her. For this purpose he made his man provide a large club, a heavy stone to tie to the corse for sinking it, and sent him out with her to perform the deed singly: "but," said the culprit, "as I raised the club in a threatening manner, she, thinking I was only frightening her, gave me a smile so sweet and innocent that I could not strike." For this his master was displeased on the last night of Sally's existence; he having the next evening perpetrated the murder himself.

Virtue is most lovely when it comes in a pleasing form; and murder, however dreadful, is seen with aggravated horror when youth and beauty are the victims. The impression made in Ireland by the fate of Sally is still fresh in the memory of all. The old recite her history for its example to credulous maids, and the young listen to it because it is romantic and strange: its truth is too well attested to be doubted, and the criminal records of the country retain the particulars of the atrocious transaction. The father of Sally soon joined the remains of his injured daughter; and O'Driscoll never passes the ruins of the cottage without praying for their repose, laying the emphasis of invocation on the name of Sally, the anniversary of whose death is yet remembered by her former companions, who on that fatal day, strew her green grave with friendly-woven wreaths of many-scented flowers—votive offerings of pure esteem to the memory of the hapless woman who lies beneath.

BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS.

BY G. R. CARTER.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence.—*Byron.*

They consecrate my dreams! their hair of light,
And eyes divine with being on me shine ;
I muse where minstrel-birds their songs unite,
And violets make the woods their vernal shrine ;
Amid the hush of old religious trees,
To which the streams bequeath their cadences.

Julie*—celestial vision of a heart
That found its Eden in the starry night ;
When skies and mountains formed a glorious part
Of thoughts instinct with meditative light !
Thou wert an angel lure—the spell that kept
A gentle magic as the sophist wept.

Ianthe †—spirit of a deathless lay—
The pride of Poesy's enchanted leaves !
O'er thy sweet girlhood shone a tranquil ray,
Mild as the heaven that beams on summer eves.
My heart shall commune with thee when the waves
With elfin music charm their lonely caves.

Theresa‡—beauteous as the vesper-star
Glimpsing in silver glory through the trees ;—
When the sad exile fled away and far
From the sweet gush of Europe's southern seas.
He wept thine early fate—oh, maid forgiven,
What deathless hope entwined thy youth to heaven !

And Laodamia,§ thine shall be a home
Where the day wasteth with a sunny glow ;
O'er violet-tufts thy noiseless feet shall roam,
And, on the wind, thy gleaming tresses flow.

* Rousseau's *Julie*.‡ Vide Heman's *Forest Sanctuary*.† Byron's *Ianthe*.§ Wordsworth's *Laodamia*.

A child of mead and stream, with all the hue
Of woman imaged in thine eye of blue.

Alethe*—spotless as the virgin flowers
That hung their bells where thou didst walk and weep;
Come to me—when, amid his gorgeous bowers,
The radiant sun sinks downward into sleep;
And haunt me with the light of those dear eyes
That pleaded for thy young life's sacrifice.

Sweet phantoms of my dreams! your shrine shall be
With memories that decay not;—to my heart
Ye shall bequeath your immortality,
And cleanse and purify its darkest part!
In sacred places I will dwell with ye,
And inspiration there shall hallow me.

DAPHNE'S TOMB.

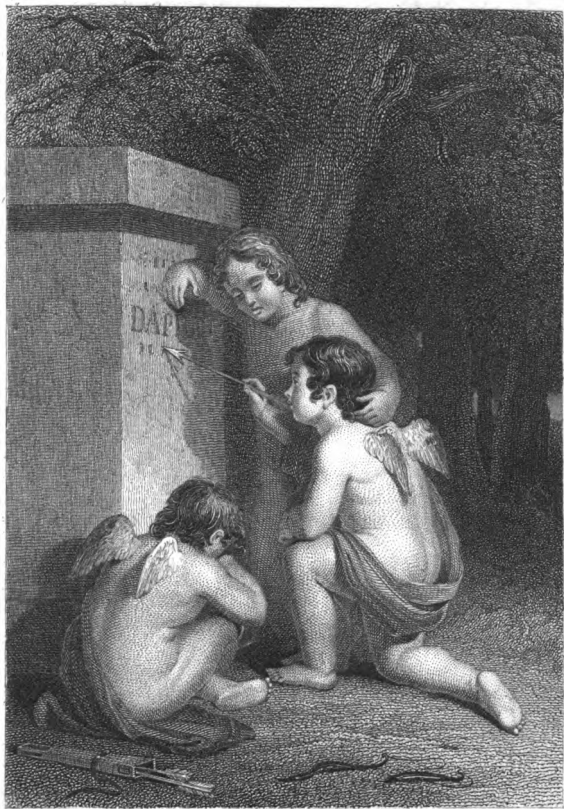
Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
Pope's Pastorals.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY CHARLES MAY.

Come, gentle bird, and tell me why
Thou away wilt shortly fly,
And lonely leave the leafy spray
Smiling now so green and gay?

Vide The Epicurean.

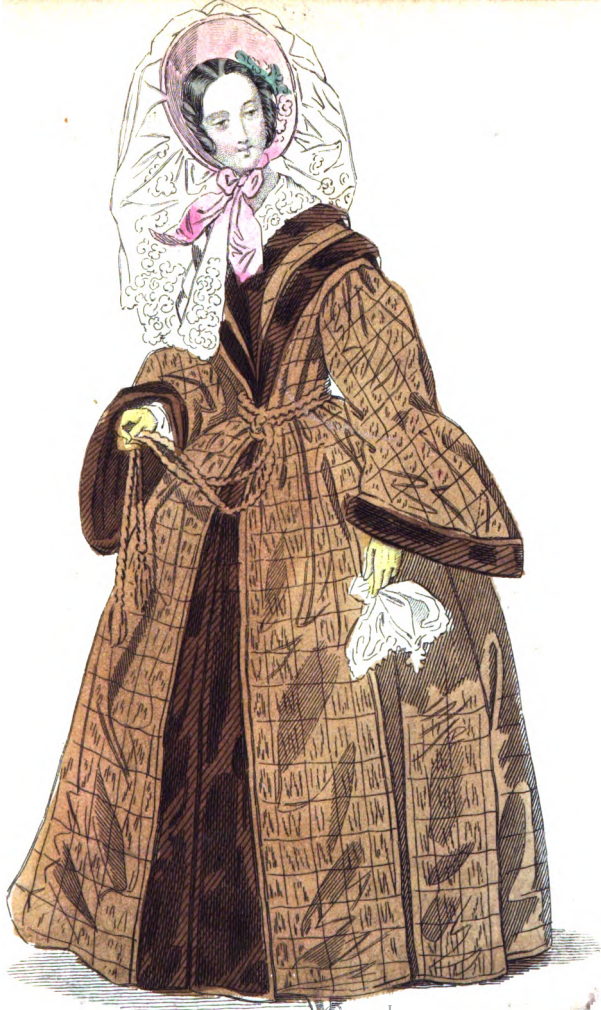


W. F. Witherington, A.R.A. del.

A. W. Warren, sculp.

DAPENE'S TOMB.





Can it be, that shortly all
This foliage bright shall fade and fall ?
Is it that wind and rain the bough
Shall bare, which sun-beams smile on now ?

Go, then, inconstant ! I no more
Will watch thee through the valley soar—
I will no more the tribute pay
Of praise, to thy light flattering lay !

Thou'rt like the love that blest awhile,
In life's gay fleeting summer-smile,
Which the first blast of winter's day
Froze with its breath, and chased away.

LONDON FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—The cloak is of drab cashmere figured in a new pattern ; it is made in the close pelisse style, confined round the waist by a rich cord and tassels of brown silk, and formed to the shape of the bust by a pelerine of moderate size, rounded behind and descending in points to the waist ; it is bordered with broad bands of brown velvet ; the front of the cloak is also trimmed with velvet, arranged in the form of a broken cone. We should observe that the cloak is lined with brown *gras de Naples*, the colour of the velvet. The sleeve, which falls low upon the hand, is moderately wide at the upper part, but very ample at the lower, and finishes with a velvet band. Pink satin hat, an open brim descending low at the sides, ornamented with a *gerbe* of flowers, and a curtain veil of embroidered tulle. Ribbon and a light sprig of flowers decorates the crown.

BRIDAL DRESS.—The robe is of English lace over white satin, the skirt is trimmed with a very deep flounce ; a corresponding one, but narrow, is arranged on the fronts and round the back of the skirt at some distance from the first, so as to have the appearance of a second robe. The *corsage*, pointed before and behind, is drooped on the bosom, and trimmed with a lace pelerine of a novel form ; the sleeve is

tight from the shoulder to the wrist, but a double ruffle placed above the elbow, gives it an appearance of fulness. The hair dressed low behind, and in full bands at the sides, is decorated with the bridal veil, white roses, orange flowers, and a fancy jewellery *ferronière*.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

A revolutionary spirit seems as busy in the empire of fashion, as it is in other empires, but with this difference, that in political revolutions all must be new, whereas in the contemplated one of fashion all will be old. We know not, however, whether the subverters of the present order of dress will really succeed in their audacious intentions of restoring the costumes of our great grandmammæ in all their primitive stiffness, but as we are decided enemies to all such innovations, we hasten to give our fair readers warning of the plot. If, however, it succeeds, we shall be obliged to follow the example of certain celebrated political characters, and transfer our alliance to the new government.

En attendant let us see what alterations have taken place since last month in promenade costume. We perceive that merinos, Saxony cloth, and plain chalys gain ground in plain walking dress; and we must say, that considering the humidity of our climate, they are much better calculated for it than silk. Shawls are at present more in favour than cloaks in walking dress; their appearance presents nothing very novel, if we except the trimming, for which bear fur is now in very general request, that is to say, in plain walking dress only, for sable fur preserves its ascendancy for half-dress. We see in the former a good many shawls of plain cashmere *pou de soie*, and satin; silk fringe and plain velvet bands are adopted as trimmings, though not so much so as bear fringe.

It is not yet quite the season to decide about cloaks; but so far as we have yet seen, those of plain silks are more likely to be generally adopted in walking dress, than those figured merinos or cashmeres which have of late years been so prevalent. Bonnets are not yet very wintery; they are either composed of satin, or of very rich *pou de soie*, shot in full colours; they are decidedly reduced in size, and, in our opinion, of a becoming shape; it is expected, however, that they will be smaller. Several are drawn; we think they are in a ma-

jority, but a small one, for those that have the material laid on plain are also very numerous. The trimmings of bonnets continue the same, but we observe a greater number in walking dress, decorated with plain satin ribbons to correspond with the bonnet, than figured ones; flowers under the brims are universally adopted, and, in some instances, they are employed for the crown also; but, in many others, black lace is substituted instead.

As the month advances, velvet pelisses will be very generally adopted in carriage dress. Some that we have seen had the *corsages* a little, but very little, open, in the heart style, on the bosom; they were buttoned from thence down to the bottom of the waist with fancy silk buttons, and the same trimming descended down the front of the skirt, narrow *rouleaus*, composed of satin to correspond, were placed in a zig-zag direction on each side, and intermingled with fancy buttons; they formed a *tablier* of a novel and pretty description. Shawls, both of velvet and satin trimmed with sable, are in very great request in carriage dress; but the most novel shawls are those of silk plush trimmed with broad chenille fringe; they are made very large, and some of the shawl mantle kind, that is to say, with folds at the sides, which supply the place of sleeves; the effect is very striking and elegant.

Satin bonnets are at present the most in favour in carriage dress, and they are still of light colours mostly shot with white, and trimmed with velvet flowers, or white feathers shaded with a fuller colour than that of the bonnet; as for instance, if the former is rose shot with white, the feathers are white shaded with ruby. Velvet and rep velvet bonnets of full colours, profusely trimmed with an intermixture of black lace and flowers, are expected to be very much in favour before the end of the month.

We learn, from excellent authority, that hoops and trains, we mean the long and graceful trains worn by our grandmothers, will unquestionably be revived in full dress this winter. It is understood that the hoops will be of smaller dimensions and of a more flexible kind than those formerly adopted; and also that they will, strictly speaking, be confined to full dress. Short trains have been adopted for some time past occasionally, but regarded rather as a caprice than

a settled fashion ; if the others come in these will be at once discarded. The revival of hoops and trains is not yet positively settled, but we have every reason to believe we shall have to announce it next month. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month.

PARIS FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

EVENING DRESS.--Robe of citron-coloured satin ; the skirt is trimmed with a single flounce of Brussels lace ; the *corsage* cut low, and in *demi cœur*, is ornamented with a small lace *pelerine-fichu*, which crosses on the bosom, and is fastened by a brilliant brooch, short tight sleeve, covered with lace *velans*. The cloak of the new form, called *palletot*, is composed of black satin, and lined with blue satin quilted throughout ; it is made very full, short, and square behind, but the fronts pointed and descending very low ; the lining turning over the fronts, forms a rich facing ; black velvet collar ; the sleeves are excessively large ; they are looped with blue silk cords and tassels, corresponding with that at the throat. The trimming is broad antique black lace. *Coiffure* of *tulle* arranged in folds which sit close to the head, and with one end bordered with blond lace descending on the neck. A sprig of yellow flowers droops over the cheek on the opposite side.

DINNER DRESS.--Robe of a new material, *satin Polonais* ; it is a brilliant shade of blue, the border is trimmed with a flounce, the heading is a *bouillon* surmounted by another, but very narrow flounce, standing up. The *corsage* half high, and open on the bosom, is trimmed with three *rouleaux*, which form it in the fan style, and edged with a full *ruche* of blond lace. The upper part of the sleeve is arranged in *bouillons* with pinked trimming between, the lower is very large. Hat of straw-coloured rep velvet, an auricole brim, the interior decorated with flowers ; the crown, placed very backward, is adorned with a bird-of-paradise, which droops over the brim.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

Our fair Parisians have bade adieu to their *chateaux*, or to the fashionable watering places, where they have whiled away





the summer, and have returned once more to that *belle Paris*, so often and so truly called the paradise of women. As yet the season can scarcely be said to be opened, and the extreme mildness of the weather renders promenade dress, generally speaking, rather lighter than it usually is at this season of the year; there is, however, a mixture of winter and autumn costume in it, which has a very good effect; as, for example, we see several ladies in silk dresses, with velvet spencers, and without either shawls or mantles, but then the spencer is trimmed with fur, and worn with a boa of a corresponding fur. Sable is this year more than ever the vogue, all others seem to be, for the moment at least, nearly laid aside; it is true we see Kolensky and grey squirrel adopted occasionally by elegant women, but this is rare. Silk dresses, with *fichu pelerines* of the same material, trimmed with fur, are also in very general request in walking dress; the pelerine performs, in some degree, the office of a cloak, for it is excessively large and wadded. We have seen some drawn in at the back, and with the point descending excessively low behind, it comes up quite high in the neck, but in covering the bust it perfectly displays the form of it. In citing these costumes, we must not forbear to remark that, however fashionable they are for the moment, their reign will necessarily be very short, as the first appearance of really cold weather will cause our *belles* to envelope themselves again in their mantles: one of a new and very pretty form has just appeared, it is composed of satin of a rich full hue, either ruby, purple, or a very rich shade of brown; the *corsage* part is plaited behind in the form of a fan, and confined at the bottom to the waist; the collar, which also forms a lappel reaching to the bottom of the waist, is of velvet to correspond, and the sleeves, which are very full and long, terminate in velvet cuffs closed by silk buttons.

Grey beaver bonnets, trimmed with short feathers to correspond, are partially adopted, but in *neglige* only. Rose-coloured, green, and above all, grey satin bonnets, are very much in favour in half dress. We may now pronounce with positive certainty that the size of bonnets is very much diminished; they are also, generally speaking, somewhat closer. An attempt has been made, and indeed is making,

to bring cottage bonnets into favour ; not the pretty youthful shape which has been fashionable under the name of *libi*, but the form which was many years ago fashionable in England under the name of cottage bonnet ; it is a shape by no means becoming to the generality of faces, and though a few remarkably pretty women have appeared in it, we do not think it at all likely to be generally adopted.

Velvet flowers and feathers seem to be in equal or nearly equal favour for the trimmings of bonnets ; a third sort of decoration, of a more novel kind, has just appeared, and seems likely to become very fashionable ; it is velvet foliage, disposed either in sprigs or bouquets. We must observe that velvet flowers or foliage are employed for satin bonnets only ; velvet bonnets are either trimmed with feathers, or if flowers are employed, they are composed of the beards of feathers : this is a revived fashion.

Our fair readers are aware that, for some years past, there has been a tendency to revive the fashions of Louis the Fourteenth's day, and even those of an earlier period ; this is stronger in the present season than we ever remember it ; not only do the materials and forms of dresses resemble those of the *belles Chatetaines* of Louis the Thirteenth's day, or the court beauties of his voluptuous successor, but the point laces of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are actually brought into requisition to adorn our fair fashionables. These laces are disposed either in flounces round the borders of dresses, or else arranged *en tablier* in a novel style, which forms a zig-zag, or if the dresses are of a less expensive kind, they are disposed on the *corsages* either in the pelerine form, or else *à l'enfant*. These laces are employed also for the collars and cuffs of elegant half dresses ; but we need scarcely observe that their extravagant price puts them completely out of the reach of ladies of moderate fortune. A more modern mode, since it only dates from our great grandmother's days, is a lace half handkerchief, which used to be formerly worn on the hair, thrown carelessly over the back of the head ; at present it is employed for the same purpose, but the ends are arranged at the sides so as to form floating pointed lappets. There is no change in fashionable colours this month.
